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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXI

SEPTEMBER 1909

No. 11



"NEVER PLAY A MAN AT HIS OWN GAME"

"Heedless of this advice, an easy victim of the gambler's fascinating art, Reuben continues recklessly raising his bets." "See Story 'Reuben Jones at the County Fair.'"

Published at Augusta, Maine.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, but it returneth. —Shelley.

We become wise at our own expense.
No man is free who cannot command him-
self.

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste.

Words are as they are taken, and things are
as they are used.

Who seeks for aid must show how service
ought can be repaid.

Our headstrong passions shut the door of
our souls against God.

To overcome evil with good is good, to over-
come evil with evil is evil.

The rays of happiness, like the rays of light,
are colorless when unbroken.

The less a man thinks or knows about his
virtues, the better we like him.

Every morsel to a satisfied hunger is only a
new labor to a tired digestion.

The feelings, like flowers and butterflies,
last longer the later they are delayed.

History makes haste to record great deeds,
but often neglects good ones.

All great men find eternity affirmed in the
very promise of their faculties.

In seeking wisdom you are wise; in thinking
you have attained it, you are a fool.

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

—Southwell.

Wine is a treacherous friend against whom
you must always be on your guard.

The self conceit of the young is the great
source of those dangers to which they are ex-
posed.

We love to expect and when expectation is
gratified or disappointed, we want to be again
expecting.

Nature has perfections to show that she is
the image of God; and defects to show that she
is no more than His image.

There is no passion which steals into the
heart more imperceptibly and conceals itself
under more disguises than pride.

There are many troubles you cannot cure by
the Bible and the hymn-book, but which you
can cure by a good perspiration and a breath
of fresh air.

We are, all of us in this world, more or less
like St. January whom the inhabitants of
Naples worship one day and pelt with baked
apples the next.

There are those who never reason on what
they should do, but on what they have done,
is though Reason had her eyes behind and
could see only backward.

COMFORT'S Calendar for September

Moon's Phases.				Eastern Time.				Central Time.				Mountain Time.				Pacific Time.			
				D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.	
LAST QUARTER....				6	2	44	Even.	6	1	44	Even.	6	0	44	Even.	6	11	44	Morn.
NEW MOON.....				14	10	9	Morn.	14	9	9	Morn.	14	8	9	Morn.	14	7	9	Morn.
FIRST QUARTER....				22	1	31	Even.	22	0	31	Even.	22	11	31	Morn.	22	10	31	Morn.
FULL MOON.....				29	8	5	Morn.	29	7	5	Morn.	29	6	5	Morn.	29	5	5	Morn.

Calendar—N. States. Lat. 42°+				Calendar—S. States. Lat. 33°+			
SUN	SUN	MOON		SUN	SUN	MOON	
Rises.	Sets.	Rises		Rises.	Sets.	Rises	
H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1 We	5 25	6 33	7 52	5 35	6 24	7 48	
2 Th	5 26	6 32	8 21	5 36	6 23	8 26	
3 Fri	5 27	6 30	8 47	5 36	6 21	8 59	
4 Sat	5 28	6 28	9 15	5 37	6 20	9 34	
5 Sun	5 29	6 27	9 51	5 37	6 19	10 15	
6 Mo	5 30	6 25	10 31	5 38	6 17	10 59	
7 Tu	5 32	6 23	11 18	5 39	6 16	11 49	
8 We	5 33	6 22	morn	5 39	6 15	morn	
9 Th	5 34	6 20	0 9	5 40	6 14	0 42	
10 Fri	5 35	6 18	1 8	5 41	6 12	1 39	
11 Sat	5 36	6 16	2 8	5 41	6 11	2 36	
12 Sun	5 37	6 14	3 11	5 42	6 10	3 34	
13 Mo	5 38	6 13	4 14	5 43	6 8	4 32	
14 Tu	5 39	6 11	sets	5 43	6 7	sets	
15 We	5 40	6 9	7 3	5 44	6 6	7 1	
16 Th	5 41	6 7	7 25	5 45	6 4	7 30	
17 Fri	5 42	6 6	7 43	5 45	6 3	7 55	
18 Sat	5 43	6 4	8 4	5 46	6 2	8 20	
19 Sun	5 44	6 2	8 29	5 47	6 0	8 52	
20 Mo	5 45	6 0	8 59	5 47	5 59	9 27	
21 Tu	5 46	5 59	9 37	5 48	5 58	10 7	
22 We	5 47	5 57	10 24	5 48	5 57	10 56	
23 Th	5 49	5 55	11 20	5 49	5 55	11 53	
24 Fri	5 50	5 53	morn	5 49	5 53	morn	
25 Sat	5 51	5 52	0 25	5 50	5 52	0 56	
26 Sun	5 52	5 50	1 39	5 51	5 51	2 5	
27 Mo	5 53	5 49	2 56	5 52	5 49	3 16	
28 Tu	5 54	5 46	4 19	5 52	5 48	4 30	
29 We	5 55	5 45	5 47	5 53	5 47	5 55	
30 Th	5 56	5 43	6 47	5 54	5 46	6 56	

WEATHER FORECAST FOR SEPTEMBER.

1st to 5th—THUNDER SHOWERS. Rain storms accompanied with lightning, and hail in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. Heavy rains and floods in the Middle Atlantic states.

6th to 10th—MILD PERIOD. Fine, enjoyable weather prevalent generally in most sections. Cool nights and mornings in Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota, where light frosts are also likely to occur.

11th to 17th—WARM PERIOD. Dry, generally windy conditions over the middle west and northwest. Oppressively warm at points in the south Atlantic and Gulf States. Scarcity of rain felt in Texas and Oklahoma.

18th to 23rd—RAINY SPELL. Rain and hail in upper Mississippi river valley. Strong gales on the Great Lakes and along the north Atlantic coast waters.

24th to 27th—STORM WAVE. Heavy wind storms driving from the northwest over Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Iowa. Thunder storms in Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia and the Carolinas.

28th to 30th—COOL PERIOD. Clear, crisp and frosty nights and mornings in most sections east and west in states lying north of Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee and North Carolina. Temperature 34 degrees at Omaha, 25 at Dubuque, 28 at Indianapolis, 26 at Pittsburgh, and 22 at Albany.

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Is September Your Birthmonth?

September, so called by the Romans because it was the seventh month in their calendar before Julius Caesar changed the almanac, *septem* being the Latin for seven, became the ninth month under the new arrangement, but its name remained the same. Why the Romans did not change the names of the months which became inappropriate when they lost their number place in the calendar does not appear. It may be supposed, however, that the almanac makers of the period had an idea that naming the months would be a good deal like naming babies or sleeping cars, and the chances were that if they gave them new names they wouldn't be any better than the old ones, so what was the use. Be that as it may, September which means seventh is the ninth now and will no doubt remain so for some time yet. Nobody on earth would undertake to change it except Mr. Roosevelt and he is busy with something else. September has thirty days which is as many as it ever had, and as few. Summer ends about September 21st and that is when we have our equinoctial storm disturbances. This is also the time when the North Pole goes into the dark and will not emerge into the sunshine until next 21st of March. This is called the Winter solstice, north of the Equator. We have our Winter during this portion of the year, while the inhabitants south of the equator have their Summer. That is why children in the temperate zone, south, celebrate Christmas in bathing suits and palm leaf fans and hang their stockings on the ice house door.

Historically September is quite a month of events, and it is a great fighting month. On the 1st of September, 1870, the Germans conquered the French at Sedan; 10th, 1813, Perry fought his great naval victory over the British on Lake Erie; 17th, 1814, McDonough gained another victory over the British on Lake Champlain; 13th, 1847, the Americans whipped the Mexicans at Chapultepec; on the 14th the American army entered the city of Mexico; 17th, 1862, the battle of Antietam was fought; 19-20, 1863, battle of Chickamauga; 20th, same year, the Italians under the new order of King Victor Emanuel occupied Rome. Until President Taft came in no President had been born in September (1857, 1857). Two Presidents have died in September, Garfield and McKinley, and both of them by assassination. September has one big legal holiday, Labor Day, which is one of the most popular holidays in the list. This is observed in all the states and territories except North Dakota. In Louisiana it is observed in Orleans Parish, and in Wyoming by proclamation of the Governor. California celebrates the 1st as Admission Day, and Baltimore the 12th, as Old Defenders' Day.

What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in September

Astrologically September to the 21st is under the sixth sign of the zodiac, Virgo, the Virgin, and for the remainder of the month, Libra, the Balance. Persons born on the 1st will have long life, but will be of timid natures. They will have an aptitude for mechanics. Born, 2-11, they will be of orderly and saving tendencies. Some will be almost stingy. They will be very persevering and patient; 12-21, will love gambling and speculation. They will lack application and will not only not be good producers, but will destroy. Marriage is not likely to prove a blessing; 22-30, will be just persons and truthful, with a strong sense of right. They will be quick to come to the defense of the weak. To be born under the sign Virgo betokens good character and good results from penitence. But the results will not be financial success, though they may late in life come into better fortune. Women born under Virgo will be timid and have delicate tastes, shrinking from the common and vulgar. They will be good workers and have much respect for those in superior positions. They will make good wives for strong, self-willed men, but not for those men who need energetic wives to push them along. Virgo women are popular because of their good nature and cheerfulness and unselfishness. They will often get rich husbands. Virgo men are quiet but persevering and they get there as a rule. They take to rich people rather than poor ones because of the possibility of profit. Yet they are not necessarily obsequious and cringing to money. If they marry wives who keep a disordered household they will become dyspeptic and ugly in their dispositions. Libra people are easy to get along with because they are gentle and of high principles. They have quick tempers, but are very forgiving. They are not of great decision of character, and unless associated with some one who is they will not have the success they deserve. In politics they are likely to vote for the man

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A Pretty Harvest Love Story

written especially for COMFORT with specially designed title page illustration. You can get an idea of the latter by cutting out and putting together our cut-up picture puzzle in September number.

The Blazing Finger of Fate

is the true story of the queer pranks and nerve-racking practical jokes which entertained a Halloween party, narrowly escaping a tragedy and culminating in a love affair. Both the above stories are complete in October COMFORT.

A Special Article on Crops and Harvests

on which the prosperity of the entire country depends. The most important subject of general discussion at this season. Gives the interesting facts which assure the American people a year of unprecedented prosperity,—a lot of valuable information you ought to have.

Another Great Serial Story

entitled "MADDERY'S TEMPTATION," or "A HEROIC SACRIFICE," by that popular novelist, MRS. MARY J. HOLMES who needs no introduction to our readers, will begin in October COMFORT.

The foregoing are some of the special features of October HARVEST COMFORT, which also will contain all the regular departments, interesting installments of "MY LADY BETH" and "LITTLE PRUDY'S DOTTY DIMPLE" which begins in September and will run through the Winter and Spring, also the interesting conclusions of "VIVIAN VOSE" and "REUBEN JONES AT THE COUNTY FAIR."

Isn't It Strange

that so many subscribers don't know when their subscriptions run out and DON'T WAKE UP TO RENEW UNTIL AFTER COMFORT STOPS COMING to them and they have missed one or more numbers. That is how it was, and THAT IS HOW IT HAPPENED that quite a number DID NOT receive August COMFORT, and they missed it in every sense of the word, as they write us now. There are others who will be DISAPPOINTED IN NOT RECEIVING THIS September COMFORT for the same reason.

Don't You Get Caught

that way on October HARVEST COMFORT. If you are not sure that your subscription is paid ahead, BE ON THE SAFE SIDE and SEND IN A QUARTER NOW for a TWO YEARS' RENEWAL from date of expiration, and make sure of October HARVEST COMFORT which you would be sorry to miss. DO IT NOW, while you can at this LOW RATE, 25 CENTS FOR 24 MONTHS; only half what it costs a new subscriber.

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September, 1909.

they think is the right man, regardless of party. They are not fixed in their opinions. Money will probably come to the man through marriage. Libra people may prove to be their own worst enemies, and suicide is not improbable. Few children come to Libra people, and families will be often disturbed. Lucky days in September are 1st, 4th, 5th, 15th, with 17 as the best day of the year; 30th also a good day. Unlucky days, 2nd, 20th, 25th, 28th. Lucky months for Virgo people, February and November; lucky days, Monday; unlucky, Wednesday. Lucky months for Libra, August and December; lucky day, Monday; unlucky, Thursday. Lucky stones, onyx and carnelian; birthstone, sapphire.

LITTLE PRUDY'S DOTTY DIMPLE

By Sophie May

CHAPTER I.
DOTTY'S BABYHOOD.



LICE was the youngest of the Farlin family. When Grandma Read called the children into the kitchen, and told them about their new little sister, Susy danced for joy; and Prudy, in her delight, opened the cellar door, and fell down the whole length of the stairs. However, she rolled as softly as a pin-cushion, and was not seriously hurt.

"But you can't go into mother's room," said Susy, "you're crying so hard."

"Poh!" replied three-years-old Prudy, twinkling off the tears; "yes, I can. I can't. I won't go crying in! I didn't hurt me velly bad. I'm veller now!"

So she had the first peep at the wee dot of a baby in the nurse's arms.

"O, dear, dear," said she, "what shall I do! I am so glad! I wish I could jump up to the sky of this room! How do you do, little sister?"

The baby made no reply.

"Why! don't you love me? This is me; my name's Prudy. I've got a red pocket dress;—Santa Claw brought it."

Still the little stranger paid no heed,—only winked her small, bright eyes, and at last closed them entirely.

"O, my stars! she don't hear the leastest thing," sobbed Prudy, glad of an excuse to cry again. "She can't hear the leastest mite of a thing! Where's the holes in her ears gone to? O, dear, dear!"

It seemed to Susy that this was the happiest day of her life. She stole up to her mother and kissed her. "O, mamma," said she, "wasn't God good to send this little sister?—Why, I'm crying," added Susy, greatly surprised: "what do you suppose makes me cry, when I'm happy all over—clear to the ends of my fingers?"

"Yes, your eyes are sprinkling down tears, but you're laughing all over your face; and so 'm I," said little Prudy, delighted to see someone else as foolish as herself.

"Susan, I hope thee 'll receive this new sister as a gift from God," said grandma Read, wiping her spectacles.

"It seems so funny," said Susy, gently stroking the baby's face; "so funny for me to have a new sister."

"Now you've telled a story, Susy Parlin; she was sent to me,—isn't she the littlest?" cried bruised and battered Prudy, shaking with another tempest of tears, and kissing the baby violently.

"O, mamma! O, grandma," said Susy, clasping her hands in alarm, "don't let her kiss that soft baby so hard? She'll draw the blood right through her cheeks."

The nurse who was a smiling woman, with a wart on her nose, began to frown a little, and grandma Read, patting Prudy's head, whispered to her that if she did not stop crying she must leave the room, as the noise she made disturbed her mother.

"Then I'll—I'll be—just as good as a lady, and I won't kiss her no more," replied little Prudy between her sobs, at the same time prying open baby's mouth with her busy fingers.

"Why, where's her teef? When you goin' to put in her teef?"

"O," said Susy, in an ecstasy, "isn't she such a velvet darling? What cunning little footsie-tootsies! Shaped just like a flatiron! But I haven't seen her eyes yet."

"There, look now," said Prudy, puffing in the baby's face; "her eyes has came! I've blowed 'em open."

"O, fie, Miss Prudy," said the nurse, biting her lips; "now you'll certainly have to leave the room. It's not safe for you to come near this tiny bit of a baby. Nobody ever knows what you are likely to do next."

Little Prudy hung her head in great dismay. "Then, if she goes, I'll have to go too, or there'll be a fuss," sighed Susy, stroking the baby's hair, which was as soft as a mouse's fur.

Both children cast a lingering look at the bewitching little figure, so daintily wrapped in a fleecy blanket. Prudy felt tempted to snatch her up and give her a good hugging, but stood in mortal fear of the nurse. There was something awful about Mrs. Fling: Prudy presumed it was the wart on her nose.

When the children were outside the door, and grandma had closed it gently, they seated themselves on the upper step of the staircase, and began to talk over this strange affair.

"Don't you know what made me cry in there?" said Prudy. "The baby isn't only a girl, and that's why I cried."

For the moment Prudy fancied she was telling the truth.

Susy laughed. "Just to think of our keeping a boy in this house, Prudy Parlin!"

"No, no! course not!" returned her little sister, quickly. "I wouldn't keep a boy."

"You see," argued Susy, "it's boys that fires all the popguns, and whistle in your ears, and frighten you. Why, if this was a brother, we couldn't but just live! What made you cry for a brother, Prudy?"

A Few Words by the Editor

THE Yellow Peril in America is kept prominently before the public by a rapid succession of horrible crimes committed by Chinese in New York city since the murder of beautiful and accomplished Elsie Sigel, the mission teacher, by her Chinese lover.

The Chinese Consul at New York, an honorable gentleman of distinguished attainments, was assassinated by a Chinaman because, as it is reported, the consul was doing what he could to assist the officers in their efforts to find the hiding place of the murderer of Elsie Sigel.

China Town in New York has been terrorized, as the daily papers report, by threats of dire vengeance to any Chinaman that shall give information regarding the murderer of Elsie Sigel, and these threats are the more frightful and effective because of the fate of the Chinese consul.

"Yes, my wife, but I wasn't married to her," were the words of Chin Len in answer to Police Captain Galvin's question, "Was this woman your wife?" The woman referred to was Bow Kum, an uncommonly comely Chinese girl found stabbed to death in her room in one of the rookeries of New York China town, and Chin Len, the man with whom she lived, is under arrest as a witness and under suspicion, though not formally charged with murder.

Chin Len admitted that he obtained possession of the girl from a Chinese Rescue Mission in San Francisco by misrepresentations and got her to New York last winter.

Chin Len claims that a Chinaman named Low Dong came on from California about three weeks before the murder and demanded \$3000.00 from him for the girl on the ground that she belonged to Low originally and that Chin had no right to take her without paying for her.

This exemplifies the memorable words of Hon. James G. Blaine in 1879, then U. S. Senator from Maine and resident of Augusta, who in writing of the Chinese in America, said: "The relation of wife is degraded beyond description, the females who hold and dishonor that sacred name being sold and transferred from one man to another, without shame and without fear; one woman being at the same time the wife to several men."

A wife, but not married and \$3000.00 the price demanded for her by the former claimant. Does this indicate that in the thirty years since Blaine's accusation the Chinese in this country have made any advance in their conceptions of marriage or treatment of women?

Six white girls living with Chinamen and claiming to be married to them, neighbors of Bow Kum, were gathered in by the police as witnesses.

Are we elevating the mongolian, or is the Asiatic demoralizing and degrading American womanhood?

Stop Asiatic immigration to America; do it now and do it effectively, before it is too late to avoid another race question far more troublesome than the one we already have in the South.

Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

We ought to, and are kind to her, she'll be a comfort, and grow up a lady!"

"O, will she?" asked Prudy, a little sadly. "I thought when she grew up she'd be a gem, like papa."

"What an idea! But that's just as much sense as you little bits of children have! When you don't know about anything, Prudy, you may come and ask me; I'm most six."

The new baby was very wonderful indeed. The first thing she did was to cry; the next was to sneeze. Prudy wished "all the people down street and all ladies that lived in the whole o' the houses, could see the new sister."

Her heart swelled with pride when admiring ladies took the unconscious little creature in their arms, saying, "Really, it is a remarkably pretty child. What starry eyes! What graceful little fingers! Isn't her mouth shaped like Prudy's?"

Mrs. Parlin did not approve of cradles, and the nurse had a fashion of rolling the baby in a blanket and laying her down in all sorts of places. One day little Prudy flung herself into the big rocking chair, not noticing the small bundle which lay there, under a silk handkerchief.

It was feared at first that the baby was crushed to death; but when she was heard to cry, Mrs. Parlin said, "We have great cause for thankfulness. So far as I can judge, it is only her nose that is broken!"

But the doctor pronounced the baby's bones as sound as ever.

"It is only little Miss Prudy whose nose is out of joint," added he.

Prudy ran to look in the glass, but could not see anything the matter with her nose, or anything that looked like "a joint." But after this she was as careful as a child of her heedless age can be, not to injure her tender sister. She never again saw a silk handkerchief without shaking it to make sure there was not a baby under it.

It was a long while before the friends could decide upon a name for this beautiful stranger. "For my part I have no choice," said Mr. Parlin, "and only one remark to make; call the child by her right name, whatever it may be, for I am very much opposed to pet names, of all sorts."

After everyone else had spoken, Mrs. Parlin suggested that she would like to call the baby Alice Barrow, in honor of a dear friend, now in heaven.

She grew to be a fair, fat baby; and while her teeth were pricking through like little pointed pearls, Susy's front teeth were dropping out. Then she grew to be a toddling child; and while she was learning to walk, Prudy was beginning to sew patchwork. For time does not stand still; it passed, minute by minute, over the heads of Susy, Prudy, and Alice, as well as all the rest of the world. And soon it brought an end to Alice's babyhood.

CHAPTER II.

THE BONE MAN.

In spite of all Mr. Parlin had said against it, his little daughter was called by various pet names,—such as Midge, and Ladybird, and Forget-me-not. Very few were the people who seemed to remember that her name was Alice.

She had a pair of busy dimples, which were a constant delight to her sisters.

"They twinkle, twinkle like little stars, only they don't shine," cried Prudy.

"Why," said Susy, "it's just as if her cheeks were made of water, and we were skipping pebbles in 'em."

And because of these tiny whirlpools, the child was usually called Dotty Dimple. From the time she could stand on her own little feet, she

was a queen of a baby, and carried her small head very high. If she chanced to fall over a chair she seldom shed a tear, but thought the chair had treated her shamefully, and ought to be shut up in the closet. She never liked to have anyone kiss her little bruises and pity her. It gave her great offence if anyone said, "Poor Alice!" She seemed to grow half a head taller in a minute, and looked as if she would say, "Needn't make a baby of me!"

Not that she really said so. Talking was a thing she did not often attempt, though she sang a great deal with a voice as clear as a flute.

Prudy mourned because her tongue "did not grow fast enough." But where was the need of speech? If she fancied she would like to be tossed to the "sky of the room," she had only to pat her father's arm, and point upward, and the next minute she was flying to the ceiling, in high glee, and catching her breath. If she wished to go walking, it was enough to point to the door, and then to her hat. Her little forefinger was as good as most people's tongues, and served as a tolerably good guide-post, for it pointed the way she meant to go herself, and the way she wished others to go.

No Wheel Chair in August Isn't It a Shame?

Augusta, Maine, Aug. 16, 1909.

MY DEAR READERS:

Isn't it a shame that we put out no wheel chair in August? But whose fault is it? I put out one more wheel chair in June than was earned, trusting to you to make good for it in July. Again in July the wheel-chair subscriptions barely covered the deficiency for the extra June chair, and again I advanced a chair in July that was not earned. Now you are still behind on the July chair and nothing to go towards an August chair. I am willing to do my part faster than you do yours, and in sending out chairs I keep ahead of your subscriptions every month, but I feel that I cannot continue to put out chairs month after month that are not earned. I cannot afford to do it, and if I did you would soon lose all interest in the charity work in which you took no active part. It would cease to be COMFORT'S work and become my private charity.

No doubt the wheel chair subscriptions will warrant the giving of a chair in September and I hope you will make it two to make up for the one we skip in August.

Our record is thirty-eight chairs in fifteen months, but we have surely fallen down the last two months. Let's make up for lost time in September.

I renew the offer which I made in June to encourage and facilitate the work. The subscription price of COMFORT is 25 cents a year to new subscribers, but through September I will accept five one-year subscriptions for a dollar, provided they are sent in clubs of five or more at a time for the Wheel-Chair Club. Five is the smallest club that I can accept at this rate, but you can make the clubs as much larger as you see fit at the same rate. For instance, six for \$1.20, seven for \$1.40, and so on to 250 for \$50.00. This special rate applies only to Wheel-Chair Club subscriptions, and I offer it in the hope that it will materially help the cause of suffering humanity.

With best wishes to you all,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute crippled Shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

You will be interested in the few letters which limited space permits me to print this month.

Thanks for a COMFORT Wheel Chair and Hope All Our Readers Will Secure at Least One Subscription for the Wheel-Chair Club.

MCALISTERVILLE, JUANITA CO., PA., July 18, 1909.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: Words cannot express my thanks to you for the wheel chair for Mrs. Mary Fronk. She is so thankful to you and all the COMFORT readers for assisting to secure the chair for her. I hope that all COMFORT readers will secure at least one new subscriber for the wheel-chair club. I think this is one of the noblest works we can do towards helping the helpless. We who have our share of health cannot realize what a shut-in life must be. Mrs. Fronk cannot wheel herself, as her hands are so crippled with rheumatism, but it is such a comfort to be wheeled about by others. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours sincerely, MRS. MAGGIE E. SHIRK.

A Blessed Thing That COMFORT Gives the Opportunity to Secure Wheel Chairs.

CLARA CITY, MINN. DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The wheel chair you sent me for Mr. Marion Yost arrived safely. He is delighted with it, and it affords him an immense amount of pleasure. These chairs mean so much to helpless invalids, and it is such a blessed thing COMFORT has given us the opportunity to secure them by comparatively easy work. I am very grateful for this opportunity afforded me to

help a suffering fellow creature. God bless you all in your good work. Gratefully yours,

Thanks for a Wheel Chair from Mother of a Thirty-five-Year Cripple.

CACHE, IDAHO, July 19, 1909.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received the wheel chair all right. I wish to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all the readers of COMFORT for your great kindness in giving me this chair. It will be such a pleasure to get out in the sunshine after being shut in for so many years. I can't thank you enough. God bless you all in the good work. Your grateful friend,

DEB MOINES, WASH., July 12th, 1909.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received the wheel chair all right. I wish to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all the readers of COMFORT for your great kindness in giving me this chair. It will be such a pleasure to get out in the sunshine after being shut in for so many years. I can't thank you enough. God bless you all in the good work. Your grateful friend,

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DEB MOINES, WASH., July 12th, 1909.

Fortunately the hook worm disease can be quickly eradicated, and a thorough cure effected by the use of Epsom salts and thymol, two of our cheapest drugs. From twenty five cents to a dollar's worth of these drugs will effect a permanent cure in a few weeks.

Speaking of this disease, the Atlanta Constitution says: "It has lowered the working efficiency and the pleasure of living in something like two hundred thousand persons in Georgia, and all other Southern States in proportion, and has amassed a death rate higher than tuberculosis, pneumonia or typhoid fever. It has effectually retarded agriculture and industrial development, nullified the benefit of thousands of dollars spent on education, and has cost the South in the course of a few decades several hundred million dollars. It is preeminently the problem of the South."

It is estimated that in a few years this death-dealing scourge can be entirely stamped out by the adoption of the following methods: First of all and the most necessary is the adoption of sanitary methods of disposing of body waste. This surely is not difficult of accomplishment, and decency should prompt all to observe this simple sanitary rule, the disregard of which has brought death to thousands. Next, the importance of wearing shoes must be impressed on all those who live within infected regions. Spraying lands with blazing oil, and burning them over with straw has also been suggested as an effective method of ridding the soil of the hook worm parasite.

A systematic campaign is being conducted in the South against the hook worm disease. We cheerfully do our part by calling the attention of our readers to a matter so vital to the health of millions of our fellow citizens.

It is estimated that South Carolina sustains a monetary loss yearly from this curse of over thirty million dollars. In some states the loss is still heavier. With the eradication of this disease, the lowering of the child death-rate, which at present is very heavy, will at once be effected, and a large class of white labor, now in the main inefficient, will become virile and strong, and the whole South will feel the pulsing of new and more vigorous life.

Dr. Stiles suggests that a public health week be inaugurated in the schools, and that competent persons should instruct the children on all points connected with this disease. He also suggests that medical students should go from house to house in the rural districts and impart necessary information upon this subject, and that lectures should be given in town halls, churches, schoolhouses, mills and factories, and pamphlets treating of this disease should be spread broadcast, and in addition a law should be enacted giving local health boards authority to enforce such measures as would stamp out the scourge.

We trust the publicity we have given to this subject will help on the good work, and surely there is no grander or nobler work than abolishing sickness and suffering, and bringing health and happiness to afflicted millions.

Comfort's Editor.

One day, while Mrs. Parlin was making currant jelly, she allowed Prudy to stay in the kitchen, and see her strain the beautiful crimson juice. But as for Alice, she had been found pounding eggs in a mortar, and must be taken away. She was placed in care of Susy, who led her out upon the piazza, where she could watch the people passing by. "Peddler!" cried Alice, showing her dimples. "Yes, piazza; so it is," said careless Susy, beginning to read a fairy story, and soon forgetting her quiet little charge.

Looking up at last, there was nothing to be seen of Alice. She could not have entered the house, for the front-door knob was above her reach.

Susy ran out upon the pavement, and looked up and down the street. Which way to go she could not tell, but started down street at full speed. "O, I'm sure I ought to be going up street," gasped she; "and if I was I shouldn't expect Dotty to go, and then I'd know she'd gone just the other way."

After flitting hither and thither for some time, Susy ran home to give the alarm. Without stopping to remove the jelly from the stove, Mrs. Parlin, Norah, and Prudy ran out of doors, and taking different directions, started in search of the missing child.

On High street Prudy met a soapman, just reentering his wagon at someone's door.

"O, have you seen my little sister?" cried Prudy, pressing her hand against her heart.

"Your little sister? And who may that be?" said the soap-man, in a deep whisper; for he had such a severe cold on his lungs that for six months he had not spoken a loud word.

"O, her name is Alice Wheelbarrow Parlin, sir," whispered Prudy, in reply; "and she had on a pink dress, and her hair curls down her neck, and she has the brightest eyes, and two years and a half of age, sir. O, where do you s'pose she's gone to?"

In her concern for Dotty, Prudy had forgotten her usual fear of strangers.

"I'm sorry you've lost your sister," whispered the soap-man; "but as you seem to be pretty well tired out, suppose you jump into my cart and ride with me."

Prudy wondered why the man still kept whispering, but presumed there was some reason why the loss of Dotty ought to be kept secret. She looked at the long lumber-wagon, partly filled with barrels, and was on the point of replying, "No, thank you, sir," when a bright idea occurred to her.

"Do you s'pose, sir, I can get to my sister any quicker if I ride?"

"Well, can't say as to that, my dear," whispered the soap-man, shoving a barrel to one side, "seeing as I don't know where your sister's to be found; but there's one thing certain—you'll get over the ground a good deal quicker riding than you would on your feet. I'm going to Pearl street before I stop."

"Then I'll ride, sir, if you'll please lift me in," whispered poor Prudy, trembling with fear of the uncouth wagon and strange man, yet resolved to risk anything for Dotty's sake.

There was no seat in the wagon, and Prudy was obliged to stand up.

"Hold on to me, sis," said the kind-hearted soap-boiler. "I reckon you ain't used to riding in this kind of shape. Why, lawd sakes, your face is as white as a pond-lily!"

"It's my heart," whispered Prudy, faintly; "it whisks just like the eggs Norah beats in a bowl. But it's no matter, sir; I don't think I'm afraid,—only a little speck," added she, in a lower whisper; for, though anxious to be polite, she did not mean to tell anything but the "white truth."

The little girl's gentle ways won the soap-boiler's heart at once. "What's your father's name, little dear?" inquired he, as they went clattering through the streets.

"His name is Mr. Edward Parlin.—But O, I don't see a single thing of Dotty!"

"Dotty! Why, who is Dotty?" asked the man.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

VIVIAN VOSE

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

Copyright, 1909, by W. H. Connell, Publisher, Inc.

By Augustus C. Main and Comfort Joy

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

Charlie Graham with his father, mother, twin sister Grace and his sweetheart, Elsie Craig, are on board Mr. Graham's palatial steam yacht Vixen, on their way from their winter home in Philadelphia to their summer home at fashionable Bar Harbor, Maine. It has begun to storm in the night and by six o'clock in the morning, when off the coast of Maine, about half a mile outside the twin lighthouses of Matineus which stand on that desolate rock, fifteen miles from shore, Charlie is awakened by the violent rolling of the yacht in the rough sea and hurries on deck, scantily clothed to get his bearings. As he leans over the rail to look at the capstern boat which they pass, a sudden lurch of the yacht throws him overboard, and when he comes to the surface he is unable to attract attention on board the yacht, which keeps on her course without him. By clinging to the wrecked boat he manages to keep his head above water, hoping that some passing vessel may rescue him.

By the wind and waves he is drifted toward the lighthouses and dashed violently against a submerged projection of ledge. His head is injured and he is stunned by the blow. The next wave washes him over the ledge into deep water and he is about sinking when Vivian Vose, the beautiful, graceful and accomplished daughter of the chief of the light station, who has seen his peril and rowed out to rescue him at the risk of her life, pulls him into her boat and brings him to the light station. She then calls her father and the crew, who are asleep after tending the lights all night, to help. Vivian received a good education at the State Normal School and her manner is refined. Her mother is dead and she lives with her uncle and aunt at that beautiful summer resort, Boothbay Harbor, about fifty miles from Matineus Rock. At the time of her heroic rescue of the unknown young man she is making her father a visit. On this wild and desolate rock fifteen miles from the mainland she is the only person except the lighthouse crew, who are all busy, and so she has to nurse Charlie.

The second day he comes out of the stupor, but his mind is wandering and he has no recollection of anything, not even his own name, except his sweetheart, Elsie, and he mistakes Vivian for her, calls her Elsie and makes love to her. Vivian sees that he is dangerously sick with inflammation of the brain and that to save his life she must act the part of his sweetheart. At the end of ten days the government steamer calls to land supplies for the light station and Charlie is taken aboard, carried to Portland and there restored to his family who are mourning him as dead. Their joy at finding him alive is mingled with horror at the discovery that his mind is an absolute blank as to all recollections except of Elsie. He recognizes her, but none of his own family. Elsie is prostrated with grief when she thought him dead and hysterical with joy when she found him alive, but when she came to the conclusion that his mind was permanently affected she cruelly deserted him and began to set her cap for another lover until, after a surgical operation the next winter by which the pressure on Charlie's brain is removed, he entirely recovered his mind. As he comes out of the ether he inquires for Elsie and wonders why she is not at his bedside and insists that his mother and sister send for her, and they dare not tell him that she is false and will not come to see him.

PART II.

"You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover;
He will find out his way."

"BUT Charlie, I do not understand, I believe you are in love with an imaginary girl?" and Grace's sweet face looked worried. Charlie laughed easily. He bore but little resemblance to the helpless sufferer who, lying on his hospital bed, begged for news of Elsie. His cure was complete. As he had deliberately cast off the watersoaked wreck when he realized that it was bearing him on to destruction, so had he thrust his love for Elsie out of his heart when he learned that she was unworthy.

As he told his mother, "I did not love Elsie, but the girl I thought she was, and so it does not hurt so much after all," and when he met her at a party the following spring he had treated her frankly, and appeared not to notice her embarrassment.

She was a great belle in society, and feeling secure of Leland Rodgers she had not finally accepted his offer of marriage when she saw Charlie restored to health and reason once more, and then she began to set her cap for Charlie again. Naturally Charlie's family were furious, but he only laughed. At this time, night and day, waking and sleeping he was haunted by the vision of a sweet, lovely face, set in a nimbus of fair hair, with heavenly, restful blue eyes shining down upon him, and a soft, sympathetic hand that seemed to soothe his very soul. He remembered nothing of what had happened after his head struck the rock off the lighthouse and so did not know whose image his mind was conjuring up.

"I tell you, Grace, I've seen that beautiful girl somewhere, when I was sick, probably in the hospital, and I'm going to hunt till I find her."

Grace is worried about this vision he retains, for she thinks that it may be a lingering trace of his malady, not believing it to be the memory of a real face; but the physician encourages his search for the unknown, believing that it will divert his mind and that when he finds it is only a deluded fancy he will let the matter rest. But Charlie does not believe it is any growth of a fevered brain. The memory of that voice, the gentle touch of those hands, the angelic expression of that face are too vivid. In one way the dream face is a source of satisfaction to his family, because while its fascination lasts, Charlie will be proof against the blandishments of the designing Elsie.

Grace, sisterlike, has led up to the following conversation, but felt annoyed that Charlie took it so seriously.

"You seem in love with the memory," she remarked.

"I think I could love the girl that fits it," he returned promptly, "and as I am sure such a sweet, lovely girl would win any man's heart, I want to find and marry her before some other more lucky chap captures her, see?" and then he bent over and kissed his sister's frowning face.

It is August again, the gayest month at the summer resorts. The summer, Charlie, still considered a convalescent, prefers to cruise leisurely along the coast in the Vixen with Grace as his only companion. He is resolved to lay over in Portland, thinking that he may find the reality of his vision among the nurses there. He has already interviewed those in Philadelphia, and knows she is not among them. In vain does he search, however. He generously gives the nurses who were in attendance upon him a present, and leaves them sounding the praises of the handsome young man who remembers those who cared for him, but his heart is heavy because of the failure of his quest.

They cruise eastward to Boothbay Harbor, and he endeavors to throw himself into the pleasures of this beautiful watering place and yachtman's resort, of which he is very fond.

Elsie who had kept herself well informed as to his movements comes to the leading hotel there, with her chaperon, and immediately creates talk

by the way in which she throws herself at Charlie's head. He is utterly indifferent to her, for he well remembers when she was so much to him, and how cruel she has been. He realizes that she has simply betrayed her true nature, and though, in the generosity of his heart he forgives, he cannot love her now. As she comes in his way, he treats her politely and kindly, but Grace dislikes her as much as lies in that sweet girl's power to do, and is constantly fearful that Elsie may yet regain her influence and restate herself in Charlie's warm, forgiving heart.

Thinking to cure Elsie of hoping to be restored to her old place in his affections, Charlie tells her of his visionary girl; but being of an intensely jealous disposition, she instantly jumps to the correct solution of the matter. She feels that this is no insane delusion, but the remembrance of a flesh and blood girl he must have seen while he was sick. Being a brilliant woman she sets her wits to work to discover who this girl may be, for she foresees in her a dangerous rival if Charlie ever finds her.

One evening, nearly a year from the time he was thrown upon Vivian's mercy, he was dancing with Elsie at the casino. The throbbing melody of the Merry Widow waltz was filling the room, and he felt Elsie's weight on his arm as her beautiful dark face with its marvelous Spanish coloring was lifted in tender pleading to his own when there suddenly flashes before his astonished gaze the lovely face that has haunted both his waking and sleeping dreams. It is the dream girl he has been hunting for so long.

As they pass again in the dance, Elsie feels the tremor that passes through him, and her quick eyes see the change not only on his face, but in that of the fair, beautiful girl, and she knows that not only has Charlie found his dreamland beauty, but that the flesh and blood reality recognizes him. Elsie is seized with a jealous dread of her.

It is a thrilling moment. Charlie stops, hesi-

to him. But the proud father tells it very modestly and gives no description of Vivian's personal appearance, and so Charlie does not suspect her to be his dream girl.

Returning to Boothbay that afternoon, the following day as he is coming down to the floating wharf to go out to his yacht, which is anchored out in the harbor, he sees Vivian step from the float into a motor launch with a party of friends and start down the bay toward Linckin's Neck. He jumps into his gasoline tender and tells his man to give chase, but the other launch is too fast for him and disappears round Spruce Point. The rest of the day he spends in disheartening search, wandering about Ocean Point in hopes of finding some trace of her, but without success.

The day following, he sees her on the little steamer "Nettie C.," just leaving the dock for Squirrel Island, and he chases over in his tender and puts in the day on the island hunting without results. Grace wants to cruise further east along the coast, but he tells her that every time he sees that girl the more interested he becomes, and he is bound to find her if it takes him all summer. She thinks it a foolish fancy, but decides to humor him, especially as she still considers him an invalid, though fast gaining health and strength, although as a matter of fact he is better than ever before in his life.

On the day following this conversation with Grace, Charlie sees Vivian out sailing with an elderly gentleman and a lady in a catboat, and the way she handles the little sailboat arouses his admiration for her nautical attainments. Losing her again, the following day he sees her rowing over toward Mouse Island with a girl companion, and he is charmed with the graceful manner in which she handles the rowboat and herself, and he does not fail to notice the fine proportions of her bare arms and neck, displayed in her sailor blouse. There is no doubt but that he is wildly infatuated, madly in love



ELSIE FEELS THE TREMOR THAT PASSES THROUGH HIM AND SEES IN HER A DANGEROUS RIVAL. IT IS A THRILLING MOMENT.

tates, and the girl of his dreams, the lady of the mists has vanished. He inquires everywhere, but cannot find her, and the next day he hunts throughout Boothbay Harbor, but she seems to have gone back into that past he cannot remember. Vivian has indeed recognized Charlie, and true to her resolution to avoid him she hastily leaves the dance hall and goes home with her aunt, with whom she is spending her summer vacation at Boothbay Harbor.

Charlie had considerably startled his sister by his intense delight at finding that he had not been mistaken in thinking that such a girl as the one he had been imagining really lived.

"Grace she is so sweet," he exclaimed, taking his sister's hand eagerly. "She is good and true. I can see that. Not a society girl. None of the falseness, the hollowiness of the society girl is about her."

"But brother, how can you tell? You only saw her a moment?" Grace replied.

"Grace, I looked into her eyes. If I know her a century I cannot form a truer estimate of her lovely, pure character. Her eyes opened clear into her soul, and it is a beautiful one. Besides I know I have seen her and talked with her when I was sick. Wish me luck, Grace, dear, for my heart is set on winning her," and nothing Grace could say would shake his determination. However, it was a great source of relief to know that this haunting vision was not a lingering symptom of a disordered brain, but was a healthy memory of a real person.

Charlie had not discovered the identity of his dreamland lady, and the next day, leaving Grace on shore, he steams out to Matineus Light Station, fifty miles to the northeast, on the calm sea, to make the acquaintance of his rescuers, thank them and carry them some presents. He has no recollection of his rescue, and none of the lighthouse keeper's daughter, and strangely enough he never thinks to connect her with the fair vision of his dreams, but he has heard the story of how she first rescued him at the risk of her life and then so tenderly cared for him, when he was helpless and unknown. Expecting, hoping to see her there at the lighthouse, he carries, as a token of his gratitude a beautiful necklace of pearls with him as a present for her, for whoever she may be she deserves it, he thinks. Landing at the lighthouse, he makes the acquaintance of all the crew, gives each a substantial present, and wins their hearts by his cordial, genial manner. He leaves the necklace with Vivian's father, who says she is coming soon for a short visit to him. He makes Mr. Vose recount to him in detail the story of his rescue by the brave girl and of her devoted care

with this girl who seems to elude him on every occasion.

He takes a run through Townsend Gut and over to Bath, and as the Vixen is slowly passing through the draw in Southport bridge he sees her, one of an automobile party waiting on the bridge for the draw to be closed, and returning by way of Wiscasset he sees her driving through the streets of that quaint old seaport town.

He can't even find out who she is, for he is afraid of offending her by making too frequent and apparently impudent inquiries. What few he has made have utterly failed to reveal her name or identity.

He says to Grace, "I know she's an angel and I'm looking for her wings; she must have them, the way she escapes me." Such were his flights of fancy. "But I'll capture her yet," he vows, "if I have to buy a flying machine."

Everywhere he seems to meet her, on the street, and out driving, but evidently she is avoiding him and he cannot understand why, because he knows his admiration is respectful, and that often as he has met her he has not annoyed her by unpleasant staring. He feels sure that they have met before and that she remembers him and the circumstances of their meeting, which he cannot recall.

However, if poor Charlie had been able to overhear a conversation Elsie had with this gentle girl he would have been able to have appreciated her aversion and avoidance. For meanwhile a mind craftier than his and impelled to action by green-eyed jealousy has been at work, and Elsie has discovered Vivian's identity.

In her desperation Elsie had followed Vivian, and overtaking her as she was walking to her aunt's home had made bold to speak to her of the subject that lay nearest to the hearts of both women.

Humiliated as she felt it, she swallowed her pride in saying:

"You are Vivian Vose, are you not, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on Matineus?"

"Yes," Vivian replied. She never sought to hide the fact that her father was the lighthouse keeper, in fact she was proud of it. "I thought so, now my dear girl I have spoken to you with the best of intentions in my heart," Elsie continued falsely.

Vivian waited in simple dignity for Elsie to continue.

"I can see that you are a simple, village girl, with no knowledge of the world, and although I am ashamed to confess it, one who is very dear to me is no fit acquaintance for you."

"What do you mean?" Vivian asked, her sweet face flushing.

In spite of herself Vivian grew pale. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Elsie Craig," she returned, and then wondered at the mad rush of color that crimsoned Vivian's face and neck. Well indeed did she remember the tender love words she had listened to from Charlie's lips, when he called her Elsie.

"Charlie is a dear boy, but fearfully fickle, I am so sorry to say. He simply cannot resist a pretty face, and he has broken many hearts, women are so silly about him," Elsie continued, and the heavens did not fall nor the earth open as she uttered the horrible falsehoods. "I have continued," but even my patience will be exhausted if this keeps on. Poor Grace, his twin sister is rusticated him here, for he has so utterly disgraced his people that they will not allow him to remain at Bar Harbor."

Vivian draws herself up haughtily, as she asks:

"Why do you come to me with this, Miss Craig?"

"Because the man seems to have taken a wild fancy for you and will begin to follow you about, if you do not take care. However, I have warned you, so beware," Elsie cries, leaving her as suddenly as she came up, while Vivian with a breaking heart tries not to believe this slander of her shattered ideal, but continues to play the pitiful game of hide-and-seek with the man whose pure heart is only filled with admiration and devotion for her.

With increasing rage Elsie notices, that, though Vivian makes every effort to dodge him, Charles continues his pursuit more hotly day by day, and every time she meets Charlie, she has to listen to his rapturous praise of her hated rival. He repeatedly asks Elsie if she can't find out who this strange, elusive beauty is. And Elsie lies to him by telling him that she has no idea, but by her actions judges her to be some gay village girl whose head has been turned by battery of summer visitors.

She does not tell Charlie that this is the girl to whom he owes his life. She feels that this revelation would simply add fuel to the flame of his loving adoration.

The situation is getting desperate for Elsie. She knows that her lies and schemes cannot long prevent Charlie from blundering onto the truth, and that when he does the jig is all up with her, for nothing will then stop him from hunting down this girl, who, as Elsie thinks, judging Vivian by the low standard of her own ethics, would be only too glad to catch such a desirable young man for a lover. Something must be done at once either to drive Vivian away, which is difficult, as Boothbay Harbor is her home, or to get Charlie off to Bar Harbor. The latter seems the only feasible plan.

Much as she knows Grace dislikes her, and running the risk of being snubbed by that honest, outspoken young lady, she again humbles her pride and even goes out uninvited to the Vixen to try to enlist the sister's aid, relying on the family pride of the aristocratic Grahams to oppose the proposition of Charlie marrying the daughter of the lighthouse keeper. So Grace was called upon to receive Elsie, and she did it with no very good feelings, for she bore Elsie no love.

"Grace, Charlie has discovered the girl he is raving about."

"Indeed?" Grace asked with a slight yawn. She was not going to betray her brother.

"Yes he has, and I tell you she's the kind of a girl who will put forward any claim she may fancy she has on him."

"She hasn't yet," Grace reminded her.

"Probably doesn't realize it."

"Then you think she wouldn't desert him?"

Grace returned coldly.

Elsie's dark eyes flashed fire.

"That remark is positively insulting," she said, trying to keep her voice steady.

"To the strange girl?" Grace asked with a rising infection.

"To me."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten your connection with the matter. Still your engagement to my brother is such a thing of the past I find difficulty in remembering that it ever existed, and I fancy he does too." She knew this last would wound. Elsie rose, her whole body trembling, controlled only by her social training that forbade her striking her foe in the face as her wild nature suggested. "The time will come when you will wish with all your heart that you had listened to what I have to say. Neither of you know who or what she is. That girl is not fit to marry into your family, she is a person of a very much lower social scale; and won't you be proud to introduce a fisher girl to your friends as your new sister?"

Grace was thoroughly angry, but she smiled languidly, as she returned:

"Would it surprise you if our family in view of Charlie's first experience in love, should acquiesce in his preference for true womanhood regardless of social position?"

As these two finished their snappy conversation, and Elsie stepped over the side of the Vixen and down the landing steps to the boat she had hired for the occasion she met Charlie just coming aboard from his tender and she was not pleased to hear him say to his boatswain:

"She's good enough for a tender, but she isn't in it a stern chase after these Boothbay launches. I'll send for my automobile and buy or charter the fastest launch in the harbor, and see if on land or water I can't keep in sight of that girl long enough to find out where she comes from, or disappears to, or who she is."

Elsie turned pale, but showed no other indication of having heard this remark, and she tried to look sweet and winning as Charlie turned and greeted her pleasantly and asked her not to hurry her departure. She excused herself by pleading an urgent engagement and so Charlie helped her into her boat.

It is on a hot afternoon and as Charlie is sitting with his sister under the quarter deck awning of the Vixen, he sees a catboat beating down the harbor against a light southwest wind. Then a sudden thunder storm comes up and a squall of wind dismasts the boat almost under the stern of the Vixen, and Charlie jumps into his gasoline tender, and with his boatswain puts out for the disabled sailboat. As they reach it, he is delighted to find in it his beautiful unknown in company with a man who apparently is the skipper of the boat.

Charlie rejoiced at the opportunity that had come to him, and touching his cap he asks if he can be of assistance.

Wild ideas rushed through Vivian's mind. Here was the dissipated rake described by Elsie right at her elbow, and yet she felt sure these terrible stories could not be true. The honest brown eyes, the clear, bronzed face, the manly figure and bearing did not belong to one lost to decency, but to the ideal she had cherished in her heart. The girl's sweet face flushed painfully, her heart beat madly, as she listened to his deep voice that roused responsive echoes in her soul. Full well she now knew, that despite her struggles she had lost her heart to this man during those lonely days when she had listened to his impassioned words of love directed to another, and she wished that her life might have ended then, before the awakening.

Just then the skipper of the catboat commenced talking, and she realized all too well that fate was not through with her yet, she had more to bear.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, give as fully as you receive, but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SEPTEMBER days, bright with the golden rod and sumach, mark the close of the summer season and the ripening of growing things. All about in plant life, both great and small, is shown a visible desire to mature and go to seed; the flowers are content to die, Mother Nature sees to it that the seeds are safely lodged for another season. All good housewives, following her example are equally busy caring for and preserving the fruits of the field, in various ways, for future use.

A most generous and prompt contribution of choice recipes have been sent in, all of which have been carefully edited with the desire of making them so plain and explicit that the most inexperienced novice will be assured of success if the directions are painstakingly followed. These will be found on another page and we hope will meet your individual needs.

Now all give me your attention please for just a moment for I want to impress this fact on your minds. I cannot reforward books, poems, etc., which have been requested, when the correct name and address of the person wanting them is given. All should be sent direct, and also kindly remember that it is useless to send in any poems of unusual length for publication as space does not allow for their appearance.

Now we will turn our attention to the mail bag, feeling assured that all will be helped by the usual cheery advice and sensible suggestions of the letter writers. Our first is a reader who has welcomed COMFORT in her home for several years. She writes interestingly and touches on a subject important to others similarly situated.

DEAR SISTERS:
I have at last given in to an almost constant desire, to enter this circle. I have been married ten years and have two children, a girl of eight and a boy five years old.

They are our first thought and constant care, and like many others, no doubt when attending school have to be away all day, so as Mrs. Remington suggests I will give my ideas as to what is best for the lunch pail. Eggs and cold meat sandwiches are good, fruit I always include, if possible, also plain cookies but seldom pie. I try to vary the contents each day though it is hard to do. If others can help out in this matter of lunches I for one would appreciate it.

I am much interested in the government of children. My rule is to treat them when naughty, with the same consideration we would extend to an adult. All of the letters on this subject have been a benefit. How helpful it is that we have the privilege of expressing our views here.

Onions, as many know, are very good for the nerves, but how many know that they are more easily digested if the water is changed several times while they are boiling. The first water poured off will remove fly specks from gilt picture frames, while soda water will remove every vestige of gilt as I found by experience. Washing soda in dish water also removes the gold from dishes. I used to use it freely for cleaning, but think it roughens the hands, especially in cold weather, so now use only a good soap.

To whiten an old kitchen floor or table try this: Mix together half a pound of sand, same amount of soft soap and a little lime. Work into a paste with a stick, then scrub, using plenty of cold water and the improvement will be great.

Mrs. LUCY E. BARTON, Waldron, R. D. 2, Ind.

I think you all will agree with me that Mrs. B. is a sensible and just mother. Such lunches as she mentions are wholesome and nourishing. For the benefit of all who have to put up school lunches I would add that daintiness should rule in preparation. These little ones do not have the run home to stimulate the appetite, but an attractive lunch will coax it, where otherwise it might remain almost untouched. As sandwiches are almost indispensable they can be varied at least in appearance by cutting in different shapes. Fruit is essential and apples, usually so plentiful in the country, are especially good. Either olives, nuts, raisins, currants, dates, figs, cheese, nuts, and home-made candy can be added by way of a little surprise which is always sure to please a child.

FUNNY PRANKS AND FRISKY CAPERS at a Halloween party in October HARVEST COMFORT.

Who can send Mrs. S. Tell, Newfoundland, R. D., N. Y., an aged lady, a new pattern for crocheting large table dolly?

Mrs. Maybelle Waring, Conneaut, Ohio, contributes the following in response to a request:

From experience I have found that lettuce seed and an equal part of bread crumbs and cayenne pepper will make a dumpy snary like a new bird. As a favor I ask the elderly readers to remember my mother during Sept. She will be seventy-seven the first of the month and is not able to get out much. COMFORT has helped her pass many pleasant hours.

Address Mrs. P. M. BETCH, 600 Buffalo St., Conneaut, O.

The next writer in giving her opinion of Woman's Rights says:

Like Mrs. Chester I hardly know whether I am for or against it.

But I do know if women had the privilege to cast their ballot, it would abolish child labor and white slavery. I think all women should be accorded the right to vote. But let the line be drawn at that. I don't think it at all suitable for women to receive employment in business offices; join lodges and belonging to clubs, and another thing it is not proper and becoming for the feminine class to attend public lectures and stand. That was only intended for the masculine class, not for women, their place is the home.

Here there is enough to do and if all women would, as Mrs. Linden says, devote their spare time to the study of the political questions of the day, if they would fit themselves as were intellectually the companions of their husbands, their influence would be wider in shaping the opinions of their sons and daughters. If every mother did her whole duty by her home and children, training them carefully from childhood for the responsibilities of later life, I believe there would be more happy homes and fewer divorces.

If the ballot is accorded and a woman's time and energies are to be even more divided between home and public affairs what will be the result?

My opinion may not have as much weight as I am not a mother; our home has never been blessed with children, but still I have my ideas as to an ideal mother.

That I never have had a child, is, to me a great sorrow, what a void there is in one's life, how quiet a home without childish prattle! But if this is one's lot we must be resigned to it.

Hattie Griffin, "do not think you should say your thoughts remain enslaved. I found your letter most interesting."

Ruth Knapp, N. Y. I would like one of your original cards.

Mrs. W. F. Harris. Sprinkle your hatching eggs every week you will find it a great help; the chicks get too hot and dry, that is what makes the chicks die in the shell.

Mrs. Elsie Durham. Saturate your flower beds with weak lime water. Also fill a sponge with coal oil and lay it where the ants are most troublesome.

Mrs. Lulu Buell. If you received my card please send me a copy of the book. I have a few old magazines of the '80 or '90 containing fancy work please write me.

Mrs. D. H. BROOME, 212 Logan St., Lewistown, Pa.

HONORED SISTERS:
Filled with many tender associations of the past in Uncle Charlie's circle, I heartily ask for an exchange of thoughts and ideas with the sisters.

Verily do I voice the sentiment of those in opposition regarding Woman's Suffrage. Some of us entertain the thought that if "the fairer, the weaker" were allowed to vote, our "Land of Freedom" would possess laws that would equal the rules of the republic in the inalienable right of the Deity. If man was as God intended and carried an honorable vote to the polls, women would not clamor for a voice in constituting our glorious land. The one thing most incentive to this bitter factionalism regarding women's strong opposition to the rules of this republic has been the liquor traffic. Had not the "blushing goblet" graced (?) so many homes, etc., throwing men into the destructive river to be washed away into the black sea of oblivion, our verdant America would undoubtedly be a "Land of the free and the home of the brave." Old Sol would arise to light up many a sad heart so writhed then by God, but dealt them by man, and which is the mightier? Still, if woman's voice echoed in Congress, we would be no better later off than we are today. Women, with but few exceptions would vote as would their husbands, and, as has been mentioned herein white slavery would still be practiced; the unpurified status of liberty in New York harbor stretching forth her beautiful arms to welcome foreigners to the "Home of the brave" would still stand a silent witness to the commerce of many young girls, undebased by shameful wickedness, so soon to be hurled to destruction by the indomitable will of wicked men. One preacher avers that the abolition of white slavery would be accomplished by others than "high-minded" people. Shame on him! Let the high-minded try to wipe out these brutish fiends and pray God they'll succeed. Mothers had best take care of their girls and not allow them to choose their "own" occupation at the very premature age of sixteen as one sister suggests.

I am a proud mother of a girl of two years and an infant boy and as my young life's stepstones I hope and pray that I may guide like a rosy path that their path will be as one compared to rose blossoms, nestling amongst the dewdrops, glistening in the pale moonlight. I must add that children from infancy should be taught beneath the unfaltering banners of some Christian doctrine and not "grow up to choose their own form of worship." As they will be loyal to none. All teach us to do right and we must not judge one creed by the failings of one of its preachers or persons individually.

Sisters, if you would read an enlightening book send for "Uncle Charlie's" "Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts." I won't then as a prize once offered in the League. Also get his book of poems. It is just three years since I was married. I was a jovial, care-free girl and (with a wink at Mrs. Wilkinson), I still possess some girlish traits. I am still that "Smiling Sue" as of old, devoting my sweetest smiles to babies and babies and babies, better half. Hoping happiness be sown broadcast over each one's path through life, I have the honor to be, Yours most gratefully,

Mrs. T. L. or SUB LORENZ JOHNSON, Box 22, Panna Maria, Kansas Co., Texas.

Letters such as these are what we want. Do not hesitate to express your opinion on any subject, nor fear to touch on something heretofore mentioned. The united efforts of all are what makes these columns as interesting as they are.

Next comes Mrs. Brown with a tried suggestion. In these little ways how easily we can render assistance which may be of almost priceless value to another.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I will be brief and only tell what I think will help untold numbers of mothers who, like myself, if we do have the money, have so many ways and needs for the children, but our needs by. Since my third son was born I have had a bad rupture. For six years I wore a belt, but my circumstances changing I took a strip of bed ticking and fitted it to me by taking seams in the bottom and cutting slits in the top, lapping the edges by to fit smoothly, putting on straps and buckles; then right over the place, where the rupture came, I sewed on a piece and stuffed it solid with cotton (anything will do), sewed it down and I have paid two dollars and fifty cents for it. I put on garters to hold the belt down. I should like to have someone, who wished a correspondent for life write to me.

MINNIE B. BROWN, Box 170, Indian Orchard, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Let me slip in and take the chair I vacated many years ago. I used to be a constant reader of COMFORT. Since coming to West I have neglected to renew my subscription. A friend of mine received COMFORT the other day, and I could not resist the temptation to borrow it, and I sat down and commenced to read it over, and I just walked in and got my writing material and subscribed for COMFORT myself and I feel like chatting with all.

We live on a fruit farm and hop ranch, near a little town, without a railroad, by the name of Zillah; this little village is not far from the high bank of the Yakima river. I would just love to have the picture of this beautiful little village and below winding and out with its clear waters and green banks the Yakima river. Then over to the west we have a fine view of Mt. Rainier, snow covered the year around, then we have a good, plain view of the top of Mt. Adams, which looks in the distance like a big white leaf cake. The climate of this country would be perfect if it wasn't for the dust. But of course one gets accustomed to the dust in time.

I wrote a piece of poetry for one of our papers here. This is the first verse:

O Washington, fair Washington,

The land that's hard to beat,

The land of the big red apple,

And the grand Alberta peach.

LEONA ROBINSON, Toppenish, Wash.

DEAR SISTERS:
Good morning all. May I have just a short say? Like many others I enjoyed Brother Beard's beautiful Christian letters. As he says how good God is to all who put their trust in Him. What would life be without our hope, Christ, and Him enables us to love all living things and make life beautiful.

I enjoy all the letters on the care of children. Though they are a great responsibility while little, and even more so as they grow older, they also are a great pleasure as the years creep on.

A home not blessed with children is silent and dreary as the years go by. I have three dear ones, two girls and a boy, all married now. When they were small, I used to say if I can only live to see them grown I shall be satisfied. But life is as it is God's will.

I have one little grandson and should like to see him grow to be a good man. I am and have always been very fond of children and as a famous writer says, "When you find a man or woman who does not love them, you will find one who cannot be trusted."

Now I will close, requesting any of my old school-mates in the North who see this to write me.

Mrs. BEATRICE SHORE, see VICE, Waco, R. D. 1, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:
From a little seven-room house, surrounded by old field pines I come to make my bow and ask admittance to this corner.

This is the land of cotton though we raise much besides. The climate is fine, warm winters, but bad winds. Last winter we had only one light snow storm, the first in three years. All those wishing cheap land ought to come this way, as the country is only thinly settled and we need more good people to build up our churches and schools.

I am twenty-seven years of age, a farmer's wife and the mother of four boys, Eldridge, Wilfred, Stuart, and a baby. We are only two miles from my father-in-law's home. They have had a family of eleven children, eight of whom are living.

Anyone write, especially those looking for homes. We have plenty of timber and good water.

Mrs. JENNIE ROGERS, Cotton Plant, La.

Mrs. James Dunsmore, Ill. As you wish to move to a warmer climate, why not consider La.? What Mrs. Rogers writes of Cotton Plant sounds good.

Mrs. Ida R. Cole, New Virginia, Iowa, sends this information to M. Shoemaker. A good way to clean nails is to boil them in strong lye from wood ashes, and afterwards scrub them with a small brush, in plenty of warm suds.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and I and my children enjoy it very much and as I have been reading of other people's sorrows I thought I would write my experience. I feel sorry for all who are sick and afflicted in any way. We came here to St. Anthony, Idaho, from Rocky Ford, Colo., for my health. I am very poorly, but I am very grateful to God for my many blessings for I could be worse off than I am. By being careful not to overdo and do my work, but I have some lonely hours filled with sorrow, for I have buried five children, a girl and four boys, but I have a girl of thirteen and a boy of fifteen left, thank God and they are both good Christian children, always ready to help me in any way.

In my hours of trial I could not have borne my cross without God's help. "He is a rock in a dreary land, a refuge in time of trouble."

Much information has been garnered through this good monthly, but I have never seen directions as to how to begin to do tating. I know nothing about it. Could anyone write and tell me how to start in?

Mrs. EMMA KENT, St. Anthony, Idaho.

I hope someone will be able to help Mrs. Kent, for tating is very pretty work. But the foundation is a knot tied in such a way that it will slip back and forth on the thread and though not difficult to do when one knows how, it is hard to describe, and even if one can be shown, is one of those things which look so easy, but still is hard to just get the knack of it.

Who will send Mrs. N. M. Souther, Larson, N. Dak. seeds of maple, elder, poplar or other trees liable to thrive in the North. She has taken up a homestead and is anxious to get a few trees started.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have often read the COMFORT Sisters' Corner. It is so seldom I see a letter from Kansas and I wonder why? Sisters, I love flowers too, but my invalid state in life hinders me from raising as many as I would like, and I just can't get house plants to grow.

Mrs. J. E. V. Remington. I am like you, I think that women should read and try to understand politics. If we as women do not read and know for ourselves, we have no right to blame the men if the political situation doesn't just suit us. And mothers, how can you blame your boy if he sees political affairs just as his father does, if you have never let your views be known?

Another thing is that women do not keep posted enough in law matters. If a woman is left alone, that is, her husband has died, she must be advised what to do, while the proper thing would be to just know what to do, and to proceed at once, which would save time, money and worry. Yes, mothers, try to interest your daughters in the political affairs. The girls of today will soon be women, then it is only just that they should know the things and understand financial affairs. So if anything happens they will be fully prepared.

This country, or our nation is improving, yet we need further improvements along these lines. American men are much more considerate than the foreigners are, when I hear and read of how some countries treat the weaker sex it makes me heart sick.

ALICE B. LONG, Box 48, Toronto, Woodson Co., R. D. 1, Kansas.

DEAR SISTERS:
Being a newcomer and a new subscriber I wish to put in a place in this corner. I send greetings to the sisters of Conn., Vt., R. L. Mass., N. Y., N. J., Penn., N. C., S. C., Ala., La., Wash. and Cal., having lived at some time in each of those states. Poor Maine is left out in the cold; however I hope to step on her soil some day.

I have lived in this glorious state for about four years and have lost all desire to live again in the East. The city of San Francisco is the most wonderful city in the world.

It is a magic city and her people are the bravest, most persevering people to be found. When one thinks

HARVEST COMFORT in October with pretty HARVEST LOVE story written especially for the occasion, and amusing title page illustration. Don't miss it by letting your subscription expire. RENEW 24 MONTHS FOR ONLY 25 CENTS NOW.

that a little over two years ago, the city, with its great business blocks and magnificent homes was laid low by one of the greatest earthquakes of modern times, and by the most terrible fire that this country ever saw, and that for seven square miles there was nothing but destruction, all swept clean by that three days fire. Now she has risen from her ashes, finer and better in many respects, so one has to search to find evidences of the calamity.

My subscription began with the Jubilee number and I was glad to see that Mr. Gannett comes from good old Revolutionary stock. As a Daughter of the American Revolution I send him my best wishes for a greater success.

I am a member of the Episcopal church and would be glad to hear from members of that church, to exchange ideas of work; also would be glad to hear from any of the sisters.

I will send a homely suggestion, but one that I think will appeal to the housewives.

In boiling cabbage one often tries to keep the odor from reaching everyone in the house and our next-door neighbor. Do not cover the pot, but lay crusts of bread on the top of the boiling cabbage, and the odor of your boiled dinner will not be as strong.

LOLA BELLE ROATH, 3525-20th Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR READERS:

My first visit here was a call for a cure for warts. The cures poured in. I doctored those parts but they alone and suddenly they began to disappear. So you see I cannot lay the cure to any special remedy, but they have gone and may joy go with them. In response to requests will give a short description of myself and surroundings.

I am five feet and seven inches tall, light, clear complexion, pale blue eyes, dark brown hair and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, age twenty-five, Oct. 8, '09.

I am married and my husband is an inch taller, but lacks twenty pounds of my weight. He is good, kind and true, and loves his home, wife and children better than anything else on earth. Isn't that a lot to be able to say?

Our oldest girl, Gladys is most five and Elida was three last May, both are well, bright and happy for which I am very thankful.

Isn't it wonderful how Uncle Charlie writes so many jolly letters and there he is a shut-in? I don't know

when I have been so taken by surprise as I was when I read "The Truth About Uncle Charlie."

How little we know of the lives of those around us. How much we who are well and strong ought to do for the unfortunates. But we don't, we are careless and even complain while he is so bright, devoting each day to sending cheer and sunshine somewhere.

Our happy home here in Athens has been visited frequently by sickness in the last four years, but all have been spared to each other.

As I have seen a request for canning tomatoes will send in my recipe. Use good rubbers, I never lose a jar.

How many of you make your work lighter in the summer months? I put table-cloths away and use only paper napkins. These I use for dollys too, save yourselves all you can in every way and spend every minute possible out of doors.

Around the sink I always keep two or three different sized small brushes—they are such a help in washing dishes.

For glass try soft water and a little ammonia with a tooth brush, you will be greatly surprised with the results.

To clean lamp chimneys I get the tea kettle boiling hard, then hang a chimney right on the spout and let it steam, turning now and then, and when well steamed I wipe with a clean soft towel that does

\$1,300.00 IS THE LIMIT that any one person can win out of the 363 CASH PRIZES which we shall offer in October HARVEST COMFORT. But it won't do you any good if your subscription expires. If you are not sure your subscription is paid ahead, RENEW, TWO FULL YEARS FOR 25 CENTS, and make sure of October COMFORT.

much lint, keep steaming wherever it isn't clean, it's not clean and the chimneys will shine.

To prevent grease from collecting on the hands and the sides of the pan add a large spoonful of baking soda to the dish water.

A little turpentine adds polish to the stove blacking.

Do up a burn in Castor oil and it will cease smarting.

Yellow clothes can be whitened by adding two full tablespoons of borax to a tub of blue water. Dissolve borax in boiling water first. A little borax will also prevent starch from sticking.

I have little black weevils in my pantry, I think they came in rice and now in spite of closed cans they are everywhere. In flour, meals, starch, everything. How can I get rid of them?

With many thanks for all letters and cards I remain,

Mrs. PEARL CUDDERBACK, 117 North St., Athens, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit me from the Wolverine state to enter your charmed circle?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a good many years and this is the first time I have ever knocked for admittance.

I was born and passed my childhood days in the old Empire state, and my young womanhood in the Keystone state, and am now living my last days in Michigan. These three states are dear to my heart, as are all the glorious United States of America.

Two of my forefathers fought for Independence and the dear old flag in the Revolutionary war. I ought to be patriotic had I not?

I am a partial shut-in and all the long winters go out very rarely, nearly two months last winter not at all. But I pass the time in reading, receiving and writing letters, and I started a slumber robe of velvet pieces, thinking I had enough, but the pile of pieces grew smaller, faster than the robe spread out. If anyone can send me a few odds and ends I will gladly return postage if wanted.

Do you know that the water that quassa chips have been steeped in will get rid of lice on house plants, and they say on children's heads or wherever they may be found. And that smoking cubeb berries is good to use where one has the catarrh.

Perhaps this may meet the eye of someone I am acquainted with; if it does I should like to hear from them; it would seem strange if it did not as we are a very large family of COMFORT readers.

Mrs. L. A. NELSON, Luther, Mich.

DEAR SISTERS:

COMFORT has been a welcome visitor to our home for three years. Each month we watch for its coming as for an old friend and we all enjoy it.

I turn to the Sisters' Corner, and read all the letters first. I always get a great deal of information and pleasure from them. So many of the sisters seem to be living to make others happy—and for the good they can do. How I wish I could meet you all.

I live in the great wheat belt in Northern Kansas. A year ago on account of a dry spring we did not have a good wheat crop, but the later rains saved the corn.

As a rule though, we get our wet weather in the early spring—and that insures us a good wheat crop—the principal crops are wheat, barley, corn and alfalfa. We grow oats, rye, potatoes and all garden vegetables but the first named are the most profitable.

This is also a great stock country, horses are just as easy to raise as cattle, and some say more so.

There is a great opportunity here for a poor man, who wishes to farm and raise stock. If he is industrious, honest and economical. Well improved farms near one third of the crops, and where the land owner furnishes stock he gives one half of all the increase.

If any reader wishes to know more about this country—send me a stamped envelope with your name and address, and I will tell you truthfully all I know, or you wish to know about it.

I am going to tell you how you can easily button your shirt-waists that open in the back. I read this in a paper, and tried it myself, and found it so good will send it on. Button it in front, without putting in the arms, or buttoning the collar. You can button it more than half way down before in. Then the few lower buttons can be easily reached. Finally button the collar. This is such an easy way, and makes one independent of outside assistance.

Here is a good washing fluid for the sisters: One ounce of soda, one ounce of ammonia, one ounce of borax. Dissolve in five quarts of water. Put half a cupful into a boiler of cold water, with half a pound of soap. Put white clothes in, without hanging, boil twenty minutes, take out, wash, rinse and hang out to dry.

Mrs. S. L. BURTON, Atwood, Kansas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I live in the windy state of North Dakota, although I was born and reared in the central part of dear old Ill., near its capital, have lived here nine years and love the country, notwithstanding the horrid wind.

Mrs. M. A. Zirkle I am acquainted with, lots of folks in Talulla, Ill. My oldest child was named after one who does, or did, live there, Mrs. Ethel Dunlap.

Mrs. Dena Van Welden. Did you ever try iodine to kill the swelling in the neck? It makes it very tender but better than a surgeon's knife, use either black or white. I killed a gopher in that way on my own neck.

Mrs. Andrew Chapman. My heart reaches out to you in your sad life of caring for an invalid child. Doesn't it seem strange a child so young must be so afflicted? I have had my turn. I had a little one who was an invalid from birth. She was very fair and we called her Lucie. (I think she had such a sweet name.) She lived six years and a few days, when the second attack of measles took her home. She suffered nearly all the time. Can you blame me when I say I was truly glad to know she was at rest? She never spoke but one word, "mamma," in her life. She could not sit alone or feed herself, in fact she was the selfish care a young baby is, and two others came after she did to take my care from her.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

There, my huckleberries. Glad to see you once more. Hop up in my lap and get close to my heart. We are in September, which I believe is the beginning of the fall. It's always best when the fall comes to celebrate it by taking a tumble to yourself, and getting wise to your shortcomings. The majority of us are so loaded down with faults and imperfections that we have an awful nerve to criticize the imperfections of others. Several dear, good souls have written me letters that I mentioned in a recent issue that I was a sinner, and always made it a practice in my prayers to petition the Almighty to be merciful to me a sinner. The dear good souls who wrote, thought it was dreadful for any man to say he was a sinner. Personally I should think it would be far more dreadful for any man or woman to declare they were not sinners. I am afraid my good lady correspondents have been under the impression that because I said I was a sinner that I committed a couple of nice juicy murders before breakfast, robbed a string of banks before dinner, set fire to a couple of dozen churches after dinner, committed bigamy, trigamy and jiggery before supper; finished up with a couple more nice hot murders after supper and went to bed soused, pickled and stewed in alcohol before midnight, with a record since nightfall, of sixteen nice exciting burglaries to my credit or discredit. No my dear friends, one can cut out all these crimes and live as near right as possible and yet be a sinner. Those dear souls who wrote to me filled their letters full of Biblical quotations to prove their side of the case. That's

363 CASH PRIZES aggregating thousands of dollars will be paid. Look for our new great prize offer in October HARVEST COMFORT.

like another exalted lady who discovered after a couple of score of centuries that she was the only one who had the key to the scriptures, and she was ready to hand everyone the key for six dollars a clip. I'd be glad to do the job at half the price. That same lady quotes just enough scripture to prove her contentions and ignores all that would demolish her theories. There is an old and very true saying that the Devil can quote scripture for his own purpose. During the Boer war, the Bible reading Boers started quoting scripture against the British. The British retaliated. Every day for months each side published a sensational quotation favoring their individual views and demolishing the other fellow's. This sort of thing might have been kept up indefinitely. It proved nothing. Anyway I will use one quotation, and refer my friends to the First Epistle General of St. John 1, 8, 9, and 10th verses. St. John says: "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (Note—Cleanse us until we accumulate another supply—which we all do.) If we say that we have no sins we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us.

I sat once in Westminster Abbey in the choir stalls within a foot or two of the great Gladstone and the famous Canon Farrar, who wrote that most wonderful "Life of Christ," at the beginning of the service the audible confession of their sins and called themselves miserable offenders or sinners. So if Canon Farrar, Gladstone and thousands more called themselves miserable sinners, and they certainly did for I heard them. I'm in pretty good company. What my correspondent forgot is this: It all depends how high you set your standard whether you are a sinner or not. The man who quit murder and simply went in for horsetealing would not think he was a sinner but on the contrary he'd think he was on the high road to reform and worthy of a medal from a Sunday school. The man quit horsetealing and instead amused himself by thrashing his wife and beating dumb animals would consider he had reformed to such an extent that he was sinless and was ready to be a foreign missionary or an evangelist. It's all a matter of comparison. The greater the man the higher the standard. The great divines of the church, knowing the weakness of human nature, and the frailties and shortcomings which men go to be found in the best of us, make all men go down on their knees and call themselves miserable sinners. The saintliest men through the ages have in sackcloth and ashes acknowledged their unworthiness before God. The more holy and righteous the man the more ready is he to acknowledge how poorly he measures up to the Divine standard of perfection—the standard all good men and women are ever trying to attain, no matter how far they fall short of it. There were certain sects in Christ's time who thought they were perfect, thought they had a monopoly of all the virtues—Christ called them whitened sepulchres. If men or women deem themselves perfect, true modesty dictates that they should keep this fact to themselves. It is for God to decide whether we are perfect or not. To claim we are perfect only proves our imperfection. The struggle for perfection is the force that ever keeps us going onward and upward from just as the struggle for bread keeps us from rusting in laziness. Some of my correspondents wanted the perfect, that is perfect according to their standard. It is the business of the church to make the hypocrite and the backslider good thorough-going Christians, and the place to do it is right in the church. If you don't allow a man to enter the house of God until he is just all he ought to be, you are depriving the church of its greatest opportunity for good. There is a better chance to convert a man in church than outside it. Get them into the sanctuary then let the minister do the rest. If he is a good zealous minister he will get results. Always remember this no two human beings are alike. Some people are born ninety per cent. good, some ninety per cent. bad. The warring elements of sin which torture those who are born ninety per cent. bad (there are lots of them), are never felt or known by the naturally good. Some natures are weak, some are strong. In some women the blood flows calmly—cool as the mountain stream fed by the snows eternal. In another woman the blood courses hot as molten lava, spewed from a raging volcano. It is no struggle for the first woman to keep herself pure and her reputation clean. With her sister it is one long fight, and how much greater is the victory, how much brighter the jewels in her crown, if she resists temptation, and conquers in a terrible fight of which her more placid sister knows nothing. Some of us have frightful battles to fight with the warring elements of our

natures. With others the fight is but a mere skirmish with the forces of evil which are quickly routed. You, who are naturally good make every allowance for the men or women who have not your strength of character or your inherent goodness. Pity them, do not condemn them. Remember what Christ said of a certain woman: "Neither do I condemn her." The hypocrite who goes to church is invariably a hypocrite through the weakness of his nature, and if you throw him the wants to be a hypocrite. If you blame him out of church the odds are he'll stay in the church. While he stays in church there is a chance that he may go entirely to the good. Remember that Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The hypocrite can hear the call in the churches far better than he can outside. Remember the Shepherd forgot all about the ninety-nine tractable sheep and went after the wandering one that was lost. Have mercy on your sinful brother. Let your charity be great, your heart loving and kind, your sympathy broad. The majority of those who condemn are doing the best they know how, trying to make the best of bad material. Never condemn a man who is doing his best, even if his best is pretty bad. Pity him and help him. If one talent has been given to us that is all we shall be expected to account for. If we have been given thirty talents we shall be expected to account for them all.

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, That it doesn't do for any of us, to talk about the rest of us.

Shut-ins who want wheel chairs, and people who want to get wheel chairs for shut-ins, read the big notice which appears monthly in COMFORT, and don't write to me for particulars. Those who fail to see this notice must be blind indeed.

Remember this is my birthday month, and to save you from swamping me with useless presents, such as hair brushes and rubber shoes, I want to put you wise to the fact that four one year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents will secure you a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, bound in silk cloth, beautiful shade of lilac. The book weighs three quarters of a pound, one hundred and sixty pages of roaring fun. You can best celebrate my birthday by sending for it. No home is complete without it. I expect to hear from you all by Sept. 25th.

If there are any of our shut-ins possessed of means here is good news for them. A young lady who was once herself a shut-in and her mother and sister, have started a Sunshine home for shut-ins in Wisconsin, not for profit but out of gratitude to God for the recovery of the invalid young lady. Everything is provided free except board, which of course is nominal. I know the family and I know the project, and if I could only travel I'd be out there myself. Those interested, please write me. Here is indeed a haven of rest for the afflicted.

Remember it costs thirty cents to join the League, twenty-five cents for your subscription and five cents for card and button. Every one of COMFORT's readers should be a member of this League. When you renew your subscription add five cents and come in and join us. The man or woman who has an opportunity to identify him or herself with our glorious work and declines to do it can't have a heart much bigger than a peanut. Now I mean every word of it. This organization ought to have a million members. After six years of hard work we are still short of forty thousand. You men cut out one glass of beer and add the nickel to your subscriptions and identify yourself with a noble work for the uplifting of humanity. The harvest has been bountiful, the golden buckles are jingling in your pockets. Come and be one of us. Don't procrastinate, get busy, do it today.

Those who want their names on our correspondence list must write same, giving age and address on separate slips of paper. Now for the letters.

STEEL, R. D. I. ALA.

DEAREST UNCLE AND COUSINS: I have dark complexion, brown hair, brown eyes, am five feet six and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds, and am twenty-one years of age, and am no pretty bird. Mamma, papa and I live on a little farm of twenty acres. We raise cotton, corn, oats, sweet and Irish potatoes, and most all kinds of vegetables. Papa not having very much land, rents some land from our neighbors every year. I believe I have done all kinds of field work except plowing, and I have tried to plow for father, just for fun. I like to work on a farm very well, and like housework best of all. I dearly love to cook, especially when I have something extra to cook. I have only one sister and she got married in Dec. 1906. She lives eighty odd miles from us. I was almost crazy for a long time after sister married. I got so awfully lonesome without her. I still miss her a great deal.

Mamma went to see her last March and staid three weeks. All the housework and milking were left for me to do, and nearly every day someone would say: "Having a pretty tough time without your mamma, aren't you?"

And I would say: "Oh, no. I think I can keep house by myself three weeks as well as the little fifteen and sixteen-year-old girls that marry and have all the work to do themselves."

I don't believe in girls marrying so young. When a girl marries at fifteen she doesn't hardly know what single life is. Now Uncle and cousins isn't that so? Sister Nellie liked about two weeks of being twenty-two when she married.

Say Uncle Charlie, I wish you would send a sure cure for chills. There hasn't been but one chill in our family, but nearly all of our neighbors are chillsing, and I am so sorry for them.

If any of the cousins know Ernest Smith and wife, will you please write me? The last we heard of him he was at Choccolocco, Ala. If any of the cousins wish to write me I will answer all we send postage. With love to uncle and all the cousins, I beg to remain your niece and cousin,

OLIVE SMITH.

Olive, yours is a nice, chatty, newsy letter. Alabama is doing pretty well in this issue. I'm glad you're such a help to father but I'm glad you don't have to plow for father. I don't believe in field work for women anyway, unless

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL SERIAL NOVEL BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH, the popular author, begins in November ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR COMFORT. Renew your subscription now and make sure of it.

It's the lightest kind of exercise, and done merely to get change of air and for the sake of health. But I'll talk on that some other time. Just now I want to talk about plowing for father. I only plowed for my father once. It was the toughest job I ever undertook. We missed the old man one day, and searched high and low but could not locate him. We dragged the pond and the creek, but all in vain. Mother began to cry and said tramps must have murdered him,

and buried him out in the corn field. That's where I went plowing for father. After I'd been plowing for ten hours, the hired girl shouted: "What are you doing?" I yelled frantically: "I'm plowing for father." She said, "You had better plow up stairs under the bed, you'll find him on the floor asleep." There he was too, all right. That's the first and last time I ever plowed for father. You ask me for a good cure for the chills. Cover yourself with mustard, eat a peck of cayenne pepper, and sit on the cook stove all day with a nice hot fire underneath. This is a capital cure for the chills. I used to live in Chillicothe and contracted such bad chills that I shook all night, and kept on shaking until I shook all my friends. The only thing I couldn't shake was my mother-in-law, though the good Lord knows I tried. I used to shake so much it took me three hours to get my latch key in the keyhole of the door at nights. I'd never have got the key in at all if three policemen had not come along. One of them held the keyhole while the other two held me, then we managed to connect. You say: "Sister Nellie liked about two weeks of being twenty-two when she married." I am sorry your sister nly "liked" two weeks. A young girl ought to like every week in the year instead of only liking two of them. I am surprised Olive, that a girl of your education would write a sentence like that, and yet I'm not surprised for few of you seem to know the difference between liked and latched, and yet the difference is so great that the densest mind ought to sense it. There's a difference in spelling, sound and meaning, and you go wrong on all three. You meant to say that your sister Nellie latched about two weeks of being twenty-two. Boys and girls write and say: "I liked about three dollars of having ten." Isn't that wicked? Now dearie, never make that mistake again, and thousands more of you cut out this particularly atrocious onslaught on our language. No dear, I do not believe in girls marrying at the age of fifteen or sixteen. Twenty is early enough for a girl to marry, and then she should be possible, marry a man from seven to ten years older than herself. When a young girl of sixteen marries a boy of eighteen or twenty (and such marriages frequently occur), by the time ten or twelve years have passed over their heads, what do we see? The woman, who perhaps has borne several children and worked like a slave, has lost all her beauty, all her attractiveness, and is but a ghost of her former self, and looks ten years older than she really is. The man on the contrary, if he has changed at all, has changed for the better. Child bearing, child rearing, worrying, planning, have all been done by the poor wife. The man has gone about his duties as usual, and only worried if dinner was five minutes late. While his wife has been tossing feverishly on her bed at night from sickness, pain, and giving half of her hours of rest to Johnny with diphtheria, Mr. Husband has slept like a log. Trust him for that, and too frequently, alas, when the health of his wife in his prime looks at the careworn face of the poor little faded wisp of a woman that is his wife, he resents the change in her appearance, the loss of bloom and beauty, as though it were her fault, and casts longing eyes at the single girls of eighteen or twenty, who have been sensible enough to live out their girlhood and get some of the joys of life before sacrificing themselves to a man's selfishness, exchanging their freedom for matrimonial slavery, their bloom for crow's feet and wrinkles, their light-heartedness and the joy of living for care, pain, responsibility, suffering and eternal drudgery. Often at this period, the wife is confronted with a rival and her heart broken. I am not trying to give matrimony a black eye, though it's a deal in which the woman (I mean the real woman, not society apes) gets the worst end of the bargain. From twenty to twenty-five is early enough for a girl to marry. Few men until they are thirty know their own minds. The girl they go wild over at twenty, they wouldn't look at when they are twenty-five, and the girl they are crazy about at twenty-six doesn't appeal to them at all when they are thirty and over. The same applies to women. One cannot make a hard and fast rule for all men and all women but I have seen a good deal of life, and am pretty well convinced that I am not far wrong in my remarks on this subject. It's dangerous to convert puppy love into matrimony. A girl at fifteen or sixteen

MISSED THEIR AUGUST COMFORT, and they missed it sadly, as they write us. But it was all their own fault for letting their subscriptions RUN OUT and not renewing in July. See that you don't fall down that same way on our INTERESTING SPECIAL October HARVEST COMFORT.

p'ying at love with some fellow that she knows next to nothing about always reminds me of a baby playing with a rattle. Sometimes the razer won't cut, but too often it does. There are physical reasons too, why a girl of sixteen should not marry. No girl at this age is physically fitted to bring children into the world. I would make it illegal for any girl under twenty to marry. The marrying of young girls to ossified old reprobrates on the edge of the grave, just to get the old man's pocket money, is another case of decency that ought to be put an end to forever. Youth should not be allowed to sacrifice itself for gold and neither should gold in the hands of doddering senility be permitted to purchase youth.

RUSSELLVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I thought I would write a letter as I haven't seen any letter from the state. Uncle Charlie is you know what will cure a whooping cough and a sore nose? I have an awful whooping cough and an awful sore nose. Did you ever have a cough like mine? Well, if I see this in print next month I will come again. Uncle, if you will come out here I will feed you on corn bread and molasses. Ever your niece,

P. L. FLETCHER.

I am sorry to hear Polly, that you have whooping cough. The whooping cough is no joke, and to be truthful it is one of the meanest afflictions that anyone can have. I remember I had it when a boy, and it has filled me full of painful recollections, in fact I am more full of painful recollections than anything I know of. Billy the Goat ate a pane of glass last night, and now he is full of pane-full recollections. But harking back to that whooping cough. What you want to do is to get all the hoops up. If you can't cough them up, you might stand on your head and cough them down. Any self respecting hoop you know is bound to roll. If they won't roll out swallow a line and hook and fish for them. There is positively no method of getting rid of the whooping cough until you have got rid of all the hoops. When I had the whooping cough, I got up so many hoops, that my mother made a hoop skirt of them, and the balance were used in a barrel factory. Now as regards that sore nose. That's very easily cured. Every time you cough up a hoop, rub the sore spots on an antiseptic with the hoop. You see one is on your nose to the other. If you don't get results from that method, unscrew the sore part wrap it in a nice piece of Antiseptic, put it in a hot oven until next winter, when you will be about ready to use it again. You will then find the soreness has entirely disappeared, and you'll have a nice healthy trumpet to blow on for the rest of your days. I tried this remedy, but somebody got wise to what I was doing and took the unscrewed portion of my nose out of the oven, and put a stove pipe in its place. I went down in the dark to get my nose, and attached the stove pipe to my face instead, then went back to bed, and not till morning did I discover as I looked in the mirror that somebody had

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No. 70x7F. This Waist of the latest Fall style; the blouse front is elaborately trimmed with pin tucks, lace insertion in Irish crochet pattern, and is beautifully embroidered in a pretty floral design; cluster tucked back; full length sleeves with tailored cuffs, fastening with buttons and buttonholes; tucked and lace trimmed collar; fastens in back; sizes 32 to 44 bust; Price only \$1.00

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played a joke on me. You will probably think that this is a pipe dream, but if you ever saw me in the flesh you wouldn't doubt the veracity of this narrative. If all these remedies fail, get some carbolic vaseline, and it will fix you up in good shape. Beats all the salves in the world.

P. S. If you will bring your whooping cough to Maine, we'll compare coughs and see which of the two has the biggest hoops.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a helpless shut-in for the last twenty-three years. Now, when I say I am utterly helpless I mean just that. It is so hard to make people understand my condition. Even when they are looking right at me. I have told them before now that I hadn't turned out of one position in twenty-three years, when in less than five minutes they would calmly inquire if I could sit up much? Every joint I have, save my finger and thumb, has grown solid as bone, completely ossified, from my head to my toes. Even my jaws are firmly set, and I was forced to pry out a tooth or die slowly of starvation. I have a slight movement of my shoulders which, with my finger and thumb, enables me to write a little. I am alone in the world save a kind nurse, and for the last eight years have earned my living with the pen. Have written four books and after finishing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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Reuben Jones at the County Fair

Or, Never Play a Man at His Own Game

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By Augustus C. Main and Comfort Joy

"HOW does it look to you, Bessie girl, good?" and with the question the man's arm tightened about the girl by his side. "I should say so," was the quick answer, "awfully good," and then her lips were closed by an ardent kiss.

No wonder Bessie Miller thought the scene good, for the rich, rolling fields of Caleb Jones' one hundred-acre farm were yellowed with the waving corn, or dotted with his fifteen sleek cows. The four registered horses of which he and his son Reuben were justly proud could also be seen.

"Yes, I think the dad and me have a lot to be thankful for," the young man continued, and from the proud expression on his face as he looked down upon his companion, anyone could have told she was included in his list.

"You have that," she agreed, patting his arm with her plump, dimpled hand.

The two were standing at the window of the sitting-room. From it could be also seen the substantial barn, neat fences and well-kept premises so characteristic of the thrifty, prosperous farmer of Maine. The farmhouse was a rambling, white one, with comfortable, outside green blinds, and a broad porch across the front. By the sitting-room window was the famous Jones well, and the handle of the pump was kept moving almost constantly, even when not attached to the windmill, for the fame of the Jones well, sunk by the grandfather of Caleb Jones, had gone out throughout not only this but other counties, and everyone who passed, stopped to get a drink.

The only son of Caleb Jones was Reuben, and it had been decided that when he and Bessie Miller were married on Thanksgiving day, they were to come there to live until Reuben decided whether he was going to settle down on the farm, or go to Boston to try his luck among the big concerns.

That bright September afternoon, Reuben had driven Bessie over to see his mother and stay for the good, old-fashioned country supper, and Mrs. Jones, remembering her own courtship days, had left the two alone. However, they were not to enjoy themselves for as Reuben bent again to kiss the lips, full and rosy, that he loved so well, the girl drew back, and raising his head he saw old Barney Haycock coming up the gravelled walk.

Instantly Reuben's arm dropped from about Bessie's waist and the two tried to appear guiltless of any love making, but the keen eyes of the retired farmer, twinkled. Not for nothing had he been married three times. However, he had consideration for Bessie's blushes and so pretended not to notice her flaming cheeks, as he said genially:

"Thought I'd light and take a drink, Ruben." "Sure, help yourself," Reuben returned, wishing the kindly-faced old man a thousand miles away.

"Well, how's things, Mr. Armour?" the old man continued, after he had drained the dipper, and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. Reuben's ears burned with pride, and Bessie watching could see him puff up at the joking of the old man.

"Pretty good. I've got some fine bargains at the fair, and when our own comes off I expect to land some good commissions."

"We'll see our Mr. Cudahy at the head of the Beef Trust, eh, Bessie?" laughed the old man, but Bessie shook her head.

"Don't brag Reuben, too much, Mr. Haycock," she said soberly, "for I'm afraid he is too stuck on himself already."

Reuben regarded her with surprise. He was naturally shrewd and keen in trading and dickering, and in this way had made and saved about one thousand dollars of his own, just about half of what his father had tucked away in a savings bank. He was an excellent judge of cattle, milch cows, beef cattle and calves such as are raised in New England, and had made most of his money in buying cattle of the farmers and shipping to Brighton, Mass. Having been enterprising, after finishing his common school education, he hired a man to help his father, and so spent half his time driving about his own county and adjoining ones buying cattle to a limited extent on his own account, but largely for a large firm of cattle dealers of Boston, who supplied him with ample means. As he was very reliable, he carried with him several thousand dollars of his firm's money. Reuben was smart, but the trouble was he knew it, and overestimated his keenness. It was his one fault, and no one appreciated it better than sweet Bessie Miller to whom he had been engaged for six months.

Reuben had his faults, but of one thing Bessie was sure, in spite of the fact that the handsome, easy-going fellow who was run after terribly by some of the girls, was intensely faithful to her, for they had loved each other from childhood.

On account of his success, and his transactions, the neighbors had fallen into the way of calling him by the name of some of the beef magnates, and Reuben liked it.

Barney Haycock looked shrewdly at the girl, and nodded his head.

"Take her advice, Reuben, she's the smarter one of you two," and then before Reuben could indignantly reply, the old man turned.

"Tell your pa not to forget the meeting of directors of the Fair Association, Bessie," he said. "It's tonight, and we've got a big lot of things to act on."

"I should think you would. If you don't take care the association will be awfully in debt," Bessie warned, for her father was treasurer, and she kept his books.

"I know it," Haycock returned, and then fired a parting shot as he made his way out to his buggy, in which it was his habit to drive to his farm each day, although he lived in Bridgeville.

"Let us know before you corner the market, Mr. Swift, so some of us can get in on the ground floor," and then he drew himself up into his buggy and drove off chuckling.

"He's getting a little too smart," Reuben said indignantly, but Bessie looked serious.

"Honest, Ruben," she said, giving him her childish pet name, although she never dared to use it when anyone was around, "I wish you would be contented to stay here. It's all so lovely, and you know all about farming."

"Don't you think I know anything about cattle?" he asked, lifting her face and looking into the dark eyes which were filled with a tender love.

Reuben was a large, well-built man, light complexioned, smooth-shaven, alert, blue eyes showing his disposition, while his reddish brown hair showed his ardent temperament. While no dandy and not attempting to keep pace with the city fashions, he dressed neatly and sensibly for a farmer and cattle buyer, and to Bessie he was the handsomest man she had ever seen.

The young girl herself was the prettiest in the country, and the two were considered well-matched. She had black hair, and eyes, and a winsome, rosy little face, with full, red lips, that when open disclosed her large, white teeth. She was small, but well rounded, and a distracting little dimple came in her left cheek, and inspired Reuben with a wild desire to kiss it upon all occasions, whether convenient or not. Now, however, her dimple was not in evidence. In fact the firmness of her jaw, and the square cut of her chin was more noticeable, for she was in earnest.

"Remember, dear," she warned, "that 'pride sometimes takes a fall.'"

"Bess, what's the matter with you?" Reuben asked in a hurt tone. "You don't seem to un-

derstand me," and such an injured expression comes into those alert blue eyes, that Bessie pulls his head down and kisses him on the very end of his nose to make him laugh, displaying her dimple as she does, and that settles it, for Reuben cannot remain hurt when he sees that, but he soon resumes the conversation.

"You see I've done pretty well in my limited field, but I think I can get rich if I go to Boston and rub up against the big business men in big deals."

"Reuben, Reuben boy, better be king frog in your own little mud hole," Bessie warns, but he silences her with kisses, until Mrs. Jones interrupts them with a call to supper, and even though they are deeply in love, the two are very ready for the delicious meal Mrs. Jones has awaiting them.

While Bessie spends the evening with the Jones family, being driven home in the soft moonlight by her ardent lover, her father, Barney Haycock, Cornelius Cobb, commonly called Corn Cobb, Oliver P. Green, and the other directors of the County Fair Association have a stormy meeting, and one which has a far-reaching effect upon the fortunes and happiness not only of Reuben and Bessie, but others of their friends,—in fact stirs this quiet, orderly community to its depths.

As Bessie had suggested to Barney Haycock, the association had rather overdone the thing in trying to make the coming fair an extra good one, and were confronted with the danger of a large debt. They had arranged for a balloon ascension, and other unusual attractions, which of course cost big money. In figuring up their sources of revenue from gate receipts, exhibitors' entry fees, sale of victualing privilege and rights to run a Punch and Judy show, slight-of-hand tricks, shooting gallery and all manner of innocent catch-penny games they found they were going to run far short of what they would require to square matters. Heretofore, although many of the games and shows which they had licensed were not of a high or elevating tendency, still they had always declined to authorize anything of a positively immoral, vicious or illegal nature. But their elaborate expansion of program had brought them face to face with a probable deficit, and the meeting had been called to consider other ways and means.

It was only ten days before the opening of the fair, and the board of managers had had to listen to many complaints from members charging that they were trying to outdo the State Fair and would bankrupt their association.

After the meeting was called to order, Barney Haycock, the president asked the secretary if he had received any more applications for licenses for shows or games.

"A plenty of shady ones, but none that the board would care to consider," said Cobb. "Let us hear some of them read," said Cobb. "Perhaps they are not so very bad, and we might strain a point this year."

So the secretary read them. The first was from the manager of the "Japanese Geisha Girls," offering thirty dollars for the privilege of exhibiting their song and dance.

"Too immoral," remarked the president. Next was a similar proposition from the "Oriental Egyptian Dancing Girls."

"Immoral," was the single word with which the president turned this down. Then came the offer of "The British Blondes" for the privilege of giving a high art ballet performance.

"Indecent," denounced the president, and the secretary was about to read the next, when Oliver P. Green, a well-meaning member of limited experience, addressing the president said:

"Seem to me to be chairman assuming unwarrantable authority in turning down all these proposals without putting them to vote. Just because he's a Baptist he mustn't forget that others have broader views on this question of dancing. Our young people dance, and I don't see any harm in it. I never saw the ballet, but I read that it's high art dancing and very popular in the large cities, and so I move we take a vote on these three proposals."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Miles Miller, the father of Bessie, "are you so innocent—I had almost said green—as to imagine that the low contortions of these half-naked show girls bear any resemblance to the barn dances and kitchen breakdances of our children? The high art of the ballet consists in high kicking. It's all indecent and grossly demoralizing. Why, even in heathen Japan there's a movement on foot to do away with the Geisha Girls."

Green was furious at this exposure of his ignorance, but was all the more stubborn and determined to stand by his guns, hoping that a majority of the board would support him, and so he replied:

"Your puritanical notions about dancing might have prevailed in the times when they hung witches and fined a man for kissing his wife on Sunday. But the world moves. This is an age of progress, and in the large cities, where the up-to-date movements all originate, I notice these shows are permitted and well patronized, and they have them at the big state fairs, too. I regret to say that such narrow-minded policies as you advocate still have too many supporters among the rural population, and that is just what is holding back the country districts in the march of progress. I call on the chair to put my motion to vote."

"It hasn't been seconded," ruled the president. "Then I will second it and offer this amendment," said Otis Horsefield, "That these three proposals be accepted provided the parties will pay fifty instead of thirty dollars each."

"I accept the amendment," said Green. This motion was put to vote, and adopted by a vote of four to three.

Haycock, Miller and the secretary, John Nye, whose pretty daughter Gertrude is one of Bessie's most intimate friends, look astounded, and then Mr. Nye reads the next proposal as follows:

"We offer six hundred dollars for the exclusive privilege of operating our innocent games on your grounds during the three days of your fair. Terms, two hundred to be paid each morning in advance before the show opens. Of course it is understood that any interference with our business on your grounds would terminate what we hope will prove a mutually advantageous arrangement, but we believe your managers have sufficient influence to protect our interests." This seductive offer was signed: "Smart & Co., New York City."

The three who had voted against the other proposals, stared in blank amazement. "Gamblers or pickpockets, or both," remarked the president. "Their proposal is simply impossible, fortunately, because the law forbids gambling and we would lay ourselves liable and forfeit our five hundred dollars state aid."

"You make me tired," said Horsefield. "I thought the last vote showed the sentiment of the majority of this board in favor of an up-to-date fair this year. These little games of chance like the wheel of fortune, three card monte and the shell game furnish amusement for the crowd and form quite an attraction besides the revenue they pay. No one need play unless he wishes, and it isn't likely that anybody will lose enough money to hurt him. Why I believe these things are good educators to cut the eye teeth of the country boys and girls and make them sharp and teach them the ways of the world. If any-

body loses much it will be a case of 'a fool and his money soon parted', and will be an excellent object lesson in the community. I have attended the big state fairs ever since I was a boy, and I notice that almost invariably these gentlemen with the gambling outfits are an attractive feature. Competition rules. So how can we expect to run a first-class up-to-date fair unless we adopt modern methods and have all the accessories? I move that the secretary be authorized to deal with these people on the basis of three hundred dollars a day. I believe they'll pay if he hints that we are negotiating with a rival concern."

"Second the motion," said Green, and it was carried by the same vote of four to three. Then old Barney Haycock arose slowly, and solemnly, his face expressing regret and mortification, and in a steady voice, that betrayed no anger, but showed that he was endeavoring to impress his fellow members and make them realize the gravity of the situation, he began:

"Gentlemen! To my amazement and chagrin you have voted our dear old association as being in favor of immorality, vice and crime, and have made yourselves accessories. I am no lawyer, but I warn you that your action renders you liable to criminal prosecution if you carry out your purpose of sharing in the profits of crime. I urge this personal hazard you will incur because your sense of moral obligation seems to be insufficient to keep you in the path of rectitude in this vitally important matter. If some of the great fairs license crime for a price, then all the more necessity that we stamp such an infamous practice with the brand of our severest condemnation. It is shamefully notorious that graft and corruption are rampant in the government of our great cities, and there is far too much of it in the national and state governments. This evil, which, if permitted to go on unchecked, will bring anarchy and ruin to this as it has to older nations, has already attained most alarming proportions, and good old Barney Haycock wiped his brow beaded with sweat, his earnestness called out. Holding up his hand to ensure attention he continued:

"Allied with those who traffic in the vilest forms of vice, in league with organizations of professional criminals, arrogant in its reliance on the power of money, the secret of its ability to flourish or even exist is found in this alarming and growing lust for money, this tendency to sacrifice principle for gain which has been shamefully manifest here tonight. Sugarcoat it and disguise it as you will by calling it progress, it is the progress of infamy and degradation that leads to destruction and, thank God, it is making slow headway in the rural sections." Once more the good president paused, then turning to Miles Miller, he said earnestly:

"Friend Miller, you are first selectman of Bridgeville, but you would stand aghast at the suggestion that in its management you should follow the example of the corrupt city officials of San Francisco recently convicted and now serving sentences for their crimes. Because the authorities of many of our large cities notoriously sharing in the profits of the 'White Slave Trade,' permit and encourage it, could any money hire you to permit its pimps and panders to establish a recruiting agency in your town? You couldn't face your good wife, and your daughter Bessie would hide her face in shame. How will you answer your daughter Lucy, Friend Green, or your son Frank, Friend Cobb, when they ask regarding these low shows you have voted to license? They are but an offshoot and adjunct of the detestable 'White Slave Trade.'"

"The vice of gambling ranks next to the liquor traffic, and the 'White Slave Trade' in the number of victims and in the ruinous consequences which it entails. It is a wonderfully fascinating stepping stone to other forms of vice and higher crimes. Caught by the glamour of the fortunes made by the stock gamblers of Wall street, and the plungers of the Chicago Wheat Pit, and ignorant or forgetful of the many heartbreaking failures, how many thousands of young men each year are enticed to ruin by misusing the funds of their employers in speculation or some other form of gambling! Every time you read of a bank cashier blowing out his brains or running to Mexico in flight, you will find that the fascination of gambling in some form or another is the cause of his downfall. Our jails and state prisons are full of the victims of this besetting vice. I beg of you to reconsider your last two votes."

In spite of his eloquence, although the men who were in favor of licensing these iniquities looked uncomfortable, they refused to reconsider, and then Mr. Haycock, said sadly:

"Mr. Miller, you and Mr. Nye have stood by me in voting against this disgrace, but I do not feel that we have fully performed our duty to the association, the community and ourselves. As this is a matter of principle, we cannot apparently give it our silent consent by retaining our official positions, and I therefore respectfully tender my resignation as president, and member of the board of managers, and I insist that it be immediately accepted. Friend Miller, your position as treasurer will bring you into closer relations with these criminals as you will have to receive from them the vice-stained money, and your office of first selectman clothes you with the legal obligation and responsibility for enforcing the law, so that with the views which you have expressed, I do not see how you can do otherwise than follow my example."

The resignation of the president was accepted, and Oliver P. Green was elected to fill his place. Miller was inclined to resign, but the others urged him to remain, pleading that the resignation of two such important officers as president and treasurer just before the opening of the fair would have a very bad effect, and so they prevailed on him to hold his office for the present. As a parting shot, however, Barney Haycock said as he left the room where the stormy session had been held:

"Probably you gentlemen have sufficient influence to keep your necks out of the halter of the law, but who knows that the retribution of God may not be visited upon you through the corrupting influence in your own families of this vice you are to import into this town? Remember the words of the old hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

They were to be reminded of this warning in a terribly startling manner, but just then they tried to laugh off the influence of the old man's earnestness, and became very busy completing their plans.

Not proud of their action and not wishing to let the proceedings of that meeting be known, they kept the cause of the president's resignation a secret, but Bessie Miller wormed it out of her father after her suspicions were aroused by having to record the advance payments from the gamblers and dancing girl shows, for she keeps his books for him.

She is scandalized and blushes with shame, but out of respect for her father, whom she has always admired as her standard of manly honor and incorruptible integrity, she only says in her quiet way:

"Why didn't you resign, too, father?"

He made no reply, for he couldn't answer: for the first time in his life he turned his face from his daughter to hide his blush of shame.

However, ashamed as he was, Mr. Miller found his hands full in the intervening days, as did the other members of the association, while the young people became very much excited over the advertised attractions, and could scarcely wait until the gates opened on the 10th of September with beautiful weather, and the finest lot of exhibits and the largest attendance the fair had ever had. There was something in the crisp, bracing air, the fluttering flags, the voices of the harkers, the sight of the thousands that crowded in, that was inspiring, and Bessie, with the devoted Reuben by her side, felt her heart glow with light, and her spirits remarkably gay.

"Isn't it simply magnificent?" she asked, her dark eyes glowing, her pretty face flushed, and her dimple coming and going in a way that made Reuben bend his head and whisper:

"If you don't stop tempting me, I'll kiss you right here and now," and the way he fixed his eyes on that distracting dimple proved that he meant what he said, and made Bessie blush more than ever.

Mr. Miller being too much occupied with the business of the opening day turned his wife and daughter over to Reuben's care, and he was devoted to both of them until the mother, out of consideration for the young people, left them to themselves and joined Reuben's father and mother.

The clean-minded young man was disgusted with the introduction into the fair of such infamous shows as "The Japanese Geisha Girls," "The Oriental Egyptian Dancing Girls," and "The British Blondes." The tents in which they exhibited were conspicuous with their gay posters and their backers tried to sell him tickets. He knew what they were and was careful to keep Bessie and her mother away from them. But many girls went in and were astonished at what they saw and heard within.

But down behind the grand stand, where ladies never go, were certain quiet and unadvertised entertainments for men only at which these refined ladies would have been equally astonished and shocked. In that out-of-the-way place was a stand for the sale of cheap candy, poor cigars, doughy pies and cakes and pink lemonade, and behind it was a closed tent, presumably for the purpose of storing extra stock. The stand was small, the stock still smaller, and the customers practically none, but the proprietor, unlike those who ran the regular food and other stands in parts of the grounds frequented by ladies, seemed to be indifferent as to whether anybody patronized him or not. He was a bloated-faced, repulsive man and his breath smelled strong of liquor. If he were watched, it would be seen that he keeps a sharp eye on the little tent behind him, sitting so that he can see all who enter and depart. There is a continual stream of men and boys passing in and out of the mysterious little tent. What unadmitted attraction is there within strong enough to bring them, and how do they know it is there?

Such things are known. Where whisky is sold, there need be no advertisement. This whisky was of that vile kind concocted by Boston rectifiers to spread delirium tremens through prohibition Maine! And this unlawful grog shop had been licensed by the managers of the fair. Something in the rear of the stables attracts another stream of men and boys, and if you were to peep round the corner you would see two men peddling the same brand of firewater in pint bottles from a two-seated carryall. None of the dozen special constables sworn in for the occasion are in evidence in these places where the laws against liquor selling are being flagrantly broken. These officers have had their orders from the managers to confine their attentions to those orderly parts of the grounds frequented by women and children unless called elsewhere by some actual disturbance.

While Bessie and Reuben were wandering about, almost too happy for expression, one of her friends, Lucy Green also felt she was gaining a peep into paradise.

Frank Cobb had been an admirer of hers, but when she met him that morning, she found that he paid her but little attention, as, unfortunately for the young man he had paid a visit to the "British Blondes" before he saw Lucy and there was one of them that so fascinated him that he endeavored to get away from his country girl to seek his new dame. While he was wondering how to accomplish this, he hears his name called, and turning sees Clarence Smart, head of the firm controlling the gambling concessions. Mr. Smart is considered by some a handsome man. Those who understand human nature would, however, recognize the crook immediately, but to Lucy's girlish, innocent eyes he appears the ideal of all that is fine and elegant, and she is somewhat consoled for her lover's neglect when Frank introduces him to her, and escapes to watch his British Blond. Lucy is a slender, willowy girl, with soft blue eyes, wavy yellow hair, one of those gentle, trusting, innocent, inexperienced girls who so often fall victims to men's wiles because they do not know or cannot appreciate what vice means until it is too late. Smart was of the type so often seen in a city, brisk, alert, sharp, with flashing, bold dark eyes, and curly hair that is a little too thin for his years. There are lines on his face that can only be traced by dissipation, but poor Lucy does not know it, and listens to his flattery, and draws a comparison unfavorable to Frank.

Lucy knows nothing of Smart's wife and family in New York, but takes all he says in sober earnest, and readily grants him an interview for that night.

The day is a very happy one for Bessie, except that she cannot but remember that her father is in a way responsible for the gambling and other immoral amusements of the fair, and she congratulates herself that Reuben has no bad habits, and no tendency to gamble.

"I know my boy," she tells herself, with a proud and happy glance in his direction when he is not looking.

After the fair is closed for the day, Reuben passes the evening at Bessie's home, and as she sits and plays and sings to him, he realizes that he is the most fortunate man in the world to have won such a prize.

At the same time poor, fluttering little Lucy is listening to words that are as poison to her young ears. Seated close together on the rustic bench, her dotting father had built for her under her favorite apple tree, Lucy listens to Smart, and blushes and trembles under his flattery.

"Really now, girlie, do you know you are a queen," he says, as he lights a Turkish cigarette. Lucy is not accustomed to the fragrance of this form of the weed, for her male acquaintances smoke pipes or on gala occasions a cigar, but would scorn the effeminate luxury of a puny cigarette, but she thinks it fine.

"Oh, yes, you are a regular queen. Wish you were mine, dearie. I tell you with those eyes and that hair you could make a hit. You have with me, do you know it? You are too pretty and stylish and too bright and witty to throw yourself away on one of these rustic clothopere and settle down to a life of drudgery as the slave wife of a farmer in this stupid village, where you never can be appreciated and can never find suitable associates. Promise to go with me to New York and be my wife and I will dress you as your radiant beauty deserves. You shall see and be a part of city life, live at ease and never have to spoil these pretty little hands with toil." She trembled as he put his arm about her slender waist and kissed her pure lips. Truly if Oliver P. Green could have seen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

each one would lie in a darkened room without a ray of light, suffering almost death with pain in my eyes. Finally the right eye went out entirely. I had to lie prone on my back while writing of course, so the strain on my eyes and arms was something fierce, to say nothing of the heat stinging my back like a thousand angry hornets, as I did most of my writing during the summer months. I tell you all this to show under what difficulties one can work if one only has the will. Right here I want to tell my abut-in friends a splendid way to acknowledge letters and gifts without any extra strain on your limited strength and weak nerves. Write a letter of thanks that you think will answer for all, and have it printed. You know about what questions are oftenest asked you, and what would be of interest to those who write to you. I have a printed letter that I send to all who remember me in any way and my friends seem perfectly satisfied with it. Well, folks ought to know that we cannot answer just about many personal letters. The printed ones don't cost much and will save you a world of work and worry. In closing I want to commend Uncle Charlie for all he says about sending tracts and out-of-date newspapers to invalids. It's an insult to our intelligence. I am a victim of the tract fiend. Many heavy bundles of mouldy newspapers and tracts have I had to pay for to get out of the office, not knowing what it was till too late. In the name of suffering humanity I beg of you to stop it, or else pay full postage yourself. The mail is about my only pleasure. The only thing to look forward to as a break in my lonely, shut-in life. All who write me please inclose stamp if you desire me to acknowledge same. I will send you a printed letter. The best I can do. You must look to God for your reward. I extend my profound thanks to all who recently ordered my little book, "Twenty-three Years in a Mattress Grave," the story of my life. The price is only twenty cents per copy, postage prepaid, but the help was a God send as doubtless as many as fifty ordered from the last notice given. May our Father bless you all! Gratefully,

TOM LOCKHART, Wellington, Mo.

It isn't necessary for me to say much about Tom Lockhart as most of you know him already. Nearly everyone the country over is familiar with this poor tortured heroic soul, who has been lying for twenty-three years on a mattress grave, until his body has become completely ossified. His courage, cheerfulness and determination have been perfectly marvellous. He wrote this letter at my request. He never asks me to give his case publicity, never appeals for aid, though he has nothing but his little books to support him and the good nurse who looks after his wants. Had Tom Lockhart had wealth and strength I am sure he would have been one of the world's most remarkable men. What Tom says about tracts and attic rubbish I heartily endorse. I remember once I had a great barrel of musty, mouldy old newspapers sent me while I was in hospital. I only had two dollars in the

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world, and the express on that barrel was one dollar and eighty cents. Curiosity got the better of me. I thought there might be something in that barrel that would pay me for my outlay. When the lid was knocked off you can imagine how I felt and what I said. The hospital folks carried the whole business down to the engine room. As that barrel of trash hit the furnace, you could hear the microbes on that worm-eaten literature sizzling for ten miles around. Tract fiends are a pest. There ought to be a large insane asylum for them, where they could spend their days sending tracts to one another. It is well people that need tracts, not invalids living on the brink of eternity and in daily communion with God. Spreading Gospel seeds is a beautiful work when it is done with sense and discretion. Christ recognized the fact the people had to be fed with bread as well as heavenly food but tract pests don't. Tract cranks from my knowledge of them would glory in seeing you starve to death with a tract in your hand, and such people have an idea that that is God's work. What crimes are committed in the name of religion. Send the price of a loaf of bread with your tract and God will bless your work. Give Tom Lockhart a boost. Buy a ton of his books that's the way to help him.

CHUNCHULA, R. D. 1, ALA.
Dear Uncle Charlie and Cousins:
May a little Alabama girl join your happy band? I am eleven years old and weigh about seventy-three pounds. I can make butter clean the house milk the cows and play the piano. Come to see me this summer uncle. I will take you riding in our big two horse wagon. We have been taking the Commor about seventeen years and I like C. L. O. C. the best. Well I guess I had better ring off. Hoping this will escape the waste basket. I would like to exchange post cards with cousins. I am your knew cousin,
FLOESSIE E. MORGAN. (No. 27,720.)

Floessie, I am always glad to hear from you little Southern girlies, and must compliment you on using real ink and writing so legibly and well. From your letter I have come to the conclusion that you are one of the brightest, cleverest girls in Dixie, and if Carnegie were giving medals for genius, those I didn't get would certainly go to you. In your letter you say: "I can make butter clean the house milk the cows and play the piano." You are certainly a lady of marvellous accomplishments if you can get all that work out of an ordinary pound of butter. A pound of butter that can clean house, attract milk from cows and draw exquisite strains of music from a "piano" (which I presume is a piano), is certainly a marvellous labor-saving device. Any butter possessing the qualities you mention, if placed on the market by you, would, I am confident, bring several hundred dollars a pound. I know you little girls do remarkable things, but honestly I think your exploits in the butter line outclass anything I ever heard of. The only thing I ever thought that butter could do was to make a nice slide in your throat, so that mother's biscuits could drop in your meal tank without scratching your pipes as they went down. I never imagined that butter possessed the magical powers which you have revealed in your letter. Of course those magic powers are imparted by you and that's where your cleverness comes in, and your genius shows. Oh, cousins if we could only look over the fence and peep in the parlor window when Floessie is cleaning house with butter. Fancy her putting butter all over the rocker in the parlor, so that sister's beau can have a nice well greased chair to squat in when he makes his evening call. Then think of her sweeping the stairs with butter, dusting off the bed room with it. Then if we could only get a peep at her playing the piano with a pound of butter in each fist. If she can make butter play the piano she ought to be able to produce some nice greasy music all right, all right. Best of all I should like to see her make the butter milk the cows. That ought to be a slick operation, and I know you'd all like to be on hand to see it. Floessie your butter exploits are remarkable. Floessie says "hoping this will escape the waste basket." Floessie dear, you need to hop to get this letter past the waste basket. It will go into the kind of a cousin is a "knew" cousin? Cut the k out Floessie. I thought you knew how to spell new. Never mind, you have done remarkably well for a little girl eleven years of age, especially in the butter line. Billy the Goat is a butter, but you can go him one better. I mean one better.

The following letter was sent to our grand secretary, who handed it to me to pass on. The letter and reply are printed below. I have refrained from printing the writer's name or full address.

MISS NELLIE RUTHERFORD:

DEAR LEAGUE COUSIN:—Will you kindly send me a list of names of the young ladies whom you think would like to correspond with a nice young Arizona man. The young ladies are scarce out here and I take this way of making friends of the young ladies in different states. I am young and healthy, am thirty-three years, and am good looking and have some means but am not wealthy by any means but I feel able to love and support a kind and loving wife if I should be able to find one and now dear cousin I would like the names to be of nice girls or at least as near as you know, and also would you send me the address of the Commor, so I can get it again. I am anxious to find some nice lady who would like to correspond with me and be willing to marry, if suited. I do not care to correspond with those with means as I can take care of her if I can get her. I will buy her clothes and she must wear them. She must be neat and a good housekeeper and know how to cook beans at least. Now my dear if you know of any one whom you think could fill the bill please send her name. You will find five cents inclosed to pay charges. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain very sincerely yours.

DEAR FRIEND:—Our grand secretary has handed me your letter for reply. I guess she found it a little more than she had the courage to tackle. I must inform you that we are not running a matrimonial agency, and if we were I am afraid five cents which you generously inclose wouldn't go very far towards finding you a bride, especially one of the kind and loving variety so hard to obtain in these degenerate days. You want a list of nice lovely girls, good looking of course, and excellent cooks. My dear boy such a list would be worth several million dollars, if any mortal could supply one, and I doubt if they could. We have the names of a good many young ladies on our correspondence list, and doubtless they are all lovely girls, but when it comes to guaranteeing one, that's another thing. I know nothing of the domestic or affectionate qualities of these young ladies. You will have to find that out for yourself. I might find you a young lady, and guarantee her sound of wind and limb, gentle in and out of harness, of affectionate disposition, and capable of cooking butter on a hot stove after a desperate effort, and then when she had the matrimonial noose round your neck, you might find that she was of the sort that would bat you around over the head with a club, tear the frog's wool off your head, and yank your whiskers out in bunches, throw the cook stove out of the window, get her hooks on your wad, and while you were wondering where you were at, hit the pike for home and mother, where she would get her divorce on some grounds or other, coffee grounds possibly, and hit you up for twenty-five a week alimony for the rest of your life. This is the game they have played on me more than once, and I love every one of them as a real man should. I'd be dead shy of recommending any of them matrimonially to you. Marriage is a lottery, and you never know whether you have drawn a winner, or have got handed a lemon, and what applies to the girls so applies to the men, for there are more male lemons to the square inch than there are female lemons to the square mile. Young ladies of means don't correspond with anybody, they don't have to. As soon as it is known that a marriageable girl has thirty-five cents secreted in her stocking, her earthly abode is surrounded by an army of men a hundred miles deep. No letter or silver piece pierces the human wall. I think you are quite right in insisting that if you buy your future wife clothes she should wear them. Any wife who refuses to wear clothes, would not only disgrace her home, but the community as well. I am sorry you stipulated that your future wife must know how to cook beans, as I guess most of them will get an idea that's all they are going to get. There is a scarcity of marriageable men in New England, and a shortage of marriageable girls in certain sections of the Golden West. This condition is a sad one, as I believe no man or woman's life is complete until each finds a mate. A man who goes through life single, is a wasted soul, and the state is also wronged himself, and the state. I would tax bachelors heavily, and give the money collected from them to support maiden ladies, who often have a desperate struggle to live. As the welfare of its citizens should be the first care of the state, and as home is the corner stone of civilization, I firmly believe that each state should conduct a matrimonial bureau. No one's name should appear on its register until his (or her) reputation and character had been thoroughly inquired into, and the health of the applicant also certified to by physicians employed by the state. Long distance love making however, though an amusing pastime, is an exceedingly dangerous business. A girl who would go thousands of miles to a man she has never seen and knows nothing about, except through correspondence, is taking tremendous chances, and would deserve all that was coming to her in the way of trouble. The Western man who wants an Eastern bride, should come East for inspection, and bring a car load of references with him. Matrimony is a serious proposition, those who regard it lightly had better stay out of it. If they did there would be fewer divorces. I'd like to help you cousin, but this is a business that is entirely outside of my jurisdiction. Another thing the nickel you sent is so worn I can't pass it. This is no joke, but honest truth, and you forgot to inclose the stamped addressed envelope to our secretary for her reply, so she has to pay postage out of her own pocket, so even if we had any five cent brides on tap, the overworked condition of your nickel, would make it impossible for us to send you one.

SURREY, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a silent COMFORT reader and like your paper very much, especially the Cousins' Corner and the grand work you are doing for the shut-ins, may God bless you.

I am sweet sixteen, am five feet one inch tall,

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This smaller picture shows mop on floor. It spreads out and is held down to floor at all points.

ARIZONA.

weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds. Have dark brown eyes and hair and medium complexion. Am a farmer's daughter. I milk, cook, work in the garden and anything that's done on a farm. Besides I help my mother weave carpets and rugs. I live eight miles from the city of Rensselaer, whose population is fourteen hundred and ninety-two. The county seat of Jasper Co.

Uncle, you may tell the cousins my birthday will be September 16, and I would like a post card a week. Will answer all. I guess I'd better slide off your lap, I see others waiting. I see some of the cousins have sent you poetry. So I'll send you one of my poems.

"Along a dusty country road,
Trod a woman with her babe,
She wore a sad and tired look,
As she stopped in a near by shade,
She sat down in the shade to rest
And folded the darling close to her breast."

I remain your loving niece, Miss SALOME CHUPP.

I am quite excited at getting a letter from you, Salome. I have often wondered where the original Salome came from. I was under the impression that Salome was a native of Biblical lands, and was slumbering in the dust of Asia Minor, and now to my utter astonishment Salome bobs up in Surrey, Ind. Don't it beat the band? I had a visit recently from the most famous Salome dancer in the United States, and though she was getting two thousand dollars a week, the fact still remained she was only making a bare living. These Salome dancers are very frank and ingenuous, they never conceal any-

subject to frequent attacks of appendicitis. But last January I was operated upon, and am now getting strong again.

Well I will give a description of myself. I have brown hair, dark gray eyes, weigh seventy-six pounds, am four feet ten inches tall, and am thirteen years old. If this escapes Billy I will call again.

Your loving niece and cousin, CLARA BUTCHER.

Clara, I am glad to hear from you. That sounds like a chestnut, but it's honest truth all the same. I think more of Oklahoma than any state in the union, as it's the most democratic in its ideas of government. In your letter you say: "This is a fine agricultural region." I should like to see an "agricultural" region. As far as I know yours is the only one in the United States. I wonder what they raise in an agricultural region—whiskers, umbrellas and Cain I presume. I am awfully sorry to hear of your appendicitis attack. Am glad you have had that troublesome article removed. I have had the same experience. After the operation they discovered one of the doctors had left one of his surgical instruments in my interior regions, and they told me it was necessary to open me up again and get the instrument out. There was nothing to do but submit and have all the stitches taken out and be sewn up again. After this operation had been completed at considerable discomfort to myself, one of the nurses discovered that she had left a roll of bandages

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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thing. I am glad to say the police have stopped the contortions of brazen ladies, and I am sure Salome, you must have heaved many sighs of relief when this insane craze died out. You must have indeed felt like changing your name. I am glad to hear you help your mother weave carpets and rugs, as that seems far more profitable and artistic work than piecing quilts, which appears to me to be a terrible waste of time. Nothing should ever cover a bed but a white spread, which should be washed at least once every ten years. You never know how much dirt a crazy quilt conceals, nor how much mischief either, but a white spread soon tells the tale. I slept in a bed under a crazy quilt once, and every minute it got crazier and crazier, until finally it got me by the neck and threw me out of the window. Salome I am sorry I have only space to publish one verse of your very exciting poem: "The Outcast" wish I could quote it all as it is highly meritorious. You say that the woman with the babe at her breast was walking along the country road and "Wore a sad and tired look." If that was all she wore, she would have made an excellent Salome dancer herself. I would advise you to reconstruct your poem, and give the poor woman more clothing. Fancy facing a Dakota blizzard dressed in a sad and tired look. The undertaker would have a job mighty quick. We have to wear more than a sad and tired look around in this vicinity or the police grab us quick. Then you say: "She folded the darling close to her breast." I've tried to fold a newspaper, but never tried to fold a baby. I hope mama didn't try and fold the baby many times if she did there must have been some tall yelling you bet. A woman told me after she had folded her baby to her breast, she had to sit on it for six weeks before she could straighten it out. I was in a crush on the elevated railroads in New York once. I was crushed as flat as a pancake, and was hurried off to the hospital. It was six weeks before I was able to get round again. Never mind, Salome, your letter is all to the good, and your appreciation of our shut-in work shows your heart is in the right place, which proves you weren't folded as a baby, or your heart wouldn't be where it is today.

CHELSEA, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for some time, but have never written a letter for publication. I received my card and button and think they are fine. When I joined the cousins I lived in Mo., but last Nov. we removed to Okla. This is a fine agricultural region. Chelsea is a thriving little town of about seventeen hundred inhabitants. It has splendid educational advantages. It has no saloons and has four churches.

I live on a farm two and a half miles south of Chelsea, with my parents and two brothers. I have one sister and brother married, and one sister teaching. My oldest sister and I both take COMFORT and we think COMFORT is the best of all the papers.

I certainly sympathize with all the poor shut-ins, and I hope to be able to help them sometime. I have been a semi-invalid for about two years, being

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Tanned and Freckled Girlie

I SUPPOSE you have all been having a perfectly lovely time this summer in your various ways and deplore the fact that winter is going to put an end to your frolics in the sun. However, this playing in the sun has its penalties so I am sure you are possessed of a fine coat of tan and a few hundred freckles, more or less. Isn't this a fact? I know it is and I also know you will appreciate a little advice on getting rid of these disfiguring blemishes. I gave quite an extensive talk on freckles a year ago last May, but so many, many new girls have joined our "club" since then, that I feel it would be unfair to them not to give another little chat on the two enemies to woman's beauty—freckles and tan.

The first thing I wish you would do is to give your face a scientific steaming as nothing else removes tan so quickly. As you don't want to get your beauty locks all wet, tie your head up in a towel and then hurry to the kitchen and boil yourself a great big kettle of water. When it is babbling busily, carry the kettle to your room and pour the hot water into a wash-basin. Add to this water a dozen drops of tincture of benzoin, which is extremely whitening to the skin. Now bend over the bowl and throw a sheet over your head in such a way that as the fragrant steam ascends it plays directly on the face. Be sure that the sheet covers both your head and the bowl, thus keeping the steam in and the cold out. Steam your face and neck thus for fifteen minutes and follow this up by a massage with a massage cream. The richer the cream the better. Repeat this treatment twice a week for two weeks and you will be rewarded by seeing the ugly brown color disappear.

Every morning wash your face in sour buttermilk as this is a splendid tan remover and joins forces with the steam face baths to bring quick results.

If freckles were as easy to cure as tan, the feminine world would be much happier, but unfortunately they are very difficult to remove. Summer freckles are not such a problem but the girl with "cold" or "winter" freckles is to be pitied as the treatments are very strenuous and more often than not unsuccessful.

I want all my girls who have freckles and wish they didn't to drink hot water—cups and cups of it. Nothing purifies the blood so and that is what it needs, as freckles are not really natural to any skin. I have written so much about hot water in the answer columns that I do not imagine it is necessary to take up space by repeating directions for taking this treatment.

Massage is necessary in any freckle treatment, as blemishes on the face denote an inactive condition of the skin, which is somewhat counteracted by daily kneadings and proddings with the finger-tips. The little maid who knows nothing about massage, must bear in mind three things, that heavy pressure with the fingers reduces flesh, light pressure creates flesh, and that all movements of the fingers should be up and around. Never massage down or your cheeks will sag and that is a worse beauty defect than freckles. Use plenty of skin food in this freckle massage and don't be stingy with the time. Give at least fifteen minutes to the beauty treatments. Your skin will be invigorated by this daily friction, that it will start a freckle crusade of its own.

It would be a good idea when giving this freckle massage to use some other than the usual skin food. I should advise a freckle cream, which is adapted to this special treatment. Perhaps you already know of such a cream, but if not try the following formula which I understand is exceptionally fine:

Freckle Cream

Almond oil, three ounces; white wax, five drams; spermaceti, five drams; lanoline, one ounce; oil of bitter almonds, one dram; elderflower water, three ounces; witchhazel, one ounce.

Do not try to put this up at home as it is almost sure to turn out a failure. Take the formula to your druggist and let him put it up.

I heard the other day that bathing the face every night in diluted witch-hazel would remove light summer freckles, but this is quite a new idea to me. I understand you pour a quart of warm water in a bowl and add to this four teaspoonfuls of witch-hazel. The face is now bathed with this liquid, taking care not to get any in eyes, ears or nose. The purpose of this wash is to dry the skin slightly so it will flake off imperceptibly, taking the freckles with it. It seems a very simple remedy and I do not think it harsh enough to harm any skin.

When taking this witch-hazel treatment be careful every morning to wash your face in warm water (about two quarts) to which you have added one and one half teaspoonful of powdered borax. If skin gets too dry, massage with cream.

Last, but not least, in my talk comes the winter freckles and they need a decidedly strong treatment. You girls have beseeched me so earnestly and

will also spoil it. I do not recommend this lotion.

Another freckle specific is as follows and is recommended by the Medical Record:

Lactic acid, four ounces; glycerine, two ounces; rose-water, one ounce.
Apply several times a day with a soft cloth and the dark spots you so dread will fade and fade until to behold, you wake up some morning with a white, unblemished skin. You see no self-respecting freckle can stand this kind of treatment so be just as mean to them as you know how. They'll soon pack up their trunks and turn away to stay with the next door neighbor.

Remember too, dear club girls, that the one who looks after her diet in addition to massaging, steaming, drinking hot water and using freckle remedies, is more apt to win in this freckle war than the foolish little thing who spends her time eating pies and cake and oh, so much candy it's a wonder her teeth don't ache. I'm not surprised that the skin of this particular girl is dotted with hundreds of the brown pests because an abused stomach gives one an unhealthy skin and such a skin always has blemishes of some sort. If you want a broom for your stomach eat greens at lunch and dinner every day if it is not too late for them.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Jeannie.—Your dried-up face is probably caused by using liquid powder. This is good to use on arms or neck, but too drying for the face. What you must do now is to buy a good massage cream, and massage your face every night, or still better twice a day. You will soon see the good effects.

M. F. G.—Vaseline is a cure for thin hair, but with it you must give vigorous massage for fifteen minutes, once a day. Common yellow vaseline is what you use. It is greasy, but do not put on hair, apply to the scalp only and remember you can put up with the unpleasantness of this treatment for a time for the sake of its results. Wash your hair every eight or nine days in rain water and Castile soap, rinsing thoroughly. Dry outdoors in the sun, if you can. This is in itself a tonic.

H. L. S.—Wash your hair every ten days in warm rain water, in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of powdered borax and rinse in several waters. I think this will do away with your trouble of oily hair.

Worried Girl.—Your thin eyebrows can be easily helped. Rub in every night a little vaseline. Be sure and follow the line of the eyebrow carefully. This will take some time, perhaps several months.

Speckled Girl.—As you are having so much trouble with freckles, advise you using this simple remedy: Scrub one teaspoonful of horseradish into one cup of sour milk, let it stand six hours before using, then apply two or three times a day.

A Discouraged One.—Your weight is all right for your height and if you hold yourself erect, you should have a fine figure. Use the exercises I have given without any fear of their hurting you in any way.

Mrs. Eva E.—Any good face cream is what I refer to. Even the cream from cow's milk is good if you have no other.

Red Asters.—You can use the Amole root as a shampoo every night or nine days and in between use the Resorcin Tonic given in the June issue. Wet the scalp all over, massaging it thoroughly in, until there is a glow of warmth felt all over the head. If you persevere you will have a good head of hair. Never neglect the massage.

L. C. W., Mrs. J., Agnes and Therta.—You can gain flesh by taking two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after each meal. This will put on pounds of flesh but very gradually. I do not advise a bath at that time.

Agriola, Martha, Betty.—Buttermilk is acid and a good flesh reducer. However, why not do this: Bandage your hips in thin rubber sheeting and then go through this exercise. Stand erect holding the arms out before you. Now bend until the finger tips touch the ground, but do not bend the knees! After fifteen minutes' exercise remove rubber bandage and bathe your waist and hips with alcohol. Do this twice a day.

Alma.—If the hair is plaited loosely at night it will not prove injurious. Moles if interfered with are very likely to cause cancerous growths. They can be removed generally by the electric needle, in the hands of a skillful operator. Hands can be bleached white and also the face by bathing them daily in buttermilk. Scars cannot be removed easily, but here is a remedy which I have heard is beneficial.

To Lessen Scars

Lanolin, four drams; ointment of biniodide of mercury, two drams.

Rub this into the scar every morning.

Lotion

Alcohol, one ounce; rose water, one ounce; tannic acid, two drams; boric acid, two drams.

Rub into scar every night. You should weigh when fully grown one hundred and sixty pounds.

B. M. C.—If you write Drug-store, Silver City, New Mexico, you will probably get the Amole Root.

Katherine D.—See reply to B. M. C.

C. K. G.—See reply to Alma. Keep on taking the hot water until you are satisfied with the results.

Laurena.—Your proportions and weight are right for your height. You can take two teaspoonfuls of honey water an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Do not sweeten it.

Napanea.—See reply to B. M. C. Write first and ask price and cost of expressage and how much they charge for a pound. Yes, one hundred and forty-one pounds is a wee bit too much as your height is only five feet, four inches. However at sixteen this is to be expected. This extra plumpness will disappear in a year or two.

Inquirer.—The Almond Meal Pack is made by beating together almond meal and a teaspoonful of skin food, adding enough water to make a thin spreading paste. Cut two pieces of thin cheesecloth in squares dampen them and spread the paste between them. You, of course, must cut a hole in the center of each piece of cheesecloth as otherwise you will smother. Place this pack on your face which must first be washed thoroughly in hot soapy water and then massage for a minute or two. When the pack has been thoroughly patted down cover face with hot damp Turkish towels. As they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face again, massage for ten minutes and then apply cold wet towels to close the open pores. Do this once a week or perhaps twice to start with. It will bleach your face as white as milk in a few weeks and makes the skin very soft and smooth. I have tried it so I know. If you can secure a jar of theatrical cream it will be cheaper than using expensive skin foods. You can get an immense jar full of this cream for fifty cents at almost any drug-store. It is good for this particular purpose (to use in the pack I mean) but not for massage.

Ida R.—See reply to Inquirer. You do not have to cook the pad. Stir it together like cake and put on face. Regarding the quantity of almond meal it depends upon the size of your face. You want enough paste to cover it. Should say three full handfuls of almond meal. Probably skin food and water are better than the Peroxide of Hydrogen.

Snowflake.—See reply to Alma.

Miss Margaret.—I do not answer letters personally. Any dye applied to the eyebrows would soon kill the roots. Why not say you applied a Peroxide Bleach to your face and it lightened your eyebrows? This would enable you to discontinue this practice which must be rather tiresome to keep up.

Bella S.—Don't you think you are rather foolish to pull out your eyebrows? You should encourage a new growth by massaging the brows each day with vaseline or almond oil. But, of course, there is no use in doing this unless you can keep your hands away from them.

Twilight.—Here is Gowland's Lotion, but remember it is a poison if used internally.

Jordan almonds (blanched), one ounce; bitter almonds, three drams; distilled water, one pint; bi-

chloride of mercury (coarse powder), fifteen grains. You might try rubbing the superfluous hair with spirits of camphor. One Comfort girl wrote in and told me to recommend it as it was a sure cure. Personally I know nothing about this remedy. Electrolysis is the preferred means.

Bertha D.—Have "Gowland's Lotion" put up by your druggist. Remember it is a poison if taken internally. See Twilight.

Mrs. Evalina and Jorina.—By a big neck do you mean merely fat or do you refer to a goiter? I cannot advise until I know.

Veronica.—Massage of the nose will reduce the flesh somewhat. If you mean you have spreading nostrils use a nose clip. This can be done by padding a piece of wire and applying it to the nose or using a clothes-pin.

J. E. L.—As your hands are hard and wrinkled, why not massage them every day with cow's cream. Use the finger-tips to rub with and massage with circular movement. Once a week hold your hands in a bowlful of warm olive oil for twenty minutes. This will beautify your hands and make them soft and white. To bleach your red nose rub on it this mixture: Twenty grains of tannic acid to one ounce of glycerine. Apply night and morning. Of course, you must not wear tight collars, cuffs, belts, shoes, and gloves nor must you eat candy, cake, pie or pickles as they will make a lot of red nose in a night.

Astringent Lotion for Open Pores

Hamamelis water, one dram; rosewater, one ounce. Emaline Walters, Clara, Ernestina and Miss B.—I think you will find the following cream soothing to your skin:

Clover Cream

Spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; oil of sweet almonds, five ounces; rosewater, one and three quarters; powdered borax, twenty grains; essence of clover, five drops.

Dandruff is certainly annoying and a well-known doctor recommends this:

Dandruff Remedy

Bay rum, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce. Wash the hair and then rub this lotion into the scalp, massaging well.

Another way is to saturate the head and hair in sweet almond oil the night before washing it. Tie your head up in a thick towel and go to bed. Next morning wash thoroughly and dry in sunlight.

Nightly massage of the scalp will stimulate the hair cells and by strengthening them restore the hair to its normal coloring. Massage must be for fifteen minutes at night, preferably using vaseline as a tonic.

Miss Lena, S. Dakota, Addy, Josie, Grandma.—See reply to Inquirer. Use this bleach once a week. Every night massage your face with cow's cream. Massage the cheeks up and the wrinkles on forehead across. Now for the eyes. Moisten skin liberally with cream and massage with tips of first and second fingers from above the eye, out beyond the eye corner around under eye to the nose. Press very lightly. Do this every night but before beginning the massage, wash the face thoroughly in hot soapy water. Before applying powder, massage face, well with skin food for a moment, then wipe the skin carefully until dry. Buff on powder and it will stay on. Wash the eyes out with a three per cent. solution of boric acid. Get this put up at your druggist. This wash used daily will strengthen and brighten your eyes and is absolutely harmless.

If you are thin drink two or three quarts of milk as it is extremely fattening. If your skin can be whitened by the bleach, but also drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. This will help clear your skin and bring the roses back.

Olivia.—As powder irritates your skin, always give your face a massage before applying any powder, wipe face dry and buff on powder. I do not think it will irritate the skin thus.

M. B. Grace.—You should massage the left breast every day with warm cream butter. Massage up and around but never down. Before beginning this massage, bathe breast in hot water for several minutes, then massage. Finish treatment with dashes of cold water over chest. It is almost impossible to reduce a thick neck. You might try heavy massage with toilet vinegar.

N. H. W.—As you cannot get sufficient milk, try drinking extract of malt between meals, two tablespoonfuls in a glass of warm milk. See reply to M. B.

A Blue-eyed Baby.—Thank you for your pleasant letter. See reply to N. H. W. and M. B. There are many remedies for freckles. Why not take buttermilk face baths. This is a good freckle cure and a bleach.

Daffodil.—See reply to J. E. L. Also try clover cream to Emaline Walters. No, powder does not hurt the skin if it is carefully washed off at night and the face massaged. If you are troubled in the way you mention it accounts for the pimples under the skin. Take a daily bath, keep your bedroom windows open and do not eat pickles, cake, pie, candy, rich preserves, puddings, etc.

Sunken Cheeks, Despair, Doubtful and Kate.—If you massage your thin cheeks every day for ten minutes with cow's cream, they will soon fill out. Massage the cheek up. See reply to M. B. and N. H. W.

C. I. B.—You should take exercise recommended to Agriola. It will reduce your waist and hips. See reply to M. B. and N. H. W. I should advise taking two tablespoonfuls of perfected cod-liver oil after each meal as this will plumpen you. As you have kidney and liver trouble drink three or four quarts of water each day. This is exactly what you need and I hope you will do it not once but for the coming year. You can usually get the Vaucrine tablets at a drug-store. Olive oil should not be used on the face.

Mrs. C. P., Kansas.—See reply to M. B. and N. H. W.

E. Buttercup, Oregon.—For your height you should weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, bust measure forty inches, waist twenty-six, hips forty-four. You can stop the bust developing tonic when you wish. See reply to M. B. and N. H. W.

Sweet Girl Graduate.—Light massage with skin food around the eyes daily will soon fill out the sunken places. Your measurements are not unusual. You are thirty-eight inches; waist, twenty-four and one half inches; hips, forty-one inches.

Mrs. C. B. P., Va.—I do not answer letters personally. Apply astringent two or three times a day.

Laurena, Pa.—If you rub your brows every day with vaseline it will start a good growth of hair. Touch the edge of eyelids with warm almond oil. Once a day wash your eyes out with a three per cent. solution of boric acid. This will strengthen and brighten them but cannot cure them to be larger. The only thing you can do for your mouth is to massage that corner up for fifteen minutes every day. I think this will work a change.

Light Hair.—No, my dear, Peroxide of Hydrogen will not make your hair grow, it only bleaches it. As you cannot get milk, try two tablespoonfuls of perfected cod liver oil after each meal and between meals take one tablespoonful of extract of malt in a little warm milk. This will develop your bust.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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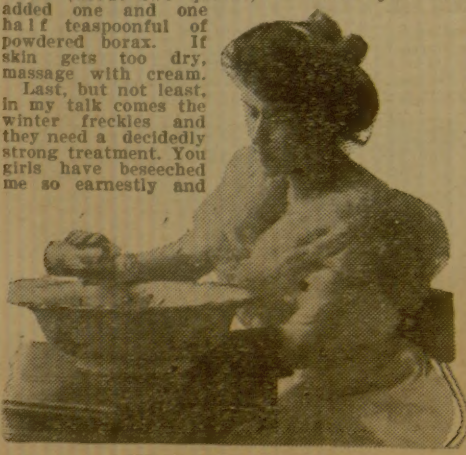
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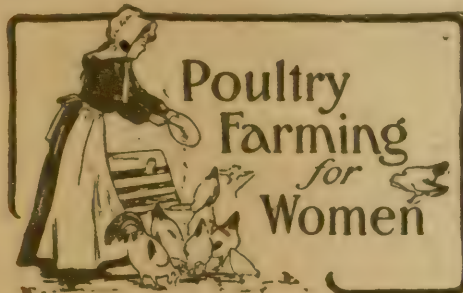
A WITCH-HAZEL FACE BATH.

so long for a strenuous lotion that I have decided to give one for the benefit of those who receive no help from the simple remedies given in the answer column.

Freckle Bleach—Dissolve by Agitation

Ten grains of corrosive sublimate in a half-pint each of distilled water and pure rose-water. Remember one and all that this preparation is a POISON if taken internally and should be so marked. Don't be afraid, however, as it is harmless if put up by a reliable druggist and used externally only.

When using this preparation pour a small quantity into a saucer and quickly cork the bottle. Never wet your fingers or a piece of cloth at the mouth of the bottle, as this practice if followed will cause the solution to decompose. Contact with metals or anything of a saline nature



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Pheasant's

LIKE our English cousins of high degree, Americans now spend large sums each year in stocking their woodlands with game, this consisting chiefly of the pebbled members of the pheasant family, known as the English and the Ring-neck. This fact makes it advisable to keep at least one pair or trio of ornamental pheasants for aviaries, and of the common for stocking preserves.

My personal experience has been confined to the Golden and the Ring-necked. A Seabright bantam, which earned the name of "Little Mother" because of her abnormal spirit of maternity, hatched four of the five Ring-necked eggs purchased in April of our first year on the farm. Not knowing the extraordinary capacity of this special baby for disappearing through any available crack as soon as hatched, only one was rescued alive, but another banty was set late in May on another five eggs, and she brought off three, which were given to the "Little Mother" to brood. One got killed, but the other two and the "solitary survivor" of the first brood safely reached maturity; the "survivor" being a male, and the other two sisters, they were kept together, and demonstrated that a trio do as well as pairs when in captivity. The ten eggs cost three dollars, the enclosure three dollars, a year's feed probably two dollars.

The next summer we sold fifteen eggs at twenty-five cents each, and raised twelve birds. Two males sold for stock at three dollars each, three hens for two dollars each; two pairs were exchanged to prevent inbreeding; the three odd ones were sacrificed to Christmas cheer. But even with such extravagance a cash balance remained of seven dollars and seventy-five cents, and the stock for next season's output was trebled.

Of course the first consideration must be a bantam hen with motherly longings. If your farm or the neighborhood cannot supply her, search must be made for a small mongrel hen. Arrange the nest as suggested for Guinea eggs, to prevent loss by the little fellows getting out when first hatched and becoming chilled to death or lost. Both Guinea and pheasant chicks possess such adventurous spirits that the moment they break out of the shell, their desire seems to be exploration of the world at large, which usually means death within the hour.

The Brood Coop and Run

The brood coop and run must be just as carefully constructed. Allow the hen to remain with the little ones as long as she does not peck or fight them. A gentle Biddy we keep in the brood coop until the babies are about six weeks old, when the whole family is removed to the large enclosure intended for the permanent home, and it is seldom that the hen is removed until late in the fall.

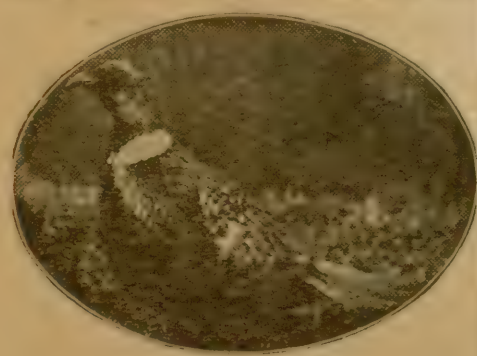
There is a general idea that pheasants are delicate and hard to rear. Originating, doubtless, from the fact that all game birds possess the dainty pride which necessitates hygienic surroundings for the breeding quarters. Subjected to the slovenly inattention accorded to the hen on ordinary farms, the pheasant pines and dies. Constitutionally they are hardy, healthy birds, exempt from most of the diseases common to poultry. Dry, sandy soil, sloping slightly to the south to insure natural drainage, and well-shaded by vines of low-growing brush is the most desirable site for their captivity. Failing such natural conditions, select the most favorable situation, comparatively near the house. Have the ground plowed, and, if it is heavy, clayey soil, remove about a foot in depth, fill in to ten inches with coarse-cut stone and top with fine gravel at least six inches above the surface level; this will insure freedom from damp and at the same time provide a porous floor which every rain will cleanse.

How to Make Inclosures

The dimensions of a simple, serviceable inclosure are:

Length, twelve feet; width, six; height, four. Eight posts are required, six feet long and six to eight inches in circumference; thirty-six feet of twelve-inch timber for the footboard; thirty-eight feet of four by two for the top rail; two single slats; half a roll of one-inch wire netting four feet wide; a pair of hinges and a catch for the door.

The cost of all this can be approximated only; materials vary so much in price, but it certainly would not exceed six dollars, even allowing seventy-five cents for a workman to dig the post holes. Make them two feet deep. Erect one at each of the four corners, one, midway on each



RING-NECK PHEASANTS.

side, two two feet and a half at the center of one end for gate-posts. Nail on the footboard all around, do the same with the top rail, which must have two strips across from side to side four feet apart. Now cover this entire scaffolding with netting, except, of course, the space for the gate—which is to be made from the single slats covered with wire netting.

If artificial draining has had to be resorted to, it will be an advantage to erect posts and place footboards before filling in the stone and gravel. No house is required, but a shelter of some sort should be provided with a perch under it, so that the birds are protected from storms when roosting.

Gourds grow so quickly that if the seed is planted around the outside of the inclosure the vines will soon provide sufficient shade. A few cedar boughs in one corner will provide the shelter in which these shy, secretive birds love to hide at the approach of any strange presence.

If you desire to be extravagant, erect a round rustic inclosure on the front lawn and invest in a pair of mature Golden pheasants to occupy it, for of all the varieties this is the most amusing, and attractive because of the activity of the birds, and their apparent desire to show off their beauty. The male has an orange and black

throat, a golden back, steel-blue wing-coverts, green shoulders and a vivid breast, so that he has every excuse for his vanity.

For more ornament the males of three or four fancy species can all be kept in one inclosure and will live peacefully; but never attempt to keep two or more pairs together, for Mr. Pheasant has such a jealous, pugnacious nature, that a battle to the death is sure to ensue.

Feed for Young Pheasants

Give the usual meal for twenty-four hours; then stale corn-meal bread, crumbled (half a cupful), one tablespoonful of silver sand, one tablespoonful of crushed mustard seed, teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), one hard-boiled egg chopped fine. Mix all together and feed every two hours between six A. M. and four P. M. for three days, after which milk curds, crushed wheat, pinhead oatmeal, chopped lettuce, green onions and boiled liver can be added to the bill of fare.

A change of diet sharpens appetite, so use discretion in alternating the latter dainties. Meat, vegetables or fruit are all necessities to these birds, and when possible should be supplied in the more natural form of grubs, insects and berries. Ants' eggs are among their favorite foods, and are easily obtained by digging into the middle of an ant-hill. Meal grubs can also be created by slightly mismanaging meal, then keeping it in a moderately warm place.

After the eighth week, cracked corn, wheat, barley, Kafir corn, rape—in fact, all the small grains are staple food for the rest of their lives, and can always be left before them in self-feeding boxes, for they are not gluttons and never eat too much.

Once a day a crumbly mash containing meat and green stuff of some sort should be fed if the birds are to be kept in good breeding condition.

Correspondence

W. D.—Why do chicks die in the shell just before it is time to hatch, in an incubator? Weakness in parent stock; too much or too little moisture; or too little heat during the last few hours. I can't really tell what the trouble is, because you have failed to give me any particulars. The thermometer should not fall below 103, and it will not hurt if it runs up to 105 during the last thirty-six hours and set a hen at the same time you start the incubator, next time, and every few days examine the eggs under the hen and in the incubator, and compare the growth of the air-space at the large end of the egg. This will teach you, better than any amount of reading, how to regulate the ventilation.

M. J. D.—Please tell me why chicks die after they are put into the incubator? The seem well and strong when taken out of the incubator, but within a week lose strength and die.

A.—I really must beg correspondents to give me more information when asking such questions, for I cannot give any helpful answers. A number of reasons may have caused their death. They should be kept warm—90 at least, when they are put into the incubator, to be gradually lowered during the first seven days to 70, but at the same time they must have plenty of fresh air. Feed lightly and often. Encourage them to exercise by giving them plenty of sweepings from the haymow on the brooder floor.

G. I. H.—Is Australian salt-bush good for stock? A.—Yes; you can get the seed at any large seed-store.

J. C. B.—See answer to G. I. H.

G. W. T.—You speak of salt in the morning mash. Do you mean table-salt; and how much should be fed? What is blood-meal? Is one dollar and a quarter a reasonable price for a twenty-five pound bag? I am very much interested in poultry, and now have Rhode Island Reds, and expecting to have Barred Plymouth Ducks, White Wyandottes, Brown Leghorns, and Pekin Ducks. Do you like my idea, and would you recommend some other breeds?

A.—Yes, table-salt; about the same quantity that you would add to potatoes for your own table. Blood-meal is dried blood. I think it is rather too strong for chickens, and advise you to use beef-scrapings, which are sold in sacks at about the same price. I don't think it advisable to keep more than one breed of fowls, for every distinct breed has its own peculiarity, and old experienced poultrymen find it more profitable to study thoroughly one breed, and cater

JUST WAKING UP to the mistake they made. Those who missed their August COMFORT because they did not renew their expired subscriptions in July are renewing now and BEGGING FOR BACK NUMBERS, TOO. If in doubt about your expiration send in 25 CENTS NOW FOR A TWO YEARS' EXTENSION and be on the SAFE SIDE.

To its peculiarities. For instance, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Cochins will get very fat and useless on a diet which would make Minorcas or Leghorns profitable.

W. F. S.—I only just got a country place, and want to hatch chicks all the year. Please tell me how to feed and care for them from the shell to maturity. I want to know just everything.

A.—I am afraid I cannot spare space to tell you everything, but will give you what I can in a condensed form:

Of course, you know, nothing for twenty-four hours, then stale corn-meal which has been chopped without removing the shell, about two heaping tablespoonfuls of the latter to a cup of crumbs, the combination just moistened with scalded milk and fed for breakfast and supper; for a few days a small pan filled with millet or rape seed, Kafir corn (slightly bruised), and fine sand, is placed within the enclosure, but where the hens cannot get at it. Have this there all the time. When about a week old have a mash of hulled oats, ground coarse, corn meal and wheat, equal parts of each, steamed for three or four hours. To each cupful of this add just before feeding a cupful of bone meal and beef meal and mix well. Feed three times a day all they will eat up clean in five minutes.

If you haven't a steamer, a very good substitute can be made by getting a two-quart tin-pail with a tight-fitting lid; a lard pail will do nicely; put the meal in it, pour in sufficient boiling water just to moisten; close down lid and stand in a four or five-quart pail with a tight-fitting lid; put in enough boiling water to reach halfway up the sides of the smaller one. This is a good way to cook rice or cereals for your own table. If the establishment doesn't boast a double boiler.

After the babies are two weeks old the hen may be allowed to wander with them after the dew is off the grass in the morning till about four in the afternoon. The pan of mixed seeds can be removed, the bone and beef meal omitted except at supper-time, when it is best to continue the bone for another two or three weeks. Vary this at noon by feeding pot cheese and boiled liver chopped with green onions. If you can't get the bone or beef meal where you live, thoroughly air-slack some lime and scatter it about the run and get beasts' liver and lights from the butcher. This feed is to ensure bone and feathers. If you have very few chicks and it is a remarkably good place for grubs and insects, the youngsters can find enough to provide for themselves.

After four or five weeks, night-feed can be cracked corn, barley or wheat alternately. Should the slightest symptoms of bowel trouble show itself with very baby chicks, stop the meal and bone and add maw seed to the dry grain, beat white of egg into a cup of milk, and give it to them to drink instead of water.

At eight weeks old divide the birds to be marketed as broilers from the others, and shut them up in a yard to fatten; this must be done gradually. Commence by leaving the oats out of the mash; feed moderately three times a day; if you have it give them skim-milk to drink. Not being on free range, green stuff of some kind must be given once a day chopped fine; if you have no vegetables, green grass will do. You may wonder, why chop grass? When birds are loose, they eat it growing. True, but then the root holds it fast-rooted in the ground, and the bird chomps or bites off the bit it wants and pecks at. Long, loose blades can be swallowed, but not digested. The last two weeks before killing, all food should be soft, and composed principally of corn meal, barley meal and milk; during this time add a teaspoonful of powdered or finely crushed charcoal to each two quarts of mash. Never keep a market chick over twelve weeks; good feed and care will make them plump and appetizing at that age; after that the lanky, bony period commences, and their value depreciates in all markets. Fowls do not forget that fear, sloppy feed, damp, dirty coops, no grit, unwashed water dishes, with poison slime all round the sides, are sure breeders of bowel complaints, no less with chicks than with babies—so be cleanly and careful.

Brooder chicks must have meat, bone and vegetables in some form every day, for being chained to a small space with no outlet to hunt for them, they need all the variety you can possibly give them after the first two weeks.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

dust to travel over. Along the Columbia river the farmers or ranchers were harvesting their wheat crop, which we thought consisted mostly of Russian thistles. They cut, thrash and sack the grain all at once and drive about thirty-six head of horses to one machine. There are large herds of horses or rather ponies on the range and though the grass looks dry and short the ponies were in good condition. In some places water has to be hauled about twenty miles or perhaps more which makes lots of work where they have a large number of cattle. We wandered around in the hills until the weather got too cold for traveling and landed in Spray, Ore. a small place surrounded by hills and mountains and sixty-five miles from Condon, the nearest railroad town, which is surrounded by a great wheat raising country. Around Spray is mostly a stock raising country, especially horses and sheep. There we stopped three months, sold our outfit and returned by steam. Some other time I will give a short description of our beautiful Puget Sound country.

Mrs. MARY COLTON, Bay View, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

As I have not read a letter in the corner from here, I will begin by saying that I live in New Mexico, if I do have the honor of having my post-office in the good old "Lone Star State." This is a very healthy country if the wind blows free and the winter is colder than southwest Texas where I hailed from. I was familiar with Amole, there the Mexicans used it to wash fine fabrics with, but I did not learn how to prepare it for a hair shampoo until Comfort's Pretty Girls' Club, told us. I tried it forthwith and was so well pleased with its results, I will say it worth twice the amount of Comfort's subscription price. The Amole grows here in New Mexico, so you see I was glad of Comfort's formula.

Does any of the Comfort readers know where I can obtain seed of the old-fashioned small chamomile? I cannot find any listed in catalogues. I wish all the sisters would sign their maiden names also, as their friends and schoolmates would find their letters doubly interesting. Would like to hear from any reader and will answer question in regard to this country if stamp is enclosed.

Mrs. B. C. JOHNSON, nee SOMMERVILLE, Bronco, Star Route 67337, Yoakum county, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hardly know how to begin as this is the first attempt to write to my new sisters, though I have been a silent reader a number of years. I find our paper useful in all ways and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first.

I am a young married girl of nineteen, but have a big baby boy of nine months whom his papa almost worships. I do not believe in having a home without children and I do hope and pray to our dear heavenly father that he will guide us in training our baby in the right way for though he is small he seems to have a strong will of his own.

Mrs. Remington. I disagree with you about town and country. I dearly love the country where one can get all the fresh air and everything one can eat.

I believe as you do Mrs. A. D. Chester. Our lives are simply what we make them. Sisters just think a moment how many blessings we get daily. Should we not be thankful?

Dear sister those of you who have mothers, remember them, I live within only one half mile of home and go there once a week, at the same time don't forget father they are the two who have taken the trouble to rear us.

Will the sisters near my own age please write to me?

Mrs. J. O. LUBBERS, Monticello, R. D. 4, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of this, one of the best papers published. I enjoy this corner and am deeply interested in the training of children, although I haven't but one, a little boy sixteen months old. I have been left to rear him alone, as the death angel visited our home and took my dear husband last August. Thus I can sympathize with all who have lost dear ones, how hard it is to give them up, and in cases such as mine it is almost impossible sometimes to feel resigned. We had only been married two years

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

HELLO, boys from the East, North, South and West. How are you all after the long and torrid summer? Once more Uncle John is with you and this time he intends to stay for ten long months. Be sure and read everything in the column or you will miss a great treat. If you are not just ready to make the articles or to try the tricks and games put the paper in some safe place and keep it until you have the leisure. It will prove a mine of fun.

A Help in Drawing

The curved figure shown here, which most of you would call an oval, is not an oval but an ellipse. An oval has one small end but in this case both ends are of equal size. It is frequently necessary in nearly every line of work to draw an ellipse. The cut herewith shows how this may be done. I am indebted to a boy photographer for the plan and I have found it very useful since I learned it. Two pins or nails are placed on a line and encircled with a loop made of cord, the pencil is pressed tightly against the cord and drawn around, describing the elongated circle as shown. By placing the pins nearer together or increasing the distance between them you can get a curved figure of just the right proportions to suit your needs. In any kind of decorating, such as wagon painting, ceiling work, photography or picture drawing it is very practical.

A Tree Hunters

Mahogany, which is the most costly wood, abounds plentifully in Mexico, Honduras and the South American republics. The climate that produces this valuable timber is tropical and the forests are low lying and swampy. At the present time the methods of timbering are old-fashioned and peculiar. Mahogany does not grow in clumps but is scattered among pine and other species. Men called tree hunters are employed to locate the sought-for prize and seeking the highest part of the woods they climb a tree and with a field glass spy out the mahogany. He may earn a thousand dollars a month or he may look in vain for weeks. Large spurs project from the trunk of mahogany trees and when they are cut a stump ten or fifteen feet long is left. This stump is really the finest part of the tree and some day it will be necessary to go over the ground again and grub them out just as Americans are doing now. The cost of transporting mahogany through the almost impassable forests is what makes it so costly.

A Drawing-Table

The boy who has a natural talent for drawing should early in his career procure a drawing-table and a set of drawing instruments. The plan herewith given provides a table that will do very well for the amateur. It should be made of light, well-seasoned wood such as yellow pine or poplar. The legs are formed of pieces three inches wide and one inch thick. The usual height thirty inches, may be varied to suit your size. When the legs are completed and fastened together by the crosspiece shown underneath a piece like Fig. 3, three on the inside of the top of each, now proceed to make the table up. It is thirty inches by thirty-three inches. Strips of the same stuff you used for the legs are used. Two under cleats are screwed to the table top and the strips forming it are glued together. When the glue has set fasten with finishing nails to each end of a piece like Fig. 2. This completes the two main parts of the table and they are now to be put together. The top if properly made will fit snugly between the pieces shaped as in Fig. 3. Bore a quarter inch hole through the center and at bolts. This enables the top to tilt up and down like a see saw. Four other holes, as in Figs. 2 and 3 are bored so that a wooden pin may be inserted to hold the table at the desired angle.

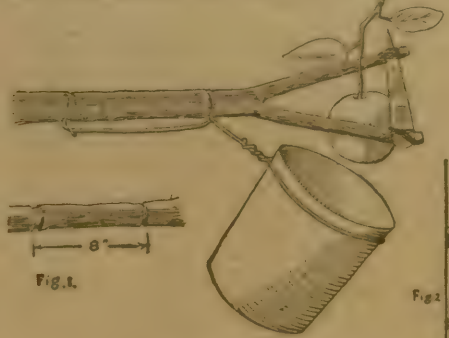
A College Yell

If there is anything more nonsensical than the average college yell then I do not know what it is. Billy as they are however, there is a certain exhilaration resulting from this shouting in concert that cannot be denied. Whenever there is a crowd of boys together playing, working, walking, swimming, skating or running it is great fun to yell some foolish combination of sounds. Here is one for you to practice and if you do not enjoy it I miss my guess.

Strawberry shortcake huckleberry pie
We will beat them or we'll die
Ringo trojan microbe jaw
Mollycoddle caterpillar rah! rah! rah!

An Apple Picker

Here is a practical article that the boy of the house can make in his spare time. All country lads know that a better price can be obtained for apples carefully picked and this little device will aid him materially and pay him well for the



AN APPLE PICKER.

trouble of making it. First get a forked stick several feet long and tie a knife blade or any strip of metal with a sharpened edge across the top. Next cut two grooves eight inches apart

around the pole as shown in Fig. 1. A long piece of wire is then securely twisted around a tin can and the free end lashed around the pole in the grooved parts. It is twisted loosely enough to permit the can to drop down so that it will always maintain an upright position. You can make the pole as long as you wish by jointing it as shown in Fig. 2. This apple picker can be used to good advantage when up in the tree or it may be used from the ground. It is simple enough for any boy to make and its only cost is a small expenditure of time.

A Pair of Stilts

This type of stilts has many advantages over the old-fashioned kind that extended to the height of the walker's shoulders. It is quite as easy to travel on them too, even without using the balancing pole, for the binding straps at the knee and ankle give a feeling of firmness and poise. Any kind of wood will do for material and when finished the stilt should raise one about three feet off the ground. The lower end of the stilt should be two inches square, and the top three inches. A glance at the drawing will show you clearly how they are made and used. Apart from being a boy's plaything this ancient device is used for practical purposes in many parts of the world. French peasants use them for crossing over swampy lowlands and in our own country they are utilized by fruit pickers.

A PAIR OF STILTS.

The Wheels that Turn

You will notice that the lady is wheeling the go-cart. The wheels are turning around very rapidly and if you do not believe this try the following experiment: Lay the paper flat on the table about one foot from the eyes, and look steadily at the wheel centers. Grasp the paper with both hands and without raising it from the table turn it around a circle of about one inch diameter. Begin slowly and the wheels will soon take on the rotary motion that you give the paper and seemingly spin rapidly around. They may be made to turn in either direction.

Who is Uncle Sam?

There is some difference of opinion about the origin of the title "Uncle Sam". From an authoritative source I learn that the term was not known until the war of 1812. It came about in this way. The Inspector of Provisions for the American Army at Troy was a man named Sam Wilson and all the boxes handled by his office were marked "U. S.", which stood for the United States. One day one of the least informed of the freight handlers asked a fellow workman what the initials stood for and was jokingly told that it stood for Uncle Sam Wilson. Although not an example of brilliant wit the joke took root and soon spread throughout the entire army. Before long all supplies marked "U. S." were known as Uncle Sam's and gradually the title came to signify the United States. The picture of the Yankee with the flowing beard and high hat is a conception credited to the cartoonist Thomas Nast, who was also the first one to pictorially represent Santa Claus.

September Puzzle

Each of the above five pictures is shaped very nearly like a prominent geographical place. The first is a foreign country not in Europe, the second is an island in the largest sea in the world, the third is a state, the fourth is a state, the fifth is a large peninsula. Answers will appear next month.

A Paper-cutting Trick

Can you fold a piece of paper in such a way that you can cut a five-pointed star from it in one snip of the shears? The accompanying diagram shows clearly how this is done and it is a very clever paper-cutting feat for you to learn. Only four simple folds are necessary. By studying the drawing you should be able to master this trick in five minutes. The dotted line in Fig. 5 is the line you are to cut along, then unfold it and you will have the star shown in Fig. 6. After a little practice you will be surprised to see how quickly and accurately you can cut any sized star.

Problems

This month we begin the publication of a series of problems, three of which will appear in each number. They will not be of the catch question variety but will be difficult enough to tax your arithmetical skill to the utmost. The answers will appear in next month's Boys' Corner and to all who fail to work the questions even when the answer is known we will, upon request, send full analysis and solution.

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1. Two candles of equal length are lighted at the same time. One of them is consumed in four hours, the other in five hours. When was the height of one just three times the height of the other?

2. A society raised \$12.90 by subscription; one half of the members gave 15 cents each, one fourth gave 25 cents each, one sixth gave 30 cents each, and the rest gave 33 cents each. How many members in the society?

3. Divide 37 cents between two boys in such a way that one boy will have 14 cents more than the other.

There, dear nephews, I have done the best I can for you and I hope I have helped you to improve the merry hours of boyhood. If you have any questions to ask pertaining to anything published in this column I will cheerfully answer them. However, my mail is so large that I must ask you to place a self-addressed stamped envelope in your letter. Good by until next month.

Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and a couple of towels inside me, and again the awful operation of unstitching and stitching had to endure. When it was all over and I was about to be carried to my bed by the orderlies one of the doctors found he had left a high silk hat and a pair of rubber shoes in my interior, and again they pleaded with me to permit them to remove the stitches again and recover the articles, but by this time my patience was thoroughly exhausted and I said: "Say Doc, suppose you sew buttons on me, then if you discover that you have left any more articles in my interior, you can open me up and yank them out without any trouble or discomfort to me." Oh, I tell you appendicitis is no joke when thoughtless doctors use you for a tool chest and clothes closet.

U. S. S. NEBRASKA, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for about three years, and the League of Cousins has always been of interest to me. I want to be one of your nephews, and hope you will make room in your lap for me. Though Billy the Goat may object when he finds that I am a wearer of the blue uniform of Uncle Sam's navy. I am twenty-three years of age, have dark hair, brown eyes, weigh one hundred and eighty-six pounds, am five feet and ten and one half inches tall. My native state is Oregon, my home being near the Cascade mountains. I enlisted in the navy a year ago last Oct. and was immediately transferred to the battleship Nebraska, then stationed at Bremerton, Wash. The Nebraska is a new ship built at Seattle, Wash. She went in commission July first 1907. Her first trip was from Seattle, Wash. to San Francisco, Cal. We made seven different trips between these two cities. We were also at the unveiling of the Bennington monument at San Diego, Cal. In Jan. and Feb. of last year we were at Magdalena Bay, Mexico. There is a small Spanish village at this place, with its nearest neighbor a rancher about sixty miles distant. On Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays we used to go bathing, fishing, play ball on the beach, gather sea shells and climb mountains. The mountain climbing was not such good sport as it might have been, for there were no shade trees to rest under, no cool mountain streams to quench your thirst, but plenty of cactus of all descriptions which were willing to grasp you in their thorny arms should you stumble and fall—an embrace one wasn't likely to forget for a while. In July we joined the Atlantic fleet at San Francisco, and when Admiral Sperry with his sixteen ships crossed the Pacific, we were one of the number. The receptions and welcome we received in foreign countries we visited will long be remembered by the men of the fleet. Uncle, I wish you could visit our ship. You will have plenty of time for we will be in the Brooklyn navy yard for about three months. Should you visit me be certain that you leave mischievous Billy the Goat at home for should I get sight of him I'll train the twelve-inch guns on him. I wonder how many of the cousins have been on a battleship? It's well worth the while to take a day off and visit one of Uncle Sam's fighting machines. Best regards to you and all the cousins. Your nephew, CHRIS E. KOWITZ.

Chris, I am exceedingly pleased to hear from you, and delighted with your letter. It will interest our readers to know that on Uncle Sam's battleships that went around the world were at least fifty members of Comfort's League of Cousins. Our League buttons attracted much attention in foreign lands wherever they were worn, and Billy the goat says it is also not generally known that the Mikado tried to grab the C. L. O. C. button resting on the manly bosom of Cousin Chris E. Kowitz, and got his block knocked off as a reward for his audacity. War between the U. S. and Japan would have been declared right then and then if the U. S. Ambassador hadn't promised the Mikado that he should be permitted to join the League and have a button of his own, and that is how a sanguinary war was averted. These facts are vouched for by Billy's comic history of the United States. I wish all of you could see Seaman Kowitz's letter. It is exquisitely written and a model of neatness from finish to start. It speaks well for the navy and for the men who man it when such well educated, well raised, manly fellows as Chris Kowitz enlist under Uncle Sam's flag. Personally I think navies are a lot of rot and foolishness, but as long as other countries have them we have to have one, too. If we have any trouble with Japan instead of using battleships I suggest we let Billy Taft and the Mickey Doo fight it out together. If Billy ever put his foot on Japan, the island would sink, and if he ever sat on the Mickey Doo, well it would be a sad day for Mickey. Chris you have invited Billy and myself to visit the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Bill was down there last week, and ate a battleship and a dozen twelve inch guns. He informs me he has an awfully patriotic feeling in his inside, and I don't wonder considering how well the American Navy is represented in his digestive depot. You boys of an adventurous turn of mind should enlist for a term in the U. S. Navy. The discipline will do you good, voyaging round about the world will add to your knowledge and expand your mental horizon. The drill and the life generally is healthful and will smarten you up tremendously. There is an opportunity to save money in the U. S. Navy. If you doubt it write to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. and learn the facts. Hurrah for Chris, the battleship Nebraska and Uncle Sam's Navy, generally.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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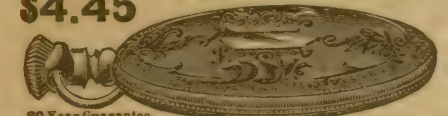
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Reuben Jones at the County Fair

Or, Never Play a Man at His Own Game

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

his daughter then he would have remembered old Barney Haycock's parting words. She said she would ask her parents' consent, and she was surprised when he charged her not to mention their acquaintance present.

When the fair opens on the morning of the second day, Bessie is with her father, when Smart pays him the second three hundred dollars, and complains:

"You folks drove a hard bargain with us. For all of the big crowd, we haven't cleared expenses yet. These down-easters stand round and look on, but are very coy about investing their cash. If we don't have better luck today, we shall have to quit and go home broke tonight."

"I hope you don't take in a dollar today," grunted Miles Miller, and the man started and stared at him in astonishment, then moved away, lighting a cigarette. As he did so, Miller turned to his daughter and said sadly:

"Bessie, you were right, I ought to have resigned. My conscience troubles me, and I feel a strange foreboding of trouble."

"Don't worry about it for it can't be helped now. Probably no trouble will come of it. I can understand how you were over persuaded by your friends to stand by them, against your conscience," Bessie says, gently stroking his arm, a little gesture that is all her own.

This second day Bessie did not see much of Reuben, for he was forced to look about for bargains in cattle. One thing troubled Bessie, Reuben always carries about so much money with him. Today she knew he had over three thousand dollars with him. He had found that the man who paid spot cash often can get the best bargains. Still he always carried a pistol, and kept telling her he knew how to look out for himself.

While Bessie was wandering about she meets Lucy, and finds the girl's head full of Mr. Smart, and is worried at the deep impression that the gambler appears to have made on her unsophisticated mind, and she wonders that Lucy's parents approve of the acquaintance, never suspecting that Lucy is keeping it a secret from them. Lucy speaks of having spent the evening with him and hints that she expects to be with him that evening. Still Bessie cautions her not to put too much faith in strangers.

Gertrude Nye later joins the three, and they have the good time warm friends can, but finally separate.

Reuben at times throughout the day runs across the various gambling devices operated by different members of the gang, but is not much interested. For a few minutes he watches the people betting on the wheel of fortune; at another place he sees them playing policy; at another shaking dice; "all games of chance," he remarks, and so he will not engage in them, feeling himself too wise to be so roped in. He is more interested in the consummate skill of the three card monte men, but he also keeps out of that game.

Late in the day, he happened on a slim man with small, piercing snaky black eyes, a drooping black mustache, standing at a small, high folding stand, and manipulating three half walnut shells. There is a small white ball, not quite so large as a pea which the man places under one of the shells. Then he moves the shells round a few times on the top of the stand, and the game is to tell which shell covers the ball. This is what is known as the famous shell game or "Thimble rig." Reuben has often heard of it.

The gambler calls out:

"This is no game of chance, gentlemen. There is no luck about it. It is all a pure matter of skill as to whether you can keep track of the ball. If you can tell which shell I put it under, the money's yours. It is all very simple; only a question of whether my hand is quicker than your eyes."

While Reuben was looking on and listening, a stranger whom Reuben of course does not know is a capper, a confederate of the other, steps up, and after asking a few questions as to the game, bets a dollar, loses, bets another, and loses, and bets a third time and wins. Then he bets five dollars, and at the same time says in an undertone to Reuben whom he has been watching:

"I think I've got on my trick."

"This time he names the right shell, and wins five dollars. He bets another five, wins, and then raises his bet to ten. The gambler pretends to be reluctant to accept so large a bet, but he does, and the stranger wins it. The gambler looks sour as he pays over the money. By this time Reuben is excited and has taken out of his pocket a big bunch of money. Then the gambler and the stranger exchange sly winks, and the stranger expresses a desire to try his skill.

"Better begin with a five dollar bet," the stranger advises, and Reuben therefore only puts up a crisp five dollar bill that deserves a better fate. To his surprise he fails to locate the little ball. "Try again, and I'll show you," whispers the stranger, leading him on. "Together we'll break his bank," and poor, foolish Reuben, who thinks he is so smart, drops into their trap. He bets ten dollars and wins, and is sure that he understands the game.

"I'll make my bet twenty-five dollars," he says, trying to appear cool and collected, and grins as he once more wins. The gambler looks sour and rips out an oath about these hawk-eyed down-easters beating him. Reuben is proud of his success and confident of his skill. However he cares more for the satisfaction of displaying his keenness in beating a professional gambler at his own game, than for the money.

The gambler reads Reuben's thoughts in his actions and in the expression of his face, and recognizes a good subject and easy victim, and so lets Reuben win again. The young man bets one hundred dollars, and wins; then two hundred dollars, but the gambler pretends to hesitate about accepting so large a bet. Reuben loses this time, much to his surprise, and when, as he bets his next two hundred dollars, he turns to ask advice of the obliging stranger, he finds he has disappeared, and he sees in his place Slimpy Sykes, a gaunt boy of sixteen, under-witted and generally considered the town fool. As his eyes meet those of Slimpy, the latter stutteringly remarks:

"Never play a man at his own game." The gambler looks daggers at the boy, but pretends not to hear.

Headless of this good advice, Reuben puts up his two hundred dollars and loses again. The little knot of spectators all laugh, and make galling remarks at Reuben's expense. He is much nettled by them and is bound to show them that he is no fool by winning his money back, and so he bets another two hundred dollars and loses again. Whereat Slimpy exclaims:

"Didn't know enough to take a fool's advice." The bystanders all roared at this, and Reuben was ashamed to quit, although his better judgment would have dictated this course had he stopped to think. "I'll fool you with the toe of my boot if you don't shut-up," said the gambler with an oath.

"What for Mr. Blackleg?" rejoined the boy, and the crowd tittered again. The gambler losing his temper, reached viciously at the boy, but he was out of reach. "Bet him never caught me, Rube, and that's a sure thing," he boasted the boy, but Reuben paid no heed to him. He was anxious but still confident in his own shrewdness, and he kept on with his heavy betting. Occasionally the gambler let him win just to keep his courage up.

The self-contained young man, because of his over-confidence in himself, his state of swell head, lost all reason, and hung to the hopeless game until his money was all gone—all of his own, and all that he had of the firm's money, and then he suddenly came to his senses and realized that he not only was a ruined man, but a criminal. Money, honor, reputation, all were

SEND ME YOUR NAME

gone. State prison yawned for him, because he had embezzled the funds of his employers. As these thoughts came into his mind, he was seized with the impulse to grab the gambler by the throat and make him give back his money. However, that wily gentleman had anticipated just such a move, and had vanished from sight, leaving his outfit on the little stand.

Reuben in despair and sick at heart, trembling and ghastly pale goes in search of Bessie. He finds her; but his appearance gives her a bad fright.

"What is it?" she gasps, but he only asks her to wait while he guides her to a secluded spot where they can talk without being overheard or seen.

"Now tell me, Reuben, what has happened. You look like death."

"And I feel like death. Oh, it's worse than death. I've been up against that shell game and lost a thousand of my own and two thousand of the firm's money. I've disgraced myself, and you and the family. I'm liable to be sent to State's prison for the misappropriation of the firm's money. All is gone. I've nothing left to live for. I can't face father and mother, a dead disgrace is better and sooner forgotten than a living one. There's only one thing for me to do, and I'm going to do it quick, before I'm arrested."

By this awful confession, Bessie learned of his wrong, and it nearly stunned her. She staggered and seemed about to faint, then by a tremendous exercise of will power she regained her self-control, and throwing one arm about his neck, she kissed his fevered cheek, while with her other hand she reached into his pocket and removed his pistol. It is difficult to understand a woman. Just when he had felt he was killing her love, she smiled and looking sweetly into his distracted eyes, she said:

"You have been a fool, Ruby, dearest, don't be a coward. You must live this down, and I will help you."

Reuben shook his head wildly. "There is no hope and there can be no help save in the oblivion of the grave, darling. I humbly beg your pardon for having proven so unworthy of your love, and I kiss you a last farewell," and he made an effort to slip from her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

and he was so young, only twenty-one. But I suppose that what is has to be, though we fail to see why.

Others dear to me have also gone to a brighter world so in my short life I have early tasted sorrow, but will not admit my troubles on others, but in return for what I have received from these pages will try and give a bit of help.

When a big ironing or other work is to be done which keeps one on their feet for considerable time, try standing on a mat of newspapers and see how restful it is.

In picking up rooms, I never straighten up just one room at a time, putting all articles out of place in the next room, as I have often seen done. But instead each article I find goes at once where it belongs if possible, this hastened the work and saved the necessity of handling things more than once.

Mrs. EVA HILLARD, nee EVANS, Tanglewood, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to our grand old paper, COMFORT, for some time and have found so much pleasure in its pages, especially the Sisters' Corner and come very near writing several times before. I'm a little short of paper, eighteen years old, have been married thirteen months and have one of the best-natured husbands in the world and a sweet baby boy five weeks old. We live in Northeast Ark. on a farm four miles from Pochontas. I like farm life. I enjoy raising chickens and making a garden. And as I've not had very much experience in that line, would love to receive any information from the COMFORT sisters. I believe in being kind even to dumb animals, for remember the scripture says: "Be ye kind, one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Miss Ella Lucas, I agree with you in the trying of one's faith. I think that the sufferings that are sent to us are to test our faith and we should bear them patiently as did our Saviour and be thankful that we are worthy to suffer for Him. I truly sympathize with those who have been so unfortunate as to part with father and mother. God has blessed me in sparing both my parents, though they are getting very old. I would appreciate letters from the sisters, will answer all including a stamp.

With love and sympathy to the shut-ins.
MRS. BIRDIE MILLON, Box 2, Pochontas, E. D. No. 47, Ark.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR MRS. W. AND SISTERS:

My letter which appeared a year ago brought me such a nice lot of letters, all good, sweet, friendly ones that it did my heart good to read them. I hope all to whom I sent fancy work received it. Many bulbs reached me safely.

Mrs. E. D. Bragg, Your bulbs and seeds received. Many thanks. Am working now to cancel my indebtedness to you.

Miss Caroline Luce, Your seeds received too, and shall try to remember you with something substantial.

Miss Katie Rader, I have failed to hear further from you. Your letter and seeds were much appreciated.

Miss Anna Meyer, Let me hear from you. Some kind sister sent me "Wandering Jew" which was ruined in travel. I've lost her address, but never mind. I appreciated the spirit that prompted the sending nevertheless. Lost the address also of a sister who was inquiring for her brother. How I am receiving her letter investigated and found he didn't live here. At least near about. I believe that's all but those I've written to personally. If I've neglected any of you please don't feel badly for I assure you it wasn't done through lack of appreciation.

These columns are the means of forming many friendships with true though unseen friends. What a comfort is our never-failing COMFORT. I've known it nearly all my life and though I always loved it, I appreciate and admire it more and more.

Mrs. O. D. CARROLL, Elbridge, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to thank all the sisters, who were so kind as to send me cards, letters, etc., for my fifth wedding anniversary on Jan. 25th, '09, as I requested. I am trying to answer them all, but I received so many, many more than I ever expected to get. It was a shock to my slim purse at first. It was the very first party I ever had of any kind, so you may imagine how greatly I appreciated it. It is one that will last a long, long time, too, as I can go to my "party box" any time and read the letters and enjoy myself looking over the lovely cards. I will close now, saying I have about five hundred recipes, household hints, advice from the sisters, etc., clipped from COMFORT and other papers and if there are any of the sisters wanting anything special, write me and I will gladly furnish it. With love and best wishes to the sisters,
MRS. MARY J. HAYES, Box 82, Grangeville, Idaho.

Mrs. Annie Herndon, Belmont, Va., sends thanks to all who wrote and will send seeds and bulbs as she can. Flower growers who are troubled with insects she advises to sprinkle the plants with water to which a few drops of carbolic acid has been added. In another column appears her recipe for sweetmeats.

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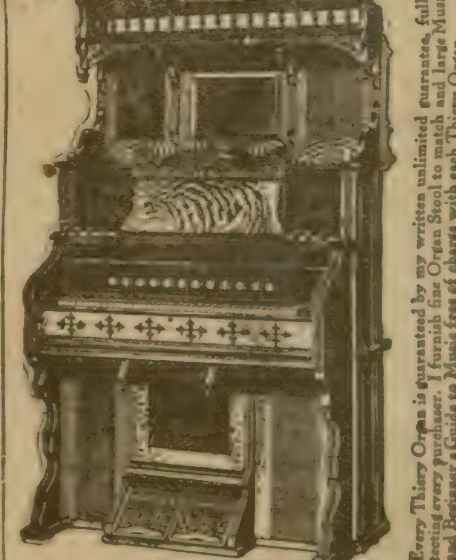
I will send you letters from pleased customers from all parts of the Union, written to me after receiving Thiery Organs on trial—acknowledging them to be the "real music-makers" of all organs.

Ten thousand homes have purchased Thiery Organs direct from me in the past two years—and you can FREE YOURSELF from agents and HIGH PRICES by dealing direct with me.

I'll trust you for my pay if you don't want to pay cash. I will trust any honest reader of this paper. You can have any Thiery Organ you select and I will send it on trial at once and give you

ALMOST TWO YEARS TIME TO PAY

for it. You don't need to send any money to me in advance. You don't need to make any bank deposit. You don't need to have a third party stand good for you. I'll trust you for my pay, just as I say—and the special letter I send will give you full particulars of this wonderfully easy payment plan which now makes it possible for any home to have a beautiful organ.



I do the greatest business of the kind in the world. You'll find Thiery Organs in hundreds of homes in every State in the Union. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to me now—today.

J. B. Thiery

The Piano and Organ Man
Milwaukee, Wis.

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from it, especially the Sisters' Corner. I wish to give two tried recipes which have been asked for. They are very simple and cheap.

For Neuralgia
To coal oil add as much gum camphor as it will dissolve. Rub it on the affected parts, heating by the fire all the time as hot as can be borne, repeat if one application does not make a cure.

For Asthma
Eat about a teaspoonful of gun powder two or three times a day. Asthma will soon leave.
MRS. NANCY GRAVES, Pleasant Hill, La.

For a Cancer
Bind on a piece of lemon, changing it every morning, noon and night. It will drop out in a few days, root and branch. If a wart is rubbed with the pared surface of a fresh-cut potato three times a day, it will disappear in a month.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black. Use All Druggists sell it. Stylish men use it.

White Slaves of Yellow Masters

A Story inspired by the shocking fate of beautiful and cultivated Elsie Sigel, teacher in the New York Chinese Mission School, murdered by her jealous Chinese lover in his room to which she had been enticed

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PART I.



COME unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It was not a clergyman who repeated the Master's words of promise, but a sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl, with a tender, sensitive mouth, and a subtle something in her face that bespoke a capacity for untold sympathy. Now, however, she is simply an innocent, confiding girl of eighteen, who has no knowledge of the labor of sorrow, and to whom the great promise could mean but little. Opposite her, with his hands tucked into the sleeves of his coarse blue blouse, sat a Chinaman, his queue neatly coiled on his head, his slant eyes cast downward.

"Do you understand what that means?" asks the girl, her soft, refined tones bespeaking her gentle birth and excellent education.

"Me no sabe, Missie," returned the Oriental.

"Now Chi," reproached the white girl, "you must not say that. 'Me no sabe,' is not correct. Say, 'I do not understand, Miss Nellie,'"

and Chi Lung obediently repeated his teacher's words. Indeed he was anxious to do so, for he was attending this mission with two purposes in view, one was to become proficient in the English language, and the other was to make the acquaintance of the pretty white girls who taught there. Chi Lung was a shrewd, calculating young Oriental, and behind his expressionless face lurked an overweening ambition. Like many of the better educated of his fellow countrymen he had lost faith in his own religion and despised all other religions. His worship was to be given entirely to the world and its pleasures and successes. The son of a Chinese of high rank, and of one of his many concubines, the young man inherited his father's brilliancy of mind with an immoral tendency from both parents, and the combination did not promise well for any community in which he should make use of his undoubted talents.

Just now, though, he was one of the pupils of the Wood Street Mission, where Nellie Mitchell, Mamie Webster and Amy Snyder were enthusiastic young teachers. These three girls had grown up together, and what one fancied, the others embraced, so when Nellie, influenced by her mother who had always been ardent in her missionary labors, was induced to go into the mission work and take a class, the others followed her example.

Nellie was very earnest over her pupil, Chi Lung, and felt proud of the progress he had made during the month she had been teaching him. The mission-room was very warm, and the girl's pretty face was flushed as she bent nearer to impress the sacred words upon her pupil, and he was not slow to gloat over her charms, or to lay his infamous plans for the future.

When the lesson was over, Chi Lung drew a little package from his blouse, and said gravely, with the gentleness that the Chinese always show to American women, even when their intentions are of the worst:

"Me bling pleasant for Missie," and Nellie was so delighted with the richly embroidered silk handkerchief which fell from its folds, that she forgot to correct his English.

"Oh, thank you Chi, it's lovely," she replied, her face a beautiful rose color, her blue eyes dancing.

"You are a good boy. You will try and learn fast, won't you, just to please me," and she bestowed a smile upon him that would have been enough to captivate any man, for Nellie Mitchell was a charming young girl, and fascinating in her sweet, bright way. She did not appreciate that she had no right to place herself in so false a position; that the man she was thus trying to influence was not the boy she termed him, not a child as she treated him, and which she really thought him, but a mature Chinese, with all the dark vices, immoral propensities, and sin-soiled thoughts of his race, which working through generations has resulted in Mongolian degeneracy.

"Me learn chop chop" (right away), Chi Lung promised and then as he trudged off to his bunk behind a laundry he muttered to himself:

"Alle Melican woman have plice. Chi Lung pay plice."

While Nellie Mitchell was teaching Chi Lung, Mamie Webster was struggling with the ignorance of Ling Moe. Ling had been attending the mission longer than Chi Lung, and he spoke English better, but with Mamie he made believe he was much more ignorant than he really was, and the girl's dark eyes sparkled as she thought she could see the effect of her educational efforts upon him. Mamie was too startlingly attractive and susceptible to admiration to be in any such place. She had a dark Spanish beauty with a well developed, plump figure. There was something a little dangerous in the flash of her eyes, the sprightly movements of her young body; she was emotional, impulsive and vacillating, and had her mother been as careful of her as she ought, she would have thoughtfully guarded Mamie from temptation and evil influences. Guided properly Mamie would have developed into a magnificent woman, but she was of the type that cannot recover once a wrong step is taken.

Amy Snyder was of an entirely different type from either of her friends. She was a tiny little thing, "a perfect bunch of nerves," all who know her call her. Yet this girl of nineteen, sensitive, easily wrought up to an intensity seldom attained by any sane person, is thrown into an atmosphere that cannot help but draw too heavily upon her vitality and lead her to seek that which will soothe.

Actuated by the highest of motives, these three pure-minded girls had entered into the work, and they all believed that they were called into it by a higher power than they.

Amy Snyder had been teaching as a substitute until this Sunday when she was given as a pupil a fine appearing Chinese, dressed in American clothes. His face showed more animation than that of any other of his race in the room, and he explained in labored English that he was striving to learn enough to become a missionary to his own people in the city.

Amy's cheeks flamed with excitement, and her brown eyes misted over with tender sympathy.

"How beautiful!" she cried, clasping her little hands.

"And help me you will?" asked the Chinese, appraising her face and figure from beneath his half closed eyes.

"Of course, and I will be delighted to do it," she replied. The thought that her pupil was to become a missionary flattered her vanity. He would be such a credit to her skill as a teacher.

"The White Fairy is generous," whispered the Oriental, and as that Amy was known to him and his associates.

This Sunday was an important one in the lives of these three girls, for on it Nellie Mitchell received her first gift from Chi Lung; Mamie permitted Ling Moe to walk home with her; and Amy Snyder gave her first lesson to the Chinese who already was known as Richard Lane, having forsaken his own name of See Chou.

When Nellie reached home she proudly exhibited her present, and her mother took it, exclaiming delightedly:

"I'm so glad, Nellie, dear, for this shows that you are making progress. The dear, grateful fellow. Let him see his appreciation of your work. Let this encourage you dear," and she kissed her daughter, put the costly gift about her white throat, and made her look at herself.

Mr. Mitchell took an entirely different view of it.

"I don't want Nell to be under obligations to any Chin," he growled. "Pay him for it, and tell him that I can buy my daughter whatever she wants," but Mrs. Mitchell reproached him, and accused him of not appreciating the work she and her daughter were accomplishing in converting the heathen.

Mr. Mitchell threw down the paper he was reading and springing to his feet confronted his wife and daughter, saying excitedly:

"You two don't know these vile Chinks like I do. They are noted as 'inveterate gamblers,' in the words of the late U. S. Senator Blaine. They are polluting this country with their national vices and unmentionable opium-smoking dens, planted in America are producing incalculable ruin. Suppose now and then one is converted or pretends to be for business or less worthy purposes. Think what he costs the country. Think how much effort has been wasted on the others and—"

but Mrs. Mitchell silenced him by saying angrily:

"I will not listen to anything more. Nellie and I are doing a sacred work and we will not allow you to interfere," and so Mr. Mitchell was silenced, although if he had realized one half of the danger to which his daughter was exposed, he would have gone to almost any lengths to rescue her.

Mamie Webster's mother was a widow, and Mr. Snyder was a man so centered in his business that he never knew what was going on in his household, so that the three girls were not likely to be interfered with in their work.

For perhaps a month the three taught their pupils, comparing notes from time to time, when on the fourth Sunday, Richard Lane asked Amy:

"How would the White Fairy like to see the home of some of my people?"

"I should be so interested," was Amy's delighted acceptance, and her face beamed with joy of anticipated pleasure.

"When she sees it, she can understand what my work will be," continued the wily Oriental.

"Can I ask my two lady friends to come, too?" Amy asked, her nerves stretched to the utmost tension. Anything out of the ordinary was apt to bring her into this state.

The Chinese shook his head. "My people have feelings, too. If too many come, they feel hurt," and Amy nodded her head.

HE SHOWED HER HOW TO DRAW IN THE FATAL FUMES. FROM THE FIRST WHIFF AMY EXPERIENCED A STRANGE SENSATION.

"After the school is over, walk two blocks away, and I will meet you," and the girl delightedly promised to do so. There was no thought of wrong in her young mind, no suspicion of danger. She was enthusiastic, excited, anxious to do all she could to help this man to become what he claimed he wished to be, a Christian missionary to his own.

It was already dark on the winter evening when Amy Snyder met the Christianized Chinaman, and so they were able to go along unnoticed, the few blocks to the place he had in mind, for the mission was located near one of the worst parts of the city. Reaching his destination Richard Lane led the way down a crumbling pair of stairs, along a kind of a tunnel under the sidewalk, to a stout door, upon which he rapped in a peculiar fashion.

The door flew open, and Lane drew the girl through the portals. No guardian angel stood before her warning her of terrible peril. She felt no premonition of the future, but stepped in, congratulating herself that she was to gain an insight into the inner life of the men she felt it was her mission to save.

The man spoke rapidly in his own language to the doorman, and then led the way along a side passage to another room. Immediately upon entering Amy noticed the peculiar odor, pungent, and yet familiar. At first she could not place it, and then she remembered that it was always present at the mission, and that it was noticed on the clothing her father had laundered by the Chinese. It was the fumes of opium.

At the second door, Lane again knocked, and the door opening, Amy saw a small room, not more than twelve feet square, about the walls of which were bunks, rising to the height of three, each one occupied by a man. Some were unconscious, others lay with glazed eyes, while still others were inhaling the insidious fumes. The opium smoker's layout is well shown in the accompanying illustration. The time was to come when Amy became as familiar with it as any of the wretches lying there. Her face was flaming with excitement, her hands trembling, but only because she was nervous, not with fear, for she had entire confidence in her missionary guide.

"And are all of these poor wretches opium fiends?" she asked pityingly.

"All, and as they are so used to it," Richard replied, folding his hands and rolling up his eyes in mock pety. If she had seen him that very morning, it would have been difficult for her to have distinguished any difference between him and those who lay there, but she did not appreciate then that this man was a born hypocrite, and that he had only adopted his present course because he recognized that as a missionary he

would secure an easy job, good pay, and an opportunity to associate with white women, and gain a hold upon them, which would enable him to blackmail them.

The two talked together softly, then at last the girl began to show interest in the habit, and asked many questions about it.

"I cannot explain in words," Lane declared when she pressed him for a reason why anyone allowed himself to become a victim.

"How can I understand then?" she asked.

"By experience," he returned, and there was a demonical light in his eyes. "If you would inhale a little of the fumes, just a whiff, you would see. It would make the White Fairy better able to rescue the victims of the awful habit."

At first Amy looked startled, but in her excited state she was not possessed of her usual good sense, and curiosity really held her in a firm grip. At last she said slowly:

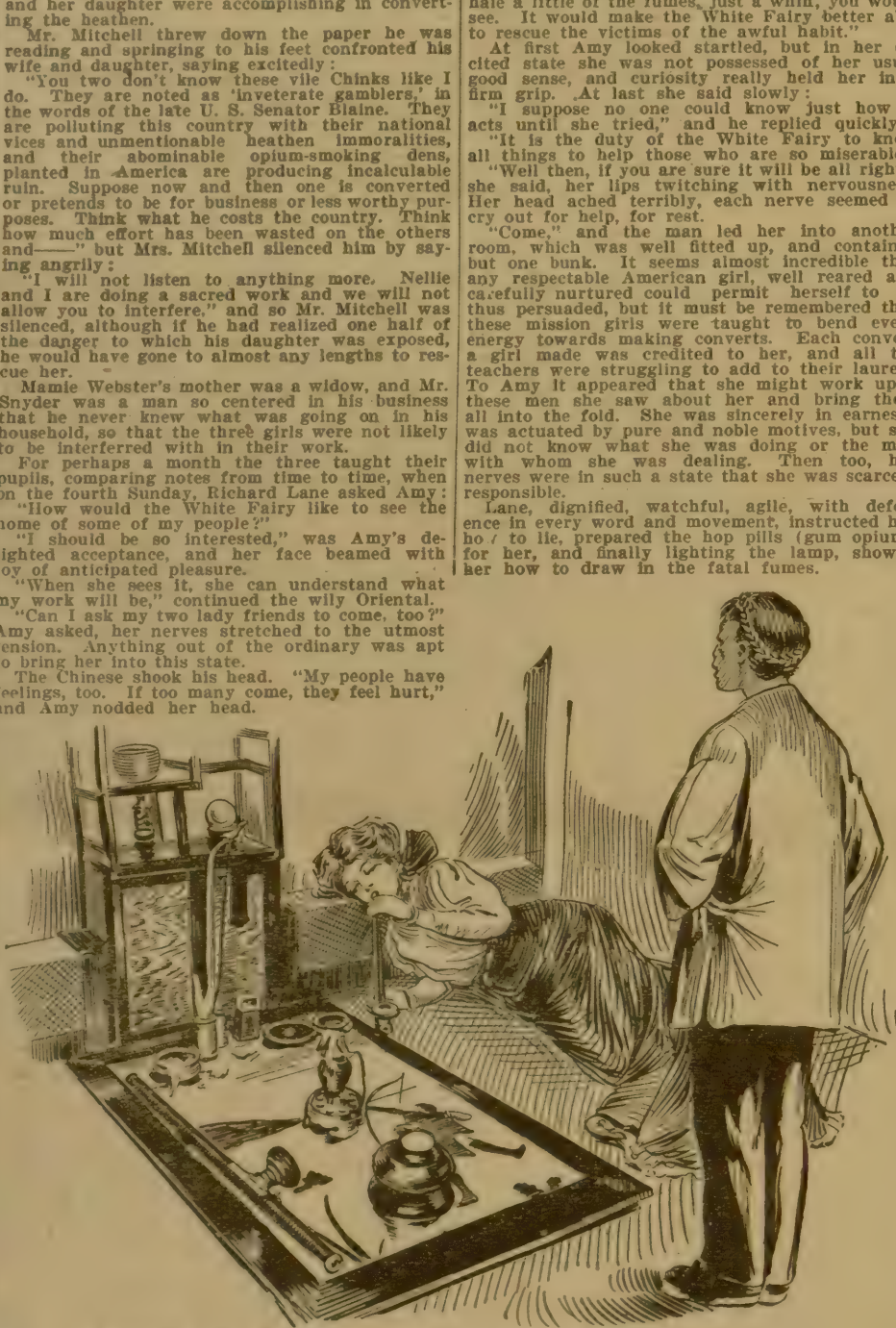
"I suppose no one could know just how it acts until she tried," and he replied quickly:

"It is the duty of the White Fairy to know all things to help those who are so miserable."

"Well then, if you are sure it will be all right," she said, her lips twitching with nervousness. Her head ached terribly, each nerve seemed to cry out for help, for rest.

"Come," and the man led her into another room, which was well fitted up, and contained but one bunk. It seems almost incredible that any respectable American girl, well reared and carefully nurtured could permit herself to be thus persuaded, but it must be remembered that these mission girls were taught to bend every energy towards making converts. Each convert a girl made was credited to her, and all the teachers were struggling to add to their laurels. To Amy it appeared that she might work upon these men she saw about her and bring them all into the fold. She was sincerely in earnest; was actuated by pure and noble motives, but she did not know what she was doing or the men with whom she was dealing. Then too, her nerves were in such a state that she was scarcely responsible.

Lane, dignified, watchful, agile, with deference in every word and movement, instructed her how to lie, prepared the hop pills (gum opium) for her, and finally lighting the lamp, showed her how to draw in the fatal fumes.



HE SHOWED HER HOW TO DRAW IN THE FATAL FUMES. FROM THE FIRST WHIFF AMY EXPERIENCED A STRANGE SENSATION.

From the first whiff, Amy experienced a strange sensation. Those terrible throbbing nerves began to quiet down, the headache left her, and she began to see before her half-closed eyes beautiful visions of a stream of Christianized Chinese who all turned their happy faces towards her. They at last merged into Lane, who bent over her and was gently shaking her by the shoulder.

"Come, White Fairy must go," he whispered, and dazed, moving like one in a dream, she suffered him to lead her out into the fresh air. She had been in there barely an hour, and yet in that time her fate was sealed. The man had not allowed her to smoke long, just a few moments, so that she felt little if any ill effects of the drug. All her nervousness was gone; the wracking headache which made so many of her hours hideous, was gone, and she felt in a half-somnolent state that appeared delicious. When he left her at her own door, the Chinese was satisfied, for he knew that he had begun his chain of victims. He had no notion then to assail her purity; his attack was to be made upon her by means of the overpowering influence of the drug most certainly enslaves its victim.

The next day she was ill, and her nerves tortured her until she was nearly frantic. At last she sent for a physician, who helped along the work, although unconsciously, by giving her a hypodermic injection of morphia. On Sunday Amy was still suffering severely from nervousness and headache and longed for a soothing drug, and Lane, noting her condition, asked her if she would like to pursue her studies of his people any further. Amy shook her head, determined not to run any risk for she felt that she saw and smelled the fumes she felt would give momentary relief from her suffering. Her nervous condition made her an easy victim. Many others would not have gone under at the first dose as she, but Lane knew how to make his selection, and even as she protested understood what the outcome would be. Within an hour from the time Amy stood with bowed head to receive the benediction of the superintendent of the mission, she was lying on a bunk, eagerly breathing in the fumes of the most demoralizing drug the world knows, the Judas of drugs that betrays with each breath, that weakens the body, the soul down to perdition.

After this poor Amy's downfall was rapid. She soon found that once a week was not often enough, and soon each evening saw her in the den that ran back under the sidewalk, although she soon grew indifferent, and would rush in and throw herself down on a bunk among the Chinese,

not caring who saw her just so she secured the drug that was destroying her body and mind. She kept on at the mission, where Lane steadily advanced in favor, and he soon became prosperous, for he drained the girl dry of every cent she possessed. He induced other girls to indulge in opium smoking, and also blackmailed them, but it was to Amy that he inclined, and when after some months of trying to keep up appearances, Amy was discovered in her terrible habit, he secluded the girl in a den of wretchedness he was part owner, and there she is now living, never raising herself from her opium stupor long enough to ask that he marry her. Lane was for a while one of the leading lights among converted Chinese, and it was thought he was doing a great work, and so he was. He accumulated considerable property, wrung from his victims, until his sins found him out and he had to change his name again and seek a new field of operation where he was not known.

Ling Moe had other ambitions. He wanted to learn English so that he could carry on his Chop Suey place, and he wanted a white wife. Soon after Mamie Webster became his teacher, he changed his name to Lionel Mason, and began to invite Mamie to come with him to eat Chop Suey and drink the delicious tea. His place was a very small one, but as he advanced in his English, it became more and more a favorite with parties of Mamie's friends. They flocked to it to see what kind of a Chin she was teaching, and came again to secure really excellent cooking, and the man who by this time declared himself converted, was able to move into larger quarters and was patronized largely by white people.

How can any American woman with self respect associate with the yellow man?

It being Lionel Mason's ambition to secure a white wife, he went about in the sly, cunning way of his race. He at first accustomed Mamie to being with him. Then he made her gifts, some very costly. At all times he dwelt upon his lonely state, and brought tears into her eyes at the thought of one exiled from his own, shunned by those with whom he was intellectually fitted to mingle. The girl was impulsive; she was almost a child to whom no man had ever made love, and the gentle, deferential manner of the Oriental, his flowery battery appealed to her in a way she did not quite appreciate and influenced her more than she realized. When he was finally moved into the quarters which were so much better, with his future assured, he asked her to come and look them over. If a white man had asked Mamie to come to his rooms she would have felt insulted. When a childlike Chinese did so, she thought it no harm. She had associated with him upon an entirely false premise. Her position as a teacher of this grown man, had put her above him, and created in her mind the idea that he was to be treated as a child. After the mission service was over, she went with him, chatting, laughing, strangely moved, and yet not understanding, a child herself, and trying to lead one almost double her age.

When he showed her through his well-ordered restaurant, the Chinese took her to the rear, and she was astonished at the luxury there.

"This is too fine for a man," she cried, looking about at the delicate embroidery, rich colored silks, and dainty ornaments.

"It is too fine for merely a man, but I am going to bring here a wife," he said softly.

At this she felt a tinge of jealousy which surprised her, and although she would not even confess it to herself, her beautiful, expressive face betrayed her emotion to the keen gaze of her yellow lover and a pair of arms stole about her, a soft voice poured into her ears words of fiery love, and before the week was out, Mamie Webster married the man she had taught in the mission.

Her mother frantically summoned in the aid of the police and discovered that this Chinaman had deserted a wife and children in Canton, and that he had left a girl-wife in San Francisco to mourn her downfall and curse the day when she had taught this same man in another mission. Nothing could be done with Mamie, however, for she was determined, infatuated and now lives with her yellow husband, who is not her husband legally, and is shunned by all white women, no matter how low they may be.

In the meanwhile, as these sad tragedies were unfolding, as Amy and Mamie drifted away from her, Nellie was having her own experiences.

During the summer that followed that eventful Sunday in the lives of these three friends, George Eberly came back from San Francisco, where he had been for the past year, and as he had loved Nellie all his life, having been her next-door neighbor, he asked her to marry him.

"No George," she said a little sadly, for she was human, and the thought of love and marriage was sweet, "I cannot marry you."

"Why not, dear, I would try to make you happy. I know I could," George pleaded.

Nellie shook her head. "I have seen too much in our own family of what happens when a husband and wife are divided in their religion," she said earnestly.

"But Nell, I wouldn't interfere with your religion. I joined the church myself not six months ago."

"I'm glad," she said rather indifferently. She had known George would do this. He was not an interesting, wicked, vicious heathen, but just a good, healthy, honorable American. "You don't sympathize in my work."

"Teaching Chinks? Well, I should say not," and George's honest face flushed. "I have wanted to speak to you about it ever since I came back. When I was out in Frisco I saw a mighty deal more of them than I wanted to, the house having a lot of dealings with them, and I understand them pretty well. Now take it from me, Nell, no Chinese wants to change his religion. They just go to that mission to learn English, better their business and to mix in with white women."

"George!" Nellie cried indignantly.

"I'm right Nell, and you are not."

The trouble is George, you judge the Chinese by externals. My life work is to Christianize as many as I can, and I am devoted to it," and her fair face flushed, and her eyes took on that distant expression so characteristic of those of mystics.

And this was her final reply to the honest American who adored her. Finding that he could not drive her image from his mind, George went back to San Francisco and plunged deeply into business, remaining away over two years. At last he met a dear, sweet girl, whom he learned to love, and he brought her back to his old home as his bride. After settling her at a hotel, he went out to look up some of his old friends, and almost the first he met was Nellie. They were watched by the slant eyes of one whose Oriental mind could not conceive of anything but an immoral friendship between man and woman. The depth of Nellie's degradation revealed in their brief talk made him sick at heart.

The next morning as George opened the paper, he was shocked at the head lines:

"PRETTY MISSION TEACHER, NELLIE MITCHELL FOUND STRANGLED IN CHOP SUEY RESTAURANT, CHINESE PUPIL SUSPECTED."

CONTINUED IN OCTOBER COMFORT

which describes her last meeting with her Chinese lover and her remorseful repentance of a life of shame. Was it suicide or murder? October Comfort tells.

"MY LADY BETH" By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER I.

"WELL, my Lady Beth, I have a letter from Philip. He writes that he will sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm the fifteenth of next month, and upon his arrival will give himself the pleasure of coming directly to see us to renew his acquaintance with old friends and to ascertain your convenience regarding a certain important event which is expected to occur sometime within the next six months. I hope, my dear, you are prepared to give him the welcome he has the right to expect." As he ceased speaking, the Honorable Silas Russell put down the letter he had been reading and beamed across the daintily spread breakfast table upon the no less dainty little lady clad in white, sitting opposite him, who was, at that moment, pouring her father his second cup of coffee.

"My Lady Beth" had colored violently during her father's remarks, while a tremor, threatening for a moment to upset the contents of the cup she was holding, seized her; then her scarlet lips were suddenly compressed into a straight, resolute line, her graceful shoulders were squared aggressively, the pretty head, with its shining pompadour of fine brown hair, in which there was a vivid touch of auburn crested itself with an air that suggested the revival of an unpleasant old-time memory. She shot a quick, searching glance at her father; then her white lids fell as she deliberately and silently dropped two cubes of sugar into the steaming coffee, and passed the cup to him.

The man frowned slightly as he received it, and at the same time scanned the downcast face of his daughter. He set the cup carefully beside his plate, and stirred its contents meditatively for a moment or two.

"Well?" he at length observed in a tone of inquiry.

Again the bright head was crested, and the long fringed lids flew up, revealing a pair of blazing dark blue eyes that looked straight into his. "What kind of welcome has Philip the right to expect?" she demanded in repressed tones.

"Why, the kind a fellow ought to have from the girl who is going to marry him," replied Mr. Russell, growing restless beneath the steady gleam of the danger signals opposite him.

"Father, I am not going to marry Philip Walton." The assertion was made in a tone of finality there was no mistaking.

An expression of blank astonishment swept over the face of the man, who a dull red flush slowly mounted to his brow. "Why Lady Beth!—we—I have always expected—" he began somewhat incoherently.

"Yes, papa, I know it has been expected and assumed in the family ever since Philip and I were children, that we should be married as soon as I reached my twenty-second birthday; but such assumptions were mistaken and such expectations were disappointed," sentimentally declared her pretty ladyship.

"But—but—think of your aunt Eliza's fortune!"

"Oh, if I could be allowed to forget it! It has been the bane of my life," interposed the girl impatiently. "What a sentimental old goose Aunt Eliza must have been any way to have made such a will in this enlightened half of the twentieth century," she went on with curling lips. "I know she loved Philip's father when she was a girl, and was heart-broken when she was cut out by her dearest friend. Then she transferred her affections to Philip and made an idol of him—at least after his mother's death—until I appeared upon the scene, when, loyalty demanding that she should not entirely ignore her own kin, she concocted this precious scheme of dividing her money between us, provided we would marry each other, and in this way accomplish her purpose to unite the houses of Crawford and Walton."

"I suppose you know what will become of this money if you don't fulfill the conditions of the will," gravely observed Mr. Russell, an expression of keen anxiety sweeping over his face.

"Yes, it is all to go to the Board of Foreign Missions. Well, the heathen may have it and welcome. I'm not going to be the sacrificial lamb offered upon the altar dedicated to Hymen by a love-sick old maid," tartly retorted Lady Beth.

"And Philip will also lose his half by your refusal," said her father, "and," referring to the letter lying near him, "it seems that he is returning prepared to do his part toward preserving it in the family."

"Well, if he is avaricious enough to lend himself to such a mercenary scheme I'm sorry for him, that is all I have to say about it," was the pert response.

"I'm not so sure that the money is the main object of his avarice, little girl," Silas Russell fondly and pointedly returned.

A wave of hot color swept to the brow of the "little girl." "You forget I was only a freckle-faced little thing with red hair and an absolutely unbearable temper when Philip went away, hence a very unattractive bride in prospect for any one," she flashed back at him. "Don't look so shocked, daddy dear," she suddenly interposed, breaking into a silvery laugh, but with a mocking light in her great blue eyes, "for it was true, even though I was your darling daughter, and I heard him say it."

"You heard Philip say that?" exclaimed the Honorable Silas Russell aghast.

"That was just what he said, though I'm sure I don't know what possessed me to tell you of it at this late day," said the girl in a tone of chagrin. "I expect my 'unbearable temper' has been upset by your letter, and so what was my own secret for ten years has slipped out unaware."

"Tell me about it, Lady Beth," said her father, gravely.

"Well, you know, as a kid, I always adored Philip. He was the Beau Brummel, the Sir Arthur of my childish ideals, and I was heart-broken the day I was told he was going to Japan with his father, who had been transferred to that branch of the firm's business. I fled from the sight of everybody, and, being a great tomboy as you doubtless recall, climbed into the old beech at the foot of the garden to have my cry out where no one could see me. I had just gotten myself in hand enough to control my sobs when Phil and Teddy Armstrong came along the meadow on the other side of the fence—they had been fishing—and stopped directly under the tree. I held my breath, and they could not see me on account of the dense foliage. Of course I'll be no end lonesome without you, Phil, but you are a mighty lucky fellow," Ted was saying. "Lucky?" repeated Phil rather gloomily. "Yes, with such a chance to see the world during this wonderful trip you're going to have; to say nothing about the fortune that is waiting for you later on." Oh, you refer to the money Miss Eliza has left me—a queer kind of bequest that," said Phil with a short laugh. "I guess you don't know the conditions that go to make up the tail to that glittering kite. 'What do you mean?' Ted asked. 'Well, old boy, since we've always confided our trials and tribulations to each other, I'll tell you about this, though it is supposed not to be talked of outside the family circle. When Miss Eliza was a girl she fell in love with my father. Her affection was not returned, and she nursed her grief in solitude for years—until after my mother died—when she transferred her fondness to me—and began to take a fresh interest in life. She made me no end of presents, kept me generously supplied with spending money,—greatly to my father's an-

noyance—and petted me to my heart's content. Of course I grew fond of her, and thought her the greatest woman on earth. When she died, a little while ago, she left a will dividing her fortune equally between Beth Russell—who is her sister's child—and me, provided we would marry when Beth comes of age—that's the tail to the glittering kite, Ted." "Great Scott! the old girl must still have had a latent spark of romance in her, in spite of her youthful disappointment. It looks to me as if she had kept it alive by reading those old-fashioned English match-making novels," laughed Ted. "But what will happen if you kick over the traces? 'Oh, the whole pile is to be handed over to the Board of Foreign Missions if either of us balk.' 'Jingo! that's a corker, isn't it? It makes each responsible for the other—a kind of twin case of being your brother's keeper, eh? You are years older than Beth, too.' 'She is eleven and I am nineteen,' said Phil sulkily. 'That's hard luck to clip your amorous wings at such an impressionable age,' said Ted laughing, 'and force a ten-year engagement upon you, regardless of whether you and your bride-elect will be congenial to each other at the end of that time. Still, Beth is a bright little thing, and she may develop into a beauty later on.' 'A beauty!' roared Phil in a passion, 'that freckle-faced, little fright with her red hair and pug nose, to say nothing about her absolutely unbearable temper.' 'Why, Phil, I really thought Beth was a favorite of yours,' Ted observed in surprise. 'Well, she is nice in many respects, and I have made something of a pet of her,' Phil owned reluctantly. 'And hectoring her unmercifully, too, at times, which may perhaps account for the flashes of temper you so criticize. I think Beth is a trump, for a girl of her age, in spite of the freckles, red hair, and pug nose.' Teddy shot back at him, and I have adored him ever since for his loyal defence of that wretched little eavesdropper up in the tree," Beth interjected a little catch in her breath. "Good for you, Ted," he presently resumed, "guess I'm the one who has lost my temper this time." Phil confessed sadly, "but I reckon you'd kick to be held by a leash of this kind for ten years. It puts a fellow on his honor, too, otherwise the girl will lose her half of the fortune when she should have the whole. If I could make over my share to her and settle it that way, I'd do it mighty quick, and be glad to be free. But come on, or I shall be letting go of myself again, and I must get home to lunch." Phil started on, but Ted stopped to tie his shoe-lacing. Suddenly he gave a great start, and cried out, "Jerusalem! in a queer tone, then sprang to his feet, and ran after Phil. You can perhaps imagine something of what happened up there in the tree after they were gone. It was a hot time I can tell you, and—and—well, I'm not going to live it over now, but I kept out of Phil's sight after that, and could not be found to bid him good by before he sailed. Now, daddy dear, do you think I will ever marry Philip Walton after that?" demanded Lady Beth, in conclusion, lifting a pair of glittering eyes to her father, but having absolutely no color in her face.



"I CLIMBED INTO THE OLD BEECH TREE AT THE FOOT OF THE GARDEN TO HAVE A CRY, WHEN PHIL AND TEDDY CAME ALONG. PHIL STOPPED ON AND TED RAN AFTER HIM."

Silas Russell sat staring at his plate for a full minute after she had concluded, while his countenance expressed varying emotions. Then he looked up and smiled fondly upon her.

"You certainly are not a 'freckle-faced little fright with red hair and a pug nose' now," he observed in such an emphatic tone that her color came back with a rush and the girl dimpled and sparkled like her own bright self once more.

"Thank you, papa; that was very pretty. But how about the 'absolutely unbearable temper'?" she mischievously queried.

"I can stand it," the man drily returned, but with a responsive twinkle in his fond eyes. "Guess you will have to for a while longer, at any rate," she retorted, nodding saucily at him. Then she added reflectively, "I know I was a veritable little spitfire as a child, especially when those boys used to twist me about my red hair and pug nose. Oh, daddy, the hours I've labored over that nose! It isn't so very objectionable now, do you think?" she interjected with an assumption of comic anxiety as she caressingly stroked that dainty, though slightly retreuous feature.

"The nose is all right, your ladyship," said the gentleman with much gravity. "It is just enough out of the ordinary to let the world know that its possessor has a mind of her own, and is eminently capable of looking out for number one."

"Now you are laughing at me, sir," returned the girl severely, "but there is many a true word spoken in jest as I'm going to prove to you, for I'm not going to marry Philip."

"Pshaw, Beth! It isn't like you to nurse a spite for so many years," said her father, in a conciliatory tone. "Philip is a high-spirited fellow, and doubtless spoke rashly under the impulse of the moment, I know he used to be fond of you."

"Oh, yes, in the way a fellow would be fond of a pet monkey that he plays with one moment and teases the next," the girl responded with a touch of bitterness in her tone. "But aside from the point at issue, what does he say about himself after all these years?" she concluded with a furtive glance of curiosity at the open letter lying beside her father's plate.

"He hasn't been a very good correspondent, I admit," said Mr. Russell as he lifted the letter, and ran his eye across its contents. "It is

dated from London," he resumed. "He refers to his father's death, which you remember he notified us of about three years ago, then adds that it took him two years to settle his affairs and get the business in shape. Since then he has been traveling extensively in Europe, but is now prepared to return and locate in his native land. He says he longs for home and home friends, and desires his kindest remembrances to be given to Lady Beth—let me see, it was Philip who bestowed your title upon you, wasn't it?"

"Did he? I never heard that before," said Beth, fustian again. "I only know you have called me so ever since I can remember. I think it rather silly, too," she concluded, suddenly resenting what had been her pet name all her life among her dearest friends.

"Yes, Phil gave it to you. You were only three years old when the Waltons came to be our neighbors. The first time he called here with his mother he saw one of your dolls lying on a chair, and picking it up, gravely examined it. You slipped down from the nurse's lap, toddled over to where he sat, stamped your foot angrily at him and cried out, 'Boys, my Peggy—give me my Peggy.' He meekly placed the doll in your hands, whereupon you stamped your foot authoritatively again and said, 'Boys, go home!' Phil laughed heartily at the command, then made you a very gentlemanly bow saying, 'My Lady Beth, your will is law,' and walked straight out of the room. It amused everybody immensely, and so ever since you have been my Lady Beth to us all."

How interesting especially as it emphasizes the fact of Philip's varied experiences in connection with my 'unbearable temper' from his earliest acquaintance with me," observed Beth with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

Mr. Russell bit his lips and wished he had not allowed himself to become reminiscent.

"Well, according to this, we may look for him in about four weeks, for doubtless he will come to us as soon as possible after landing," he observed after a moment of silence.

"But, papa, you know we go to Aunt Prue's the eighteenth of this month to remain six weeks," Beth objected.

"We must not be away when Philip arrives," Mr. Russell gravely observed. "We will write and explain the circumstances to Prue. And, little girl," he continued growing suddenly white about the mouth, "I hope you will make up your mind to carry out the conditions of your Aunt Eliza's will, or—"

"Or what?" questioned Beth, startled by her father's look and tone.

"Or you may wake up some morning to find yourself homeless and penniless."

"Papa! what do you mean?"

"My dear, the recent panic in Wall street has knocked all my props from under me. My business is in a terrible tangle—the firm of Russell & Gage is on the brink of failure."

CHAPTER II.

"Don't do it, my dear; don't ever marry anybody for money. It's a crime, it's sacrilege, and I'm sure I can't see what induced Eliza Crawford to make such a fool-will to hamper a couple of children like you and Philip Walton, from your youth up."

"But papa wants me to do it, auntie. He says that at his time of life it is doubtful if he ever recovers his financial footing, and after his affairs are settled, there may be little or nothing left for us to live upon unless he can have this money to start him again."

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

"I can't help it. It is belittling to any good woman, or man either, to take such a vital step for greed of gold. I'm surprised that Silas would think of such a thing! And you will surely repent it, unless,

if he failed to fulfill his part of that arbitrary contract, he would deprive you of the half of the fortune which, as he said, should have been wholly yours. Then, too, he has kept himself free all these years, and has now returned, before the stipulated time expires, with the evident intention of securing to you your inheritance."

"And his own to himself," interjected Beth somewhat sharply.

"I do not know about that, of course," gravely replied Miss Prue. "It may be he has grown avaricious, but I think you told me he said if he could make over his share to you and settle the matter that way, he should be glad to do it; which goes to prove that he was a generous-hearted fellow at that time. How do we know that he has not met someone, during these ten years, whom he would like to marry, but has held himself free because he believed he was bound by honor to secure to you your Aunt Eliza's legacy?"

"Aunt Prue, I never thought of that!" cried Beth, sitting erect and growing suddenly white.

Miss Russell studied the girl's face for a moment; then she placidly remarked, "You see there are a good many things to be considered from his point of view as well as from your own; but, as I have already said, do not for a moment contemplate this marriage simply to secure this money. I know your father favors the idea, and will be disappointed if it fails, especially after his recent misfortunes, but you are both welcome to share what I have, and there is plenty; besides, what I have, together with the farm, will all go to you, dearie when I am through with it."

"Oh, Aunt Prue, don't breathe such a thought. I pray that time may not come for years and years," cried Beth with a queer catch in her breath. "It is dear of you to always make us so welcome here, and I love to be with you. What could I have done alone, with papa so ill, if we could not have come here to you?"

"Yes, he is better here than he would be anywhere else, for it is quiet and he is absolutely free from care," Miss Russell returned, adding, "And now that he has begun to improve, we want the good work to go on, so I really think dear, it will be better for you not to run away, but stay here to meet Mr. Walton next week when he comes as he has planned. Or, if you prefer, you can write him a frank letter stating exactly how you feel, and allow him to use his own judgment about coming. If he is the man I hope he is, he will not press this marriage when he realizes how repugnant the thought of it is to you, and he may think it best to drop it without any attempt to discuss it personally, since it could not fail to be an awkward interview for you both."

Beth sat silent for several minutes thinking the matter over, and Miss Prue, covertly observing her, thought her fair face wore a strangely anxious, weary expression for one so young. At length she looked up. "I will write the letter," she said. "I will do it now, and have it with me when I see him. I will write the letter."

She arose with a sigh, stooped to kiss Miss Prue, and left the room, the gentle, meditative eyes of the elder woman following her yearningly as she went.

Beth had been appalled by her father's startling information, related at the opening of our story, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and during the day and night that followed she had fought a terrible battle with herself.

Silas Russell and his daughter were all that were left of their immediate family, and, for years, they had been all in all to each other. Thus when the girl learned of his misfortune, she was torn between the desire to secure her share of Miss Crawford's legacy which would set her father at once upon his financial feet, and her long-cherished resentment against Philip whom, as a child, she had adored, but whose thoughtless and unfortunate remarks to his chum, Teddy Armstrong, had broken her girlish heart and destroyed her faith in him. She had vowed up in the dense foliage of the beech tree that she would never, never marry Philip even though forty fortunes, equal to Aunt Eliza's were to be forfeited, and she had never swerved during the intervening years, from that decision.

She would not, as she had said, see him after that; she would not even go down to bid him good by when he went to make his adieu on the day of his departure for Japan. She did not answer his letters nor make any response to messages sent through his friend Ted; neither did she talk about him to Ted, always evading or changing the subject if he spoke of Philip, and meeting her on the street once with a package in his hand, Ted told her that Philip had sent him some photographs of himself, and he offered to give her one if she wished. She thanked him rather loftily, and remarked with an assumption of utter indifference that she did not care for one; then wondered at the peculiar grin that overspread Ted's good-natured face as he walked away with his unopened package under his arm.

"I can't do it even to save papa," she had finally declared after the exhaustive struggle following their conversation at the breakfast table. "I would rather live on a crust with him than be forced upon a man who does not want me."

But she lacked the courage to tell her father so, and for two or three days she went about in a very unhappy frame of mind until, on the fourth morning, Mr. Russell suddenly collapsed under his severe mental strain, and his physician ordered him to drop everything and go away immediately for rest and quiet. This emergency aroused Beth for the time, from her individual troubles. She took matters into her own hands, telegraphed Miss Prudence Russell to send to the station for them on the arrival of a certain train the next evening, and almost before Silas Russell realized what had happened, he found himself resting, without a care, in the refreshing atmosphere of his boyhood's home.

The ten days that followed were anxious ones for his loving nurses, but at the end of that time he began to rally, and had fair soon to be himself again physically, and now, three weeks having passed, he was able to be around, and was anxiously looking forward to the arrival of Philip Walton who would be due in New York in about a week. Naturally sanguine, Silas Russell believed that matters could be amicably arranged between Beth and the young man; and he hoped that his daughter's share of the fortune, secured through the marriage, would help give him another chance to reestablish himself in the business world. As the time drew near for Philip's return, Beth had grown very nervous and anxious until, unable longer to bear her burden alone, she had confided her troubles to her aunt who, as we have seen, proved to be not only a hearty sympathizer with her niece, but also a wise counselor.

It was the first of June when Philip Walton again set foot in his native city, Boston. He proceeded directly to his hotel, Young's—which he had given as his temporary address to the friends to whom he had written announcing his return. Here, among a lot of other mail matter, he found Beth's letter awaiting him.

She had written in a friendly, yet dignified tone, acknowledging the letter from him that informing him of Mr. Russell's recent misfortunes and the sudden illness following, also of his present whereabouts. Then, in concluding, she referred to his message to her, in which he had said he would "await her convenience regarding a certain important event that was expected to occur sometime during the following six months."

"Of course I understand that you refer to the condition in Aunt Eliza's bequest to you and me," she wrote. "I sincerely hope, Philip, that your heart is not set upon securing this money in this way, for I feel that it will be impossible for me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

J. W. F., Pageville, Ky.—We believe it is pretty generally conceded that the phonograph was invented by Thomas A. Edison. It made its first public appearance about 1878.

H. T. E., Parsons, Tenn.—Such firms advertise in COMFORT. Write to them.

A. H., Washburn, Wis.—Address the actress care Dramatic Mirror, New York City, or at Short Hills, N. J. (2) George H. Tyler, No. 2 West 38th St., New York City.

B. F., Blairville, Pa.—See answer above to "A. M. S., Mebane, N. C." (2) We keep no record of addresses.

W. S., Parkersburg, Ore.—Better send a quarter and get Combs' book on palmistry, then you can read your own palm. Palmistry is really worth knowing a good deal about.

E. C. S., Reepsville, N. C.—We know very little about the wireless telegraph business and have no idea of the requirements, pay, etc. If you will write to Superintendent, Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., New York City, you may be able to get some information at first hands. Inclose postage for reply.

L. F., Grassrange, Mont.—Write to John W. Sargent, No. 243 West 125th St., New York City, inclosing postage.

Mrs. S. B., Kouts, Ind.—Write to the Editor of The Survey, No. 105 East 22nd St., New York City, stating exactly what kind of a girl you want to give a home to and you will get one from the proper authorities, to whom you may return her if she is not what you want. This is a much better plan than to get a girl of whom you know nothing and who may cause you a great deal of trouble.

M. P., Chillicothe, Cal.—You must make your own market for kodak pictures. So many amateur photographers are everywhere in the country that only those who know how to get novel and original effects can sell them generally. If you want work at home, why not open a "gallery" and take photographs? It is as much as any that we know of, woman's work, and the field is practically uncultivated except by men. Learn to be a good photographer and open your own studio if you want to make a nice living.

Marie Magdalene, Milano, Texas.—Charlotte M. Braeme, to the best of our knowledge, is dead. If you have one of her books, write to her in care of the publisher and see what answer you get.

G. V. P., Oxford, Minn.—Write to the Charity Organization Society, No. 138 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., and you will get all the information you want.

C. E. S., Bradon, Minn.—A kilogram is equal to 1,000 grams, or 2.2 pounds. A millimeter is the thousandth part of a meter which is 39.37 inches, or one ten millionth of the distance from the equator to the north pole. A centimeter is the hundredth part of a meter. Don't you have dictionaries in Bradon?

H. W. P., Dewey, Ky.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

Mrs. B. Forsha, Box 60, Blairville, R. D. 4, Pa., would like to hear from COMFORT readers about old coins they have for sale, or exchange. She would like to know the dates of the coins they have.

W. C. B., Hedrick, Ia.—We do not know the laws of the state of Iowa in the matter of veterinary practice and you will have to consult a lawyer at your county seat. We should say a diploma from a correspondent school would be sufficient, if you could pass the examination for a license. No diploma is of any value if you can't pass the examination.

C. McD., Lakewood, Fla.—Write to the Charity Organization Society, No. 138 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

F. E. K., Crosby, Ala.—Advertise it in the Mobile and Birmingham papers.

T. O. H., Gadsden, Ala.—You can get gutta serena in small quantities from retail dealers near you. If you want more, write to Goodrich Rubber Co., 787 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. B. T., Carpio, N. D.—Your state geologist should be able to give you all the needed information. He knows and it is his business to take care of the interests of the people of his state. Write to him. We don't believe N. Dak. has such an official, but a better informed state geologist, Blomquist, will have some kind of an answer. If it can't be done in your state, try Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. What is a paying quantity of gold or silver to the ton depends upon location and difficulty of mining. The great Douglas Mine in Alaska makes money with only one dollar and fifty cents to the ton of ore. Others fall with ten times that amount.

J. M. F., Ringgold, La.—So-called falling stars are supposed to be parts of heavenly bodies of some kind, possibly like our own, which have disintegrated and been scattered through space. (2) Webster gives preference to chinkapin. Chinkapin and chinquapin are also used. (3) Columbus had his first sight of our shores on Friday. He did not discover America.

M. E. C., Senatobia, Miss.—Our list of bonding companies does include Mississippi. Ask the authorities conducting the public works.

H. B. A., Brown's Hill, S. C.—We do not think any such arms exist. If they do we do not know them.

L. R. H., Duck, W. Va.—We can't vouch for the thorough reliability of any book on astrology, but if you will write to Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, O., they can supply you with as reliable a one as anybody can. Astrology is reliable up to a certain point, but beyond that it becomes uncertain.

J. B. S., Princeton, Ky.—We fear the amber beads are not a reliable cure for gonorrhea. You had better talk to a sensible doctor about it.

J. H., Sulphur Lake, Ky.—We believe there is a great field for women as photographers, but they must be women of some artistic taste and like the work, or they will be no better than the men are. We refer now to the general run of men photographers in the smaller cities and towns. These are the places the women should go. You should have a studio not an "art gallery", and you should know all the little artistic things to do to make your pictures successful. The School of Photography at Effingham, Ill., is the only one we know of that is most convenient to you. There may be a school at Cincinnati. Inquire of the postmaster, inclosing postage for reply.

Mrs. H. W., Jackson, Ohio.—See answer above to "J. H."

L. E., Deer Park, Wis.—Inquire about work on the Panama Canal of the Panama Canal Commission, Washington, D. C.

W. D. M., Dodgeville, Wis.—It depends upon the student how long will be required to go through "a Art School" and the cost would depend upon the time spent there. Write to Art League, No. 218 West 57th St., New York City. (2) There is no law that we know of against a boy marrying his stepmother's sister, except the law of the stepmother. (3) Unless you can reach blood-root by the ear and it will not pay to ship it.

H. W. E. K., Kramer, N. Dak.—Write to George Tillyou, Steeples Chase Park, Coney Island, New York City, inclosing postage for reply. If he cannot supply you, ask him to give your letter to someone who can.

A. E. G., New Market, Va.—We know of no such firms, but there should be a Woman's Exchange at Richmond. Address a letter to Woman's Exchange there, with your address in the corner of the envelope and if there is none the letter will be returned to you.

What We Sell On Credit

Furniture, Carpets
Rugs, Draperies
Stoves, Ranges
Silverware, Chinaware
Pianos, Graphophones
Lamps, Clocks
Sewing Machines
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8 to 14 Months to Pay



Solid Oak Upholstered Rocker.
Richly carved,
golden oak finish.
Fabric-covered
Leather.

75c first payment,
50c monthly payments.
Total price, \$5.85.



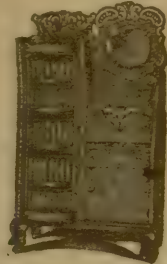
M-8417—Brussels Rug, 9x12 feet.
Green background. Red and pink roses. Highest grade.

\$2.25 first payment, \$1.00 monthly payments. Total price, \$14.65.



M-5722—Kitchen Cabinet.
Seasoned hardwood frame,
solid oak front, 61 in. high.

\$1.25 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, \$7.65.



M-6002—Combination
Bookcase & Writing Desk.
Solid oak, golden finish;
bent glass door; French
bevel plate mirror. Stands
70 inches high.

\$2.25 first payment, \$1.00 monthly payments. Total price, \$12.65.



M-6060—Gothic Iron Bed, very massive.
Best quality malleable iron and Bessemer
steel. All parts framed and jointed. All
colors and sizes.

75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, \$4.95.



E-3824—Victor Empire
Hot Blast. 10-inch firepot.
Burns all fuel.

75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, \$4.95.



E-3794—Marvel Empire
Base Burner, with 12-inch
firepot. Self feeding.

\$3.75 first payment, \$1.75 monthly payments. Total price, \$24.95.



E-2490—Mutual Empire Steel
Range, with 6 1/2-inch covers. Blue
steel body, asbestos lined; 14-inch
oven; high closet; porcelain lined
reservoir.

\$3 first payment, \$1.50 monthly payments; total price, \$21.95.

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No store in America shows an equal variety. And no store can possibly meet our prices—that we guarantee. With this catalog, you can sit by your fireside and see all the best housefurnishings the world has to offer. The pictures are perfect—some are in actual colors. And all things are sold on credit.

No Risk Whatever

If you see something you want, tell us to ship it, and we will send it on 30 days' trial. Then see how the article looks in your home. Compare our price with others. Use it a month before you decide about keeping it. If you are not satisfied with the article or the price, simply send it back. We will pay the freight both ways. You are under no obligation whatever. Isn't that immensely fair?

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We bring these city credit conveniences to everyone everywhere. No matter where you are, or how little you earn, your credit is good with us. No interest, no security, no publicity, no "red tape." We are originators of the open account credit plan. You can have, on the average, over a year to pay.

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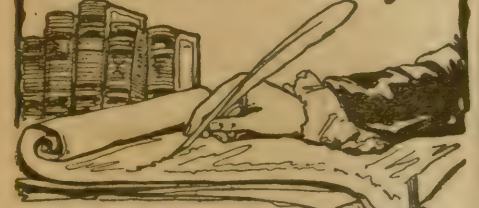
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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader desires other than a subscription, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. C. B. H., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion, that, your mother's aunt is your great aunt.

Gertie C. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the real estate of any deceased intestate which shall have come by descent or devise, or deed of gift from any ancestor, is distributed as follows: (1) To the children or their legal representatives; (2) If no children, then to the husband or wife absolutely. We think that, if your husband predeceases his parents, his estate could only hold the farm under life lease to them subject to their lease and that your right in this property would only accrue upon their death and would terminate with your own death as your interest would only be a life estate.

E. B., Texas.—We are of the opinion, that you need not allow your neighbor any time to remove his fence from your land but that you can compel him to do so forthwith; but that you should, before doing so, make sure his fence is on your land, as if it should afterwards prove not to be you might get yourself in serious trouble for removing it.

M. R., Kentucky.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the note you mention is not a mortgage upon the land you mention, and would have to be reduced to a judgment before it would become a lien upon the land.

Mrs. J. W., Virginia.—We are of the opinion, that your mother can legally dispose of her property in such manner as she may see fit, and that she can disinherit you by her will if she chooses to do so, provided, of course, she be of sound mind, possesses testamentary capacity, and no undue influence is exercised upon her.

E. B., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that, unless the will is wholly in the hand of the testator, two witnesses are necessary to a will. We think that such a delay as you suggest in the contesting of a will will practically defeat a contest.

N. F., Iowa.—We think you should use your married name, but, at the same time, we very much doubt that you would reap any benefits if you did use your maiden name.

Mrs. H. A. N., California.—Unless the road you mention was legally taken up by your local authorities, we think you could close the road and defend your possession against trespassers. You might also bring an action for damage against the man who built the road. Of course we base this opinion upon the assumption, that your title to the land is a good and absolute one.

M. R. R., Illinois.—Unless in some way B. has acquired an easement to use the road across A.'s land, we think A. can close the road and refuse to allow B. to pass over it, and that he can lock the gates and defend his possession of his own land. If the road

is taken up by your local authorities, we think A. would be entitled to pay for his land. The great danger, we think, in A.'s defending his rights and closing the road rests in the possibility or probability that at some time or in some manner A. has granted B., or some predecessor of A. or B., an easement of the use of this road, and if this should be the case, we think B. would have a right to the use of the road.

M. B. H., Ohio.—We think the Justice of the Peace you mention, had jurisdiction of the case you mention, and that he could dispose of it in the manner you mention.

V. McC., Delaware.—It will be necessary for you to locate the place of residence of your mother and ancestors at the time of their death leaving property, and then the records of that place should furnish you with the desired information.

W. J. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: (1) that married women have all the property rights of unmarried ones, except that they must be joined by the husband in the conveyance of the homestead when owned by them; (2) that you should communicate with the Bureau of Free Laws, Washington, D. C.

M. H., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the man you mention leaving no will and leaving no children, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest in his real estate for life, the balance going to his father, mother, brothers, sisters or their descendants.

J. W. Ada., Michigan.—We think that the power to compel you to build a sidewalk in front of your property depends entirely upon your local ordinances. We think you should complain to your local board of health about the unhealthy condition of your neighbor's drain.

E. J. A. Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: (1) that if your deed was a full covenant and warranty one you were bound to give the purchaser of the property a good title; (2) that the statute of limitations was against such an indebtedness as you describe within four years from the time of the last evidence of indebtedness; (3) that the ordinances of almost all municipalities require peddlers to have licenses.

J. W. M., California.—Under the laws of this state and upon your statements of facts, we are of the opinion, that the property of the man you mention will, upon his death, leaving no will, and no widow or descendants, and leaving no parent surviving him, go to his brother and sisters and the descendants of any such as shall have predeceased him leaving issue in equal shares, the children of a deceased brother or sister dividing among them their parent's share.

A. C. S., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your father leaving no will, his widow will receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, the balance going to the children and the issue of any child who may have predeceased him leaving issue. Upon his death an administrator should be appointed of the estate. The administrator should then dispose of the personal property and divide the real estate as set forth. The widow will probably be appointed administrator if she makes application.

A. K. B., Texas.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that A. was guilty of conversion and that B. can recover his property in a proper action.

Mrs. J. J. W., Tennessee.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the grandsons would divide their parent's share.

M. T., Tennessee.—We think you should build your fence on the line, and that both you and your neighbor have a legal right to do this, but that if either of you build upon the land of the other you can be compelled to remove your fence. (2) We think you should have your deed recorded.

M. K., Minnesota.—Communicate with the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

L. D., Missouri.—We think the woman you mention should proceed against her husband for non-support; after she gets a court order providing for her support if he fails to comply with it, we think she can get a judgment and levy upon his property or have him committed for contempt of court. (2) We think desertion for the period of one year is a ground for divorce in your state.

M. M. K. C., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will, and no children, and no father, you would receive three quarters of his estate absolutely. If it exceeds one thousand dollars, if less, the whole estate, but that, if at the time of his death his mother should be dead you would receive the whole estate, provided, of course, he left no will, no children or descendants and no father.

W. M. Dobson, Texas.—We do not send personal answers and opinions for inclosed stamped envelopes. Your inquiry was answered through this column.

L. A. L. R., New York.—We think the property would go by the terms of the will, and that the woman you mention can disinherit her husband.

Mrs. W. G., Wisconsin.—You should make your complaint to the officer who appointed the commissioners you mention. It is hard to dislodge grafters from public office, but it is sometimes done.

M. A. D., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a husband, leaving no will, and leaving no children, his real estate would descend to his parents, brothers, sisters or their descendants, subject to a dower right of one third for life to his widow, and that this right would only extend to his portion of the land in which he has only an undivided interest.

Mrs. O. N. C., Iowa.—We are of the opinion, that under the laws of your state, upon the death of a woman owning real estate, and leaving no will, her surviving husband would receive dower of a one third interest for life, the balance going to her children in equal shares. We think the children can compel a division of the estate. We think that under the laws of your state children may be disinherited.

Mrs. L. B., Kentucky.—We think that, if the parties to the suit for damages are not satisfied with the judgment of the court, their recourse is to appeal from the judgment. We cannot form an opinion as to the fairness of the judgment without an inspection of the evidence produced on trial. Evidently there was some inequality in connection with the sale by the sheriff.

Mrs. M. E. A., Kentucky.—Upon your statements to us and if there are no other features to the agreement, we are of the opinion: (1) that he can; (2) that he cannot; (3) that the action should be brought promptly but that the statute of limitations would not run for five years, but that, if it is not brought promptly, it is very doubtful if B. will be able to successfully prosecute it.

F. A. M., Ohio.—If you can substantiate the facts as you state them to us, we do not think the firm you mention can enforce payment by you.

L. R. C., Georgia.—We are of the opinion, that an execution would not issue outside of the jurisdiction of the court, in which the judgment was recovered, and that it would be necessary to bring action upon a judgment recovered in the state courts of Alabama before issuing execution against property of the judgment debtor in Georgia.

M. E., Texas.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that you have no interest in the lands your husband sold; (2) that, if the title to the land is in your mother's name, she can sell it without the signature of her children, but that if it belongs to your father's estate and he left no will, the signature of all the heirs is necessary to the deed, unless the property is sold under judgment in a partition action, or otherwise partitioned.

Mrs. M., Minnesota.—We are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will, his estate will descend as follows: the homestead property to his surviving spouse for life with remainder over to his children by both marriages and the surviving issue of such as shall have died, the balance of the real estate and the personal property going one third to the surviving spouse and the balance to the children or the issue of those who shall have predeceased him in equal shares. We think that the children of the deceased sister of the unmarried man, who died leaving no will and leaving no parents, would receive from his estate, their mother's share.

J. D. B., Mississippi.—We are of the opinion that the custody of the child, whose parents are divorced, depends entirely upon the decree, or judgment of divorce which should have provided for the custody of the child. To obtain a modification of this decree, an application should be made to the court, but it is quite probable that the court will refuse to modify the decree.

Mrs. N. E. S., Oklahoma.—Upon your statements to us we think you should offer to return the instrument to the company you mention, upon their refunding the money you have paid.

E. W., Kansas.—We do not think the real estate man would be entitled to commission on a sale with which he had nothing to do, unless the authoriza-

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tion conferred upon him an exclusive privilege of making the sale.

J. S., Indiana.—We do not think your brothers and sisters can dispute your title to the property, provided the tax title under which you hold the property is a perfect and regular one.

H. L. J., Kansas.—We think that A. should bring a partition action and have his interest in the property determined.

Mrs. L. McK., Texas.—We think that it will be necessary for you to prove that you returned the goods in good condition before you can recover from the firm with which you had the transaction. We think you should take up the matter with the Post-office Department. We think you should have registered the letter.

Mrs. M. E. G., Montana.—Upon your statements to us, we see no reason why the man who has been dishonorably discharged from the army cannot com-

pel the man for whom he now works to pay him for his services.

R. E. R., Indiana.—Under the laws of this state, we are of the opinion, that the heirs of your step-mother would be entitled to an interest in such property as your stepmother inherited absolutely from your father, provided they had not allowed the statute of limitation to run against their claim.

J. G.—We are of the opinion, that if the road you mention has been thrown open to the public for a period of thirty years, the same cannot be closed provided the proper steps are taken at the time the attempt is made to close the same.

T. D. L., Arkansas.—We are of the opinion that the collection of the note you mention can be legally enforced, provided the holder thereof can prove a valuable consideration for same, and provided the maker of the note is of financial responsibility.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A. S. Crabtree, Pa.—If the young man is nice and you know his brother, we see no serious objection to your driving with him, even if you have only met him for the first time. But don't drive with strangers on such short acquaintance.

Queen May, Bismarck, N. Dak.—Let your mother know about the correspondence. (2) Girls of twenty-one frequently marry without letting their mothers know about it, but they are often very sorry they did.

Friend, Hereford, Ariz.—Sometimes the lady rises to an introduction and sometimes she does not. She may do as she pleases. To any old person, however, she should rise. (2) It is the lady's privilege to speak first.

Southern Girl, Oakland, Cal.—If she does not wish his company she should decline it with thanks, and give him any excuse she sees fit. Society complacently winks at any lie which may be told under such circumstances. Of course, the right way would be to tell him frankly why, but nobody ever does it. (2) We think it would be nicer if the girl did not sit in the hammock at night with him, but some very nice young people do sit in hammocks at night. (3) Do not send a second card if the first is not acknowledged, unless you are traveling and you are sending cards merely to show where you are.

Betsy, Penn Laird, Va.—A girl in her teens, or at any age, should not under any circumstances allow her best fellow to sit in company with his arm around her for half the afternoon. That is altogether too long. Half an hour should satisfy anybody but a pig-human pig, we mean. (2) He must be a queer sort of a chap who wants to go only half way home with the girl, or she must be very unattractive. Something is wrong somewhere. Anyhow don't you let him go only half way; all the way or not at all.

K. B. Raleigh, N. C.—As we do not wish to make the lot of the postal clerk any harder we firmly but respectfully decline to give you the so-called postage stamp directions. The only place for a stamp on a letter for mailing is in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. Put it there.

Mignonette, Marysville, Cal.—Rosy cheeks are nature's contribution and you cannot have them unless you live close to nature—good eating, good sleeping, good living. Even then they are not always possible. Painted cheeks are not rosy, they are awful. You will get as good a tan and freckle lotion at the drug-store as we can tell you how to make and it will cost less. (2) As far as the door is the usual distance to go with him, but, of course, if you think heaps and heaps of him you might go as far as the gate if it is a clear night and you don't stay out there more than one minute and three quarters. If it is a rainy night, take an umbrella.

E. A. Cornish, Okla.—Use your own sense of propriety in wearing mourning. The custom is to wear it two years for a husband, but we are not favorably disposed to the mourning habit and would abolish it if we could. Sorrow would instinctively shrink from "glad rags," but it is not necessary, we think, to wear for two long years the humiliation of woe. As to the heavy mourning veils, they should not wear in at all. They are not only warm and stifling, but they are unsanitary, the dye stuffs being injurious. We are slow to learn, but by and by, the present style of wearing mourning will be considered not much better than the custom in India of widows being burned on their husbands' funeral pyres.

Troubled Boy, Sapora, Miss.—Don't be in too much of a hurry to win her. A girl eight months older than a boy knows about seventeen times as much as he does and she isn't rushing headlong into matrimony. We do not know how old she is, but we do know that she has a lot more judgment than you have. What is the use of your going to her and making your heart open to her and asking her to say yes or no. Do you want her to say no? Then wait a while and let her begin to wonder why you don't propose. That's the time to get her.

Two Puzzled Chums, Chemung, N. Y.—It is generally considered improper and unladylike for a girl to allow her escort to kiss her good night, but it is really astonishing how many of them do it, when they know it is not good form. In our opinion—well, we used to be a thinker ourselves. (2) An evening drive should not extend beyond ten o'clock. There is no especial reason for this, we suppose, but it is just as well for girls not to be driving around the country at late hours. Gossams will talk. (3) Never.

Ignorance, Indianapolis, Ind.—It is not good form for the man who takes a lady to the car, to offer her a morsel with which to pay her fare, and we sincerely hope it is not recognized as such in the House of Representatives.

Troubled Heart, Nobel, Mo.—It may turn out all right for a girl to marry a man whose parents were both consumptives, but we don't think one should marry that kind of a man if there were any other kind to be had. Yet, if she did marry him, and he should die early, the memory of her married life might be the dearest thing in the world to her, and that would be worth the sacrifice. (2) There are no rules of etiquette concerning a girl meeting her betrothed after an absence of a year, and we suppose she might welcome him with any demonstration she pleased. (3) You may do as you wish about serving ice cream and cake to the wedding couple about to depart to their home in a different state. However, if they were deserting immediately after an early breakfast, it would hardly be what fashionable persons call, *comme il faut*, to feed them ice cream.

Kid, Robinson, W. Va.—The man lends the way into church unless he is a stranger there and the lady knows best where to sit, if she hasn't her own pew. (2) The lady has the privilege of speaking first, but this rule is not rigorous among friends and acquaintances.

E. W. Green Port, Cal.—Since you have encouraged his attentions and now don't want them any longer, it would only be fair to him and decently polite to tell him your feelings and wishes in the matter. Why do you want to snub him and let him find out for himself? Do you think that is ladylike? He would be almost justified in starting any sort of a story about why you had acted so. You could hardly afford that, could you?

B. B. M. Broken Bow, Neb.—Tall girls are quite the thing, you know, but of course, not too tall. Six feet is just a bit high for a girl, but we have noticed that they seem to be about as popular as the dumpy style. (2) See answer above to "Two Puzzled Chums."

M. M. B. Nashua, Ga.—Thank him for his invitation and accept it, if you want to go with him. But thank him anyway. Always thank anyone for any kind of courtesy extended, no matter how trifling it may be. Having been anywhere with a young man, tell him after you come back that you have had a pleasant time and appreciate his kindness. It's the little things that count in the sum of human happiness and no one should be neglectful of them. Etiquette does not count at all when it sanctions the ignoring of the smaller amenities of life.

Honey Boy, Clitherall, Minn.—Restrain your impetuosity until you know certainly whether or not it is the other fellow. She isn't ready yet to decide and you shouldn't lose her by forcing a decision. Give her time, but don't get dilly over her while you wait, because it will hurt worse if she decides against you. Can't you be sensible when in doubt?

Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.—As you are engaged to him it was quite proper to take his arm on the beach in the daytime, and it was nasty mean of him to reproach you for it. If you had not been engaged he might have been justified in asking you not to take it, but he should have done it so as not to hurt your feelings. It is none of our business, but we want to say to you if you marry him eventually, he will hurt your feelings a good many times. The kind of a man is not the happy kind to live with.

E. T. Somersdale, O.—Formalities among people in the same boarding-house are not strict, and it is quite permissible for them to talk with each other even though they have not been formally introduced. The chief matter to be considered is that you do not become too friendly with undesirable people.

Blue-eyed Beauty, Algona, Ia.—When a young man eats with his knife these days he shows that he is stupid or vulgar. No young man of good manners eats with his knife, and we think a lady would be perfectly justified in declining to take dinner with one who would not eat with his fork. Table manners indicate very clearly the cultivation of a man, or a woman, and carelessness in this respect is inexcusable. Of course, he shouldn't sit with one foot up on the other knee. The floor is the place for his feet. Where was he raised, anyhow?

Blue-eyed Ben, Alto, Ga.—Introductions are subject to circumstances, and strict rules cannot always be followed. In introducing a stranger to a family he should be introduced to each member. Or he might be introduced to the head of the family and he, or she, finish the introduction, but this is not usual. When a man marries a woman who does not know his family and friends she must meet them all individually. The best way is for them to invite all his friends to his house to meet his wife. At dances introductions are usually to those with whom the stranger is to dance, though at small affairs the stranger may meet all the people, though not necessarily at one time. Of course, if the dance is at a private home, the stranger must first be introduced to the host and hostess. When a stranger is introduced to several persons at once it is not expected that he will do much more than shake hands, or bow. Sometimes when everybody feels lively, the stranger may say after he has been introduced to all: "I'm very glad to meet so many nice people," or something like that. This would be quite informal and not by any rule.

Diffie Girl, Diffie, Ga.—Introductions at church are quite proper. Indeed, any stranger who comes to a church, either as a new member of the congregation, or simply to hear a sermon, should be met by the church people. Some city churches have a committee whose duty it is to meet all strangers and make them feel as much at home as possible. Even the fashionable church-going people, the fashionable members do not insist upon meeting strangers whom they know nothing about. We suppose they want to wait till they get to heaven to be introduced.

Brown Eyes, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Thank the bearer of the message, and say something pleasant about the sender. (2) Queer sort of a young man, isn't he, to stay away for a year then write to your father asking you to write to him. Have your father write to him and tell him he doesn't believe he wants a son-in-law like that in the family.

"My Lady Beth"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

to fulfill such a contract. We were but children—at least I was but a child—and far too young at the time you went away, when it was tacitly assumed by your family and mine that we would fulfill the conditions of the will, to realize what such a step might mean to us ten years later. We have grown to be almost like strangers during this time and, assuming that the thought of entering into such a union simply to secure this fortune to ourselves is as repulsive to you as it is to me, I write this to absolve you from such compulsory allegiance to me, and to ask you to tender the same favor upon your old-time friend. The letter closed cordially and was signed "Elizabeth Russell."

As Philip Walton finished his perusal of the above he shrugged his broad shoulders expressively, while a look of mingled amusement, chagrin and relief swept over his handsome face. "Hum—so she has no desire to become Mrs. Philip Walton. Even Aunt Eliza's fortune offers no temptation to marriage for her," he muttered as he refolded Beth's letter which faintly exhaled the odor of wood violets, a flower, he remembered, she had loved as a child, and for which they had hunted the woods together. He slipped it into its envelope and studied the superscription which possessed a peculiar individuality, somewhat reminding him forcibly of the little romp he had known ten years previous with the independent tilt of her freckled nose, and the utter fearlessness of her attitude whenever honesty and loyalty demanded her assent.

"Well, I'm free to confess it is a great relief to me," he thoughtfully went on. "The idea of this forced union has always been like an irritating curb to me. Yet what else could a fellow do, when a balk meant practically throwing the girl's fortune away? I'm mighty glad the proposition has come from her, though. I vow, it's a shame for all that money to go to the heathen, especially since her father has met with reverses and is ill. They ought to have the whole of it unconditionally. It is like Lady Beth's old-time honesty, however, to take her

stand in spite of everything, unless—Great Scott! there may be a lover in the case. I had not thought of that."

Again his broad shoulders went up. He had returned at this time imbued with a self-abnegating determination to marry Beth because his fine sense of honor forbade him to deprive her of her fortune by shirking his part of the obligation; and now to be greeted by her outspoken rejection of this voluntary sacrifice of his own feelings regarding the matter, wounded his pride and made him wonder if she had really outgrown her old-time adoration of him. With the perversity of human nature this latter thought of another lover made him suddenly resent the suggestion that he was perhaps being deprived by a usurper of something that had once been very pleasant to him.

He looked over the remainder of his mail, sorting out the letters which needed his immediate attention, after which he proceeded to answer Beth's letter first of all. He expressed the pleasure it gave him to hear from her, his deep regret to learn of Mr. Russell's recent misfortunes and illness, and his joy to know that he was recovering from the latter. Then in a manly, straightforward way he took up the chief point in her letter.

"Of course I shall absolve you, 'my Lady Beth,'" he wrote, "from all obligation in connection with this long-talked-of contract. Do not be troubled by any fear that my heart is set upon this money for myself. I would surrender the amount many times over rather than have you assume relations that would cause you unhappiness. Nevertheless, I chafe sorely in view of the fact that Miss Eliza's fortune must be so misappropriated when by right of inheritance it should all go to you unconditionally. However, I am going to give myself the pleasure of running up to see you and your father within a few days, when we will discuss the matter more in detail and settle it definitely. With kindest regards for Mr. Russell and yourself,

"Your sincere friend," "PHILIP."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner Remedies Requested

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

For Salt Rheum, Eczema and Tetter

Dissolve a teaspoonful of pure powdered citrox in two tablespoonfuls of hot water and bathe the diseased skin twice a day. Be sure to get the pure drug, just as it comes from the chemical works, in small sealed packages, and make the solution yourself. This is a fine prescription.

Cider vinegar will stop the flow of blood when nothing else seems effective, just put a bandage around and pour vinegar on a little at a time till the blood stops flowing.

For chapped hands, try borax two scruples, glycerine half ounce, water seven and a half ounces, mix and apply twice a day.

A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion. A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

MRS. I. M. CAMP, Box 4, Paoia, Colo.

If the mother who was so anxious about her daughter will try this I think it will surely help.

For Tetter

Take the oldest metal platter you can find, put it in the oven until the grease fries out of the porous plate, let cool and rub the grease over the parts affected with tetter.

For Erysipelas

Dissolve two pounds of Epsom salts in hot water, enough to make a thin paste, then bind on with muslin and keep damp.

Remedies

For thrush try one quarter teaspoonful soda, same salt added to glass of water, give one teaspoonful every two hours.

MRS. EFFIE TAYLOR, West Plains, Mo.

I will send in a cure and preventive for boils, as it has been requested, it is also a very good ointment for everyday use for sores of any kind, also for scalp disease and hair growing.

Ointment

Lard, one pound; tallow, one pound; honey, one pound; camphor, three tablespoonfuls; carbolic acid, one teaspoonful; sulphur, two teaspoonfuls; sulphate of zinc, one teaspoonful; turpentine, three tablespoonfuls; rose water. Melt and strain honey, mix with melted tallow and lard, add other ingredients, stir until cooled. I have asthma and would like to hear from sisters in Arkansas in the healthy localities, as we wish to find a location there for the benefit of my health.

MRS. M. E. STAGALL, Box 42, Liberty Center, Henry Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Jesse Dobbins, Farlinville, Kansas, would like to hear from any cured of tuberculosis by the salt and whiskey remedy.

Mrs. Masie Nelson, Ector, Texas, requests a tried and simple remedy for catarrh of the head and throat.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE.

D. J. Lane, a noted chemist at 127 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a \$1 bottle to anyone by express who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

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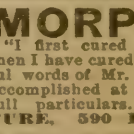
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REPLY.—Hitch colt double in wagon with a steady old mare and make her back. Colt would soon learn in this way if gently handled but use of whip will do much more harm than good.

QUITTING; OR HAN FOALS.—(1) I have a sixteen-month mare that became lame about two months ago in one of her front feet. The flesh swelled all the way around the hoof as an abscess would and after three weeks it broke, and has been running ever since. What would you do for it? Will her hoof come off,

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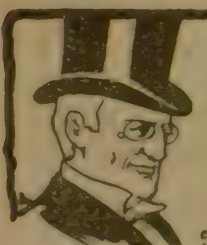
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

G. W. L., Richwood, O.—It may be a disease and it may be a lack of will power, the mind being often a chief factor in such cases. You will have to consult a physician and follow his directions carefully.

Mrs. J. G., Moosup, Conn.—Don't try to cure your baby by newspaper treatment. Take him to a physician at home. Half the trouble with sick babies is due to the ignorance of those who care for them.

H. L. P., Canton, O.—A change of climate, that is to one cold and dry or hot and dry, Colorado and Arizona, for example is nearly always of marked benefit to rheumatic patients. What it would be in this case remains to be seen. As you have tried so many remedies of the regular order, without success, why not try Christian Science? That has often cured where others have failed.

Mrs. T. Le Roy, Minn.—Deep breathing may best be practiced by going into the open air, with as little clothing about the chest as possible, and inhaling to the full extent of the lungs, breathing in through the nose with the mouth closed. Keep the air in the lungs and move your arms from your sides up over your head, lifting and dropping them slowly, or by exhaling, breathe from the mouth, at the same time bringing the shoulders together and drawing the stomach up against the lungs so as to get all the air out of them. At first you will feel dizzy, and you must proceed slowly, taking only two or three full breaths but you will in time be able to take twenty if your lungs are in proper condition. You can best take tar by inhaling. Get an inhaler at the drug-store, or pour boiling water on the tar and breathe the vapor that rises. Cover your head and the vessel containing the tar so you will get the full benefit. You should get all the fresh air you can, keeping your rooms thoroughly ventilated, and if possible sleep in the open air. If you could live in the hot dry air of Arizona you would find it much better than the hard cold of Minnesota.

Innocence, Middleborough, N. Y.—Catarrh is the trouble with your throat and head and you will never cure it in your present climate. Go to Arizona or Colorado. If you can make a living where you are you can do as well in a better climate. You will have to consult a physician at home about the weak back. That trouble has many causes.

Mrs. A. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark.—We do not recommend Christian Science as a religion, but as a mental therapeutic which has effected many cures where medicine has failed. We do not say that it will cure, but merely suggest that it be tried. If a cure is effected, then that was the proper remedy. Just as pills or pargoric may be in other cases. Whatever will produce a cure is better than what-ever will not.

Blue Bird, Burlington, Iowa.—We are afraid that we cannot suggest a cure for epilepsy of a dozen years' standing. It is a disease to be treated only by experts in the most careful manner.

Flossie May, Galena, O.—We don't think it is the milk but some kind of more serious cutaneous disease and would advise that you go to the nearest city hospital and submit the case to experts there. If all the general practitioners you have tried have failed, we could hardly be successful at this long range.

E. J. A., Waller, Texas.—Indigestion is what ails you. Don't drink water at meals, and when you do drink it, put a pinch of soda in it. Stop eating greasy food and corn bread. Eat thoroughly toasted white bread and chew every mouthful of food to pulp before swallowing it. (2) The milk treatment is a cult that is of no value to you. (3) See answers in this column on dandruff.

Myrtle, Taft, Okla.—Don't worry about the dark ring around your mouth at your age. You will outgrow it.

B. L. G., Cincinnati, O.—Tender feet are often the result of disturbances in other parts of the body. As you have tried all the ordinary remedies including those we would be apt to suggest, suppose you take your husband to the city hospital and get an opinion there. It will cost you nothing at a free clinic. In the mean time he should bathe his feet in hot water for ten minutes every night before going to bed. A few drops of ammonia in the water will correct bad odors. About once a week scrape the bottom of the feet with a dull knife to remove all scale. Rub the feet with alcohol and mutton tallow.

N. J. J., Murray, Ky.—The freckle lotions you can get at any drugstore are quite as good as any we could compound for you. Lemon juice is also recommended. Ordinary sun freckles will go away of themselves, if the face is kept from the sun. The other kind, which are really small moles, are very difficult to remove, if at all. Unless they are very disfiguring, you had better not bother with them. Besides they are very becoming to some people. (2) Don't try to make the baby's hair curly. If it wasn't born that way, you cannot improve on it. When it is older you may put it in papers and twist it around your finger, but not much more than that. The Lord made the baby the way He wanted it.

W. H. C., Powell Station, Tenn.—If the child's ears are beyond the skill of the local physicians we advise you to consult a specialist in your nearest city, or go to an Eye and Ear Hospital. Treatment in the City Hospital at Nashville, would probably cost you very little if you are not able to pay. Write to the Superintendent and inquire. We think if attended to immediately the hearing will be saved.

Inquirer, Glen Rose, Texas.—Nobody can tell why certain "ridges" should exist in the skulls of some people. Many things that nature does are not yet explainable. But we think if you have a ridge in your skull that it does not mean any shortening of your life. You go on putting as much inside of your skull as it has capacity for and maybe after a while you will get enough in there to tell you much that you do not now know.

E. E., St. Francis, Cal.—What causes dreams has been the study of scientists for a long time. Probably Prof. William James of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., has come nearer to the answer than anyone else. Suppose you write to him. We have not space to go into an explanation—which is not altogether satisfactory at its best. (2) Cold hands and cold feet, or hot, are usually the result of poor circulation. No definite prescription can be given, because there are so many causes of poor circulation. We do not know your general condition and only a physician who does can advise you properly. Have a talk with one you know.

Miss O. T., Columbia, S. C.—Ask your local physician about your case, and if he thinks consumption is threatened, get out of the climate you are now in and go to Arizona or Colorado. If you are able to work you can make a better living there than where you now are.

M. O. H., Mudlock, Minn.—See answer above to "N. J. J., Murray, Ky."

Mrs. S., Leon, N. M.—We question very much if your trouble is curable. It is not a disease, but a natural temperament. See answer above to "E. E." about cold feet and hands. Such a condition is not unusual in many persons and seems to be temperamental rather than from any diseased condition. It may be improved, however, by massaging downward and thus increasing the flow of blood and making the circulation more active. In some cases it is partly due to indigestion. What does your doctor say about it?

A. A. W., Geneva, Tex.—You have not only nervous dyspepsia, but have as well a case of "nerves", which so often play havoc with women. You should diet yourself carefully on wholesome food, no tea or coffee, and take physical culture exercise to get your nerves properly supplied with blood. Practice deep breathing and keep outdoors as much as possible and in

cheerful company. Stop thinking "something bad is going to happen." It will be sure to if you continue thinking it will. Did you ever try Christian Science? That has done wonders for some women in your condition. Try it just to get your mind off of yourself.

S. B. Jewell, Iowa.—Red hands are to some extent the result of your work. Still that shouldn't overdo it. Suppose you try massaging every morning and night, holding the arm up and rubbing from the hand towards the body. And don't carry your hands swinging down at full length by your sides. Think to carry them as nearly as may be on a level with your elbows. Nature carries the blood down to your hands and you must help nature not to do so.

P. A. P., Fitch, Wis.—Only a physician who knows about your case can prescribe for you. The brief symptoms you mention may indicate any one of half a dozen troubles. Have you had a doctor to see you?

G. B. C., Leechville N. C.—Follow the advice your own doctors have given you, and wait for results. You must follow the physician's advice to the letter or you never will be well. At your age, with half way attention, you should get perfectly well. But you cannot if you are careless and neglectful of the means presented. And don't be in a hurry to be well. It will take much time—months, possibly years.

M. B. L., Oxford, N. C.—It would be a great joy to us if we could come to you with healing in our hands, but we cannot. Sometimes the good Lord, for His own wise purpose, afflicts His creatures beyond human cure, yet gives them life and strength to endure through many years. You seem to be one He has so chosen and it must be that you shall endure until the end. Your long suffering is a continued lesson to the more fortunate who think their little pains are greater than can be borne. This is poor comfort, but it is all we can offer and you have our sincerest sympathy.

Sunshine, Marco, Fla.—We are rather inclined to think as that other doctor did who didn't think there was anything serious the matter with you. Every body has aches and pains of one kind or another and has had them for as many years as you have had. Only they get something else to think about and fight them off. You try the same thing. At the same time look to your digestion and be sure that what you eat is doing what it should do. Indigestion makes some people think they have all the ills that flesh is heir to.

E. J. A., Waller, Texas.—We hardly think condensed milk will take the place of fresh milk. You can't expect good results with poor materials. (2) Use as little sugar as possible if you have indigestion. Ordinarily some may be used, but use it sparingly. Chew your food thoroughly.

H. J. B., Minco, Okla.—You have indigestion of the common variety. Diet yourself, eating ample food such as rice, hard toast, a little lamb or mutton, raw cabbage, stewed tomatoes or anything that you can retain after eating. Drink no tea or coffee and after meals, take a pinch of cooking soda in a half glass of hot water. Continue your washing out about every other day. Chew your food to a pulp before swallowing.

P. S., Jones, Okla.—Get married and have something to think about except yourself. There's nothing the matter with you that amounts to anything.

Flatwoods, Rougemont, N. C.—Your case seems to be such a peculiar one and so many physicians have failed in treating it, that we recommend you to go to the nearest city hospital and submit yourself to the scientific doctors who practice there. It is beyond us, to understand why your hand should have swollen the moment it had been shaken by a friend and that your mouth should have done the same when you were kissed.

M. M., Bear Grove, Iowa.—The removal of the appendix if done properly should have no effect upon any other organ of the body.

K. W., Nashville, Tenn.—The only permanent remedy for corns is to wear shoes that will not create them. Go to a chiropodist in your city, have him put your feet in shape, and then wear proper shoes and you will have no further trouble with your feet. (2) You can get at any drug-store a better purple lotion than we can offer you. Use it according to directions and at the same time have some care of the food you eat and keep your digestion in good order. You will have to keep your blood in good condition if you want a smooth skin, and you cannot do it by irregular living and carelessness of what you eat, and how and when.

Subscriber, Bowie, Texas.—Why do you want to have us give you a "home treatment," for what may prove to be something serious enough to give you life-long trouble? Go and see a physician. He can do you more good in a minute than you can do yourself in seven years. And it won't cost you a cent as much.

Rosebud, Henning, Minn.—Pimples result usually from poor blood circulation. Be careful of the food you eat, taking little grease, and drinking no coffee. Get a good purple lotion from the drugstore and use it according to directions. Wash the face thoroughly with pure soap and hot water. Let the sun shine on you. Massage your face night and morning, just enough to bring the color, but be careful not to rub too hard and abrade the skin.

J. A. M., Kendall, Wis.—The cure for stuttering depends much upon the patient. Some are able to overcome it, others not. For this reason some schools do much better than others. We think if you could go to such a school it would benefit you. That depends on you more than the school for final results. It is due to nervousness and we know of some cases which have been apparently cured by Christian Science treatment.

M. E. W., Shipshewana, Ind.—The physicians who attended you during the operation are the only ones to whom you should go now. They know thoroughly your condition, and we think you should take no advice except what could be given by a physician who could examine you.

M. C. J., Middleboro, Mass.—Have no operation performed except upon the advice of a physician after personal examination. You probably have an tubercular abscess. These are deep seated and require much time in healing. See a physician at once or you will have trouble.

J. F. L., Bucyrus, O.—Your symptoms would indicate neuritic trouble in the large muscles of the back. We hardly think the kidneys are affected. You have good physicians in your town. We advise you to consult one of them. A stitch in time may save the entire garment.

J. A., Nance, Mo.—You have seen no cures mentioned here because it is a desire that should be treated by a physician who can make a personal examination and prescribe accordingly.

Fine Pocket Knife FREE

SEND NO MONEY
Your photo, name and address put in a handsome extra charge.

SALESMEN make quick, big profits selling our wonderful, high grade

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Make your own boss. Write at once for good money-making proposition and exclusive territory.

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15 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10¢

on 15 beautiful flower and art post cards.

GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York.

\$90 Monthly and expenses to Men and Women to advertise, leave samples and collect names.

Write at once, Silverton Co., B 19, Chicago.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1.

Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it.

FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

A Blessing to Women! Two-cent stamp will

and Rubber Necessities to your home. Address M. M.

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MARRY Universal Letter Writer FREE to

unmarried people on love, courtship, etc. Particulars.

H. A. HORTON, Dept. E, Tekonsha, Mich.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2¢ stamp and receive 5 colored Gold and embossed cards free.

Introduce post card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 68 Topeka, Kan.

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Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experi-

enced unnecessary give full instructions. Address

MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 618, Danville, Virginia.

MEN'S FINE SUIT AND EXTRA TROUSERS \$4.95

SAFETY RAZOR FREE. Until they are all gone we will sell

blue wool cassimere men's suits at \$4.95, and as a premium and adv.

we will give FREE with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of fine, fancy striped

worsted trousers and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special

premium with the suit and extra trousers at \$4.95, a highly nickeled,

full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any \$5.00 razor

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The suit is Graham's finest grade, a splendid, fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful change-

less finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single

breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished;

guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers' \$8.00 to \$10.00 suits or

no sale. Sizes, 33 to 43 inches around breast. The

extra trousers are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are

very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonder-

ful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to EQUAL IT. SEND \$1.00 DEPOSIT

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Points to Remember in Pickling and Preserving

A granite or porcelain kettle is best, tin or copper should never be used.

See that covers and jars fit by making them up before washing, always use new rubbers, and after sealing make sure all are air tight by standing each upside down for twenty-four hours before putting away.

Jelly and jam will be found more convenient if put in glasses, cover with white paper cut to fit and then dipped in alcohol. Then cover with another paper tied or pasted down.

Before filling the jars, set on a towel wrung out of hot water or place a silver spoon or fork in jars, these absorb the heat and will prevent cracking.

Canned Ripe Tomatoes

Select only sound ones, scald and remove the skins, cook just long enough to break through, salt to taste, pack in jars, leaving space enough at the top to add one half cup of boiling water, use new rubbers and seal quickly.

Always scald jars and covers with water and pinch of baking soda, then rinse. Put rubbers in warm water before using. To all canned fruit I always add one half cup of boiling water before sealing. Never lost a jar.

MRS. P. CUDEBACK.

Mixed Pickles

Equal amounts of small cucumbers, cauliflower, and young string beans can be used or the proportion may vary according to one's taste.

Pack the cucumbers in a stone crock with alternate layers of salt, fill with cold water and let stand one week, stirring them up from the bottom every day or two. To keep all under water put a weighted plate on top.

Thoroughly wash and separate the cauliflower into small clusters, boil in strong brine for three minutes, take off, sprinkle with salt, when dry shake off and put in cold vinegar for two days.

Select young beans, wash and cut up or not. Then to give all a good green I line a kettle with washed green bean vine leaves, lay in all the vegetables and sprinkle with little powdered alum, fill with cold water, cover with leaves, fit a cover on the kettle and let steam for five or six hours. Don't boil. Throw into cold water for half an hour. If this greening is omitted entirely only the appearance of the pickles will be affected.

To prepare vinegar for the pickles, allow a cup of sugar and three dozen each of whole cloves and black peppers, eighteen whole allspice and one dozen blades of onion to each gallon of vinegar. Cook all together for five minutes, steady boiling and then having arranged the vegetables in a crock pour the boiling vinegar over them, cover and set away.

The next day but one drain off vinegar and scald, covering pickles as before, do this three times on alternate days.

Then put in jars and seal or close the crock securely and let them ripen for a couple of months before serving. Very nice and will keep indefinitely.

ELLA M. JOHNSON, Box 536, Iron Mountain, Mich.

New England Mustard Pickles

Two quarts green tomatoes, two quarts green cucumbers, two quarts small onions, two heads of cabbage, two heads celery, one half dozen green peppers, slice and cook each article in brine over night, then put in vinegar to cover, one half teaspoonful of alum. Bring to a boil, then set on back of stove to cool.

Mix together one quarter pound ground mustard, one half ounce turmeric, two cups sugar and one cup of flour, smooth gradually into a paste by using a little of the cooling vinegar, then stir all together, heat up to a boil, pack in jars or this will keep nicely in a crock covered with a cloth and heavy cover. Ready for use when cold.

MRS. T. M. ENOS.

Chili Sauce

Six cups ripe tomatoes, one cup onions, three green peppers, one cup sugar, two and one half cups vinegar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful allspice, two teaspoonfuls salt, one teaspoonful black pepper, one teaspoonful nutmeg, one half teaspoonful cloves. Wash and cut or chop all vegetables, then place in kettle together with salt, cover with cold water, bring to boiling point then let simmer until all are tender. Drain, add spices and vinegar to cover, cook, not boiling, for ten minutes. If a little beer filled with mustard seed is also cooked with the pickle and placed on top of them in the crock, they will be sure to keep.

Pickled Peaches

Peel and weigh the fruit and to every five pounds allow two and one half pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar and cloves, cinnamon and mace to taste.

Let the peaches lie covered with the sugar for an hour or so, then drain off the syrup which has formed, add to it a half pint of water and put over the fire. As it boils skim until it is clear then put in the fruit.

Boil for about five minutes, remove the peaches with a skimmer and spread on dishes. Put spices and vinegar with the syrup and let all boil fifteen minutes.

Put the fruit in jars, fill up with syrup and seal. Pickled peaches can be put in the same way.

MRS. M. R. NICHOLS, Box 100, Antigo, E. D. 5, Wis.

Preserved Peaches and Peaches

Peel and stem pears, peel peaches, but do not remove stones as they give a fine flavor. Peaches which are not perfect I peel, stone and halve and can instead of preserving. Weigh the fruit and allow same weight of sugar. Put a layer on the bottom of kettle then fruit, sugar and so on. Add very little water, let heat slowly and steam until fruit is tender, let should require no more than a half hour.

Remove fruit with skin over to platters, and let the syrup boil quickly for a quarter of an hour. Skim frequently and when clear and thick fill and seal jars. I put up half quince and pears in the same way.

MRS. D. J. WRIGHT.

Sweetmeat of Watermelon Rind

Cut up the white of the rind in small pieces and soak for six or eight days in alum water, using alum size of an egg to a pint of water.

When taken out rinse in several waters, then in preserving kettle make a strong tea of cloves, ginger, mace and cinnamon, let the rind lie in this until tender, then dry out on a dish, weigh and allow pound of sugar for pound of fruit. Make syrup of the sugar and when it thickens add the rind and let all come to a boil, take out rind and let cool, then boil all again, until very tender, but not so it goes to pieces. Put rind in bottles, add cinnamon and lemon extract to the syrup, boil up, fill bottles and seal. If directions are followed will be fine.

MRS. ANNIE HERNDON.

Grape Juice

Grape juice is a beautiful and most nourishing beverage and can be easily put up at home.

Pick the grapes from the stems, wash thoroughly and put in granite kettle (tin will discolor the juice). Heat until the juice flows, then strain through heavy cloth, add as much water as you have juice and then to every cup of this a cup of sugar.

Bring to a boil, can a bottle and if air tight will keep indefinitely.

ANNA MARKS, Waukegan, Wis.

Grape Catsup

Seed ten pounds of grapes and beat pulp and skins slowly until they almost boil, but do not let them, when done cool, rub through a sieve and add to a pint of vinegar and two pounds of sugar which has been boiled a quarter of an hour. Cook all together for about twenty-five minutes and if the mixture seems too thick add a little more syrup made of vinegar and sugar. When cool bottle and cork.

Pear Shortcake

Stew pears with plenty of sugar, spice and the juice of one or more lemons and oranges. When done put through coarse sieve. Beat up well, add more spice if necessary.

Make old-fashioned short cake, cut and spread with fruit and serve with cream.

Stuffed Pears

Pare and core one dozen ripe pears, fill the center with brown sugar and bits of preserved ginger. Bake in hot oven and serve with cream.

Crabapple Jelly

Wash and halve apples, cover with water and cook to a pulp. Put in jelly bag, but do not squeeze, the jelly will then be clear. Allow pound of sugar to a pint of juice and boil for twenty minutes or until a little will jelly in a saucer.

If for any reason jelly does not set quickly place it in strong sunlight for a short time and it will improve greatly. If you haven't a jelly bag try this, stretch a piece of cloth over the top of a kettle, fasten in place securely with clothes pins, then turn in pulp to drain.

Plum Jam

Wash dry and weigh the plums, allow three fourths their weight in sugar. Put plums in little water and place over the fire and let boil gently for three quarters of an hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Then add sugar and continue to boil for a quarter of an hour, stirring and skimming as scum and stones rise. Crack a few of the stones and five minutes before it is done add the kernels. When partly cool put in jars.

Damson Plum Preserves

Wash the fruit and weigh, allowing half the amount of sugar and for every three pounds of sugar one pint of water. When the syrup boils put in plums, let cook just till skins crack. As they can only cook a few minutes it is best to put in just a few at a time, otherwise some will be done too much before they can be attended to.

ANNA L. WARE.

Green Bean Salad

Half gallon green beans, broken in small pieces. Boil tender but not till they get soft, take from stove, when cold add two medium-sized onions cut fine. Beat one egg in stew pan, stir, add butter size of hulled walnut, half cup sugar, two thirds cup vinegar, salt, pepper and a little pinch of mustard; let this come to a boil. Put this dressing over beans.

MYRTLE HOOVER.

To Can Green Beans

Pick as many as you choose, string and break, measure them, put them on to cook with plenty of water so as to have enough water to cover when in cans, cook till just tender, then add to each gallon of beans one teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of good strong vinegar, let come to a boil then can while hot.

CARRIE HOWELL.

Stuffed Sweet Potatoes

Boil or bake a few nice sweet potatoes until done, cut off one end, scrape out inside, mash with salt, pepper, one half cup of cream, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a little sugar, return to oven and brown.

MRS. W. L. CHASE.

NOTICE!

From now on will you all please send in any specially good or new recipes which you may have for Thanksgiving and Christmas goodies.

MRS. WILKINSON.

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relatives and Friends department. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed: as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Mrs. Sophia Morris Burget or Grafton or any of her relatives please write to Mrs. Emma Search, Woodland, Ill.

Howard Revod, dark complexion, two fingers off right hand, last heard from at Cordova, Ala. Communicate with sister, Lillian Revod, Mt. Hope, Ala.

Charles E. Linkenhoker, last seen in Hinton, W. Va., Jan., age fifteen. We appreciate assistance in locating our boy. Mrs. Jas. E. Linkenhoker, Eagle Rock, Va.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Card is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to secure cards from every state in the United States and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five months' subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Howard O. Young, Thornton, R. D. 1, Iowa. Miss Flossie Griffith, Hillsboro, R. D. 11, Ohio. Mrs. B. F. Richey, 419 Big Horn Ave., Alliance, Neb. Leather cards and other views. No comics. Miss Mattie

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club of only three yearly subscribers at 25
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

MRY. The tumor may have resulted from a sprain
or blow.SCOURG.—I bought a well-bred, six-year-old horse
last spring. The man I got her from overdrove her
and she got what is called "The Scourg". Whenever
I drive her very fast, she gets loose in her bowels.
Do you know what causes her to get that way and
what I can do for her?REPLY.—In perhaps a majority of such cases the
animal has a long, loose, "washy" coupling and if
that is so the scouring will always happen when the
horse gets hot and tired after a fairly long drive.
In other cases careful feeding, allowing no water be-
fore starting the trip and mixing burned browned
wheat flour in the feed tends to stop the looseness.
If simple measures do not avail mix a dram of pow-
dered alum in the feed night and morning. When
improvement is seen drop to one dose a day and as
soon as possible omit the alum. It is not a good idea
like to give. Prefer simple treatment and careful
feeding. See that all food is free from mold. Do not
feed grass.PINK EYE.—I have a horse that had pink eye. My
other horses have taken it. A. T.
REPLY.—"Pink eye" is sometimes improperly used
as a name for "moon blindness" (periodic ophthalmia),
but real pink eye is rightly speaking "epizootic" or a
form of influenza localized in the membranes of the
eyes causing the other well-known symptoms
of the disease such as fever, swelling of the
legs, etc. There is no certain cure for periodic oph-
thalmia. Some consider the disease hereditary and
also, in some instances at least, contagious. Isolate
affected horses. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash
the stable, but some lamp black or yellow ochre
in the wash. See back numbers as to treatment of
"moon blindness."EYE TROUBLE; FISTULA OF MILK DUCT.—(1) I have
a bound that has something the matter with her eyes,
she was shipped to me on the cars. The man I got her
from claims her eyes were all right when he started
her. Her eyes are very much inflamed; she can see
very well in the daytime, but at night she can't see
at all. The sight of her eyes scatter too much and
her eyes look like they have a greasy looking scum
over them. (2) I have a cow that got one of her
teats split last July. I sewed it up. It got well
but left a little hole; when you milk her the milk
comes out the hole instead of the end of the teat,
wasting nearly all in that teat. She will be fresh in
October. She gives about a pint of milk at a milking.REPLY.—(1) Shipping may have caused the trouble.
Sponge the eyes with a saturated solution of boric
acid twice daily and each other day put between lids
a little of a mixture of equal parts of calomel and
boric acid, finely ground. Internally give three grains
of iodide of potash once daily and stop at once for
a few days. (2) The milk ducts are inflamed. (3)
Cleanse part, insert a clean milking tube; then cut
with a clean, sharp scalpel, removing the tissues
lining the fistula so as to make the entire leaking
tract a clean, fresh bleeding wound. Now make a num-
ber of successive deep cuts, side by side like leaves
of a book, for about one inch above and below the
so as to include sound flesh above and below. In
healing these new cuts stimulate healing in the wound
made at the fistula. When cutting is finished dust
with iodoform and then bandage teat from tip to udder
with a strip of warmed, surgeon's adhesive plaster.
Use milking tube for a few days and then milk without
tube. Remove plaster in ten days.CHANGE IN QUALITY OF MILK.—(1) My cow has one
quarter of her udder that about one week after she has
been in heat, the milk gets a deeper yellow than com-
mon, and has a look as to color, resembling cheese.
Is this way for a few days and then gets all right.
The udder is not swollen, though the milk duct in the
teat seems to be slightly swollen. What is the cause
and remedy? (2) Several mares around me just about
one week before due to foal, have what we call
"volt founder". They get stiff, limbs swollen, will
not graze, but when fed eat heartily. This con-
dition lasts until they foal, then gradually disap-
pears. They sometimes have tedious labor and some-
times have to be helped to deliver their foal. What
is the cause and is there any remedy? (3) I have
been called to prescribe for several mules, three to
twelve days old, which were more than I could
manage, as I do not understand their case. They
get dull, listless, sleepy and urinate bloody
urine. They have in every case, already cut their
teeth. They generally last about three or five days
and die. We value the veterinary department very
highly.REPLY.—(1) Such things sometimes occur at time
of heat and do not need treatment. Half an ounce
of saltpeter in the drinking water once daily at time
of trouble might lessen likelihood to fester. (2) Milk
begins to form in udder and lymphatic vessels on in-
side of hind legs engorge. Cut down feed and increase
exercise. Bathe parts with hot water twice daily.
Give half a dram of fluid extract of belladonna leaves
two or three times daily, in water, according to se-
verity of symptoms. (3) The trouble is due to in-
fection of the navel at birth and it will not be ex-
perienced if care is taken to keep the navel in a
clean place and a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate
is applied to the navel at birth and then twice daily
until perfectly healed. If a foal is seen to have the
trouble give the mare two drams of iodide of potash
twice daily in water and paint navel once daily with
tincture of iodine.Slobbering.—We lost a fine bird dog; he first ap-
peared sick for a day or two, then he began slobbering
and we found his mouth was sore; he couldn't eat or
drink water, we had to die the same way last spring.
Also had one that had it about six weeks ago, we
gave her Castor oil and turpentine and fed her with a
spoon and she got well, but it didn't seem to do the
last one any good, they are sick about six days; they
seem to be constipated.REPLY.—We strongly suspect that the dogs died of
stomach trouble following the bilious rabbit dog, but
that the recovery case was a different ailment. Other-
wise sore mouth and such fatal results would in-
dicate an irritating poison, possibly picked up or pur-
posely administered.LAME FOAL.—I have a colt about one year old.
When it was four months old it got so stiff that
it could not lie down, nor get up; we had to lay it
down and help it up for a long time. Its legs were
swollen to its body and it had a hard time to get
up. It got very thin but got up again. At the
same time its hoofs began to grow like a horse's.
It was running in pasture with mare. Its
joints are very large and it can only get about very
slowly, it is lame and walks as though its feet
were very tender. It lies down a good deal. J. M. D.
REPLY.—There is little chance that the colt will
ever amount to much. It is likely that the stiff-
ness and swellings came originally from infection of
the navel. Rub the joints with iodine ointment once
daily, but stop for a few days when skin becomes sore.
Give a dram of salicylate of soda twice daily in a
little water as a drench.NERVE DISORDER.—I have a fine sow, one year old,
that has seven pigs about seven weeks old. She has
eaten a very little since her pigs were four days
old. She will take an ear of corn, and bite off a
mouthful or two and run off by the lot fence and
shake as though she had a hard chill, then she will
not try to eat any more for some time. Can you tell
me what is her trouble? She is the only one I have
and is of fine stock—Poland China. Sometimes I
think she has tooth ache. She stays shut up in a
lot all the time, do you think it would help her to
turn her out in pasture and shut off the pigs from
her? Are they old enough to wean? Mrs. D. H.REPLY.—Wean the pigs and turn the sow on grass
where she should have been right along. Feed her
slop of milk, middlings, cornmeal and flaxseed meal,
salted. Add lime water freely two or three times a
week. Nervous, overfed, pampered, under exercised
sows are sometimes so affected by irritation of pigs
nursing. The trouble is termed "Parturient eclampsia."SORE.—I have a horse that has a trouble that I
can't understand. I doctored him and he seemed to
be getting better, but there is a sore that I can't
heal. He looks poor and coat is rough and long.
Eats well.REPLY.—It would be best to have a veterinarian
see the case as a cancer apparently is present and
will have to be cut out and the wound cauterized. If
you cannot have an operation performed apply once
daily with lunar caustic pencil and afterward apply once
daily a little oxide of zinc ointment. Give him half
an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and
morning as a tonic.CAESAREAN SECTION.—I have lost a number of
young sows trying to have pigs. What is the proper
way of operating on them to extract the pigs through
the sow's side?REPLY.—It will be necessary to employ a graduate
veterinarian for such a serious operation. It is not
succeed. Prevent trouble by examining sows daily
and feeding laxative foods instead of corn during preg-
nancy.**JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY'S
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FOR 15 cents IN TRADE on any \$3.00 or over order you send us.

JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO.

FITS.—I have a pet dog, nine years old, he has
spells and I am at a loss to know what ails him; he
falls over and seems to be paralyzed and can't help him-
self any. These spells last about five minutes. He has
them every three or four weeks, sometimes two a day.REPLY.—See answers under this head in back num-
bers of the paper. Give him twenty to thirty grains
of bromide of potash in a little water at time of at-
tack and repeat dose in twenty to thirty minutes if re-
quired. Worms or indigestion may be the cause and
will require appropriate treatment to prevent recurrence
of the attacks. Let him live an outdoor life and
feed him one meal a day.Bodi-Tone
See Liberal trial offer in full page announcement on
last page of this issue."The Scherer" Box F, Alliance, Ohio, gives 48
pages new 3-getting schemes
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Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

turning about, and gazing at his little passenger with a look of curiosity.

"Why, Mr. , why, sir, don't you know?" replied the child, struck with a sudden fear that her strange companion was a crazy man. "O, my stars! don't you know what you took me up for? Didn't you hear? My little sister ran off the piazza." Then Prudy repeated the words aloud, slowly and on a high key, anxious this time to make her meaning very clear. "She—ran—off—the—piazza, with a pink dress on, sir, and not a speck of—a—hat. And I was stirring jelly on the stove, and never knew it till she was lost and gone. And we're all hunting,—me, and—mother, and—all. I thought you knew, sir; but if you didn't I guess I'd better get out!"

The good-natured soap-man shook with laughter. "Excuse me, little miss," said he, "but the fact is, I understood you to say your sister's name was Alice Wheelbarrow Parlin, and that's why I was puzzled to know who you meant by Dotty. But here we are at Pearl street. Here, in this house, lives one of my best customers. Now, if you like, I'll lift you out, and you can go with me and inquire for your little sister. Then you can ride again, for I'm going as far as Munjoy.

So saying, the man took Prudy out in his arms. She knew it was rather odd for a little girl like her to be going around to people's back doors with a stranger in a blue blouse; but it was all for Dotty's sake.

The man knocked with the handle of his whip, and a neat-looking servant girl appeared.

"Have you seen anything of a stray child?" was his first question.

"My little sister," cried Prudy, in breathless haste. "She had on a pink dress, and curls bare-headed."

"We have seen no such child pass this way," replied the girl, civilly. Prudy's eager face fell.

"I supposed likely as not you hadn't said the soap-man; so now we'll proceed to business. You see I'm here with my wagon and barrels, and I suppose you perceive that I've come for your bones!"

These whispered words fell on Prudy's ears with terrible force. A vague terror seized her. "I've come for your bones?" What could he mean? Was he an ogre, right out of a fairy-book? What did he want of that poor woman's bones?

Without stopping to think twice, Prudy ran off with trembling haste, and by the time the astonished soap-boiler missed her she had reached Congress street, and was still running.

The first thing she saw, as she entered her own door, was the fluttering of Dotty's pink dress. The runaway was safe and sound. She had only toddled off after a man with a basket of images, calling out, "baa, baa," "moo, moo," "boo-wow." The end of it was, that the image man had given her a toy lamb, for which she had said, "How do," instead of "thank you"; and Florence Eastman had led her home.

Susy was heartily ashamed of her heedlessness. "Now, mother," said she, "do you think, if I should be kept on bread and water for a whole day, I should learn to remember? You'll never trust Dotty with me again."

"Ah," said Mrs. Parlin, with a meaning smile; "the trouble is, Susy, you've made up your mind that your memory is good for nothing; you expect to forget! I shall trust you again, and you must fully resolve to do better." "baa, baa," and insisted upon putting it in her bathing tub every morning, and scrubbing it with her own hands.

Everybody laughed at Prudy's wild story of the soap-boiler.

"We were tired, my feet and I," said she, between laughing and crying; "but I never'd have rode with that whispering man if I'd known he was a bone man!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Bodi-Tone

See Liberal trial offer in full page announcement on last page of this issue.

A Beautiful Fan and Chain

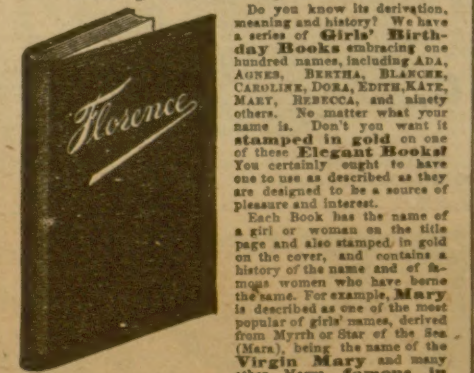


All lady readers will be pleased with this chance to obtain an assortment of Fans for hot weather or for parties, also all who appreciate the value and use of fans for decorative purposes can find satisfaction in this opportunity. These are imported novelty Fans, 16 inches wide, in fancy colors to each fan we have added a 45-inch bead neck chain, free, so the fan is always handy, making at once a complete and fashionable home or ballroom necessity. Fans for decorating are used in quantities for rooms of all sizes in home, cottage, vestry or club, and a whole dozen are not too many. But one or two are absolutely essential for hot summer days when an artificial breeze will add to your comfort. Our illustration can give you no idea of the pretty color and extreme beauty of these fans, you must see to appreciate.

For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, we will send two handsome Fans with chains, different colors, different floral designs. Two five months' subscribers at ten cents each, one Fan. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? To have a series of Girls' Birthday Books embracing one hundred names, including ADA, ANNE, BEATRICE, BLANCHE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MARY, REBECCA, and ninety others. No matter what your name is. Don't let it be stamped in gold on one of these Elegant Books! You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest. Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the name. For example, Mary is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Martha), being the name of the Virgin Mary and many other Marys famous in history. As a Diary or Record Book it is designed for a baby's record of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records made from time to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected sentimental verse or motto from works of words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a mother in the home, matters speed well," "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty," "Far Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," "Love and you shall be loved," "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," "In the smallest cottage, there is room enough for two lovers," etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner. For club of 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or 4 five-months 10-cent trial subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books with your name stamped in gold on the cover. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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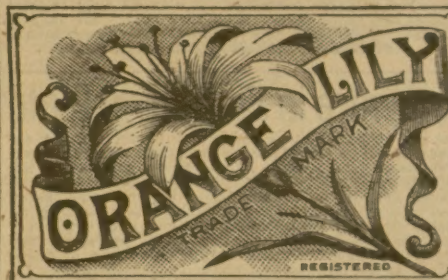
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In order to introduce COMFORT into new homes and get many new people acquainted with our great magazine, start them on the road to taking COMFORT all the time. We have gotten together a marvelous collection of post cards which you cannot obtain elsewhere, they are not for sale anywhere but we now give them away. This explains how we can do it and the COUPON BELOW shows you what to do to get them.

Fill out and send to us the coupon below and we will immediately send you, without expense, a set of 10 beautiful gold post cards all ready for mailing.

This assortment, comprising subjects consisting of Beautiful Gold Embossed Floral, Friendship, Birthday, Good Luck, Remembrance, Poetic, Greetings, Birds, Kittens and Landscapes, some in entirely new design with Stippled Gold Frame effect and other novel features, appropriate expressions of friendship and sentiment being embossed on many, making them suitable for use on all occasions and for every purpose, in correspondence or for album collections.

These Post Cards are printed in brilliant natural colors with gold background, glossed finish, etc., etc. These post cards are yours; but if you like them, show them to six of your friends and tell them that they can secure a set just like yours, free, by paying you 10 cents for a three months' trial subscription to COMFORT. Your six friends can (if they desire) pay you the 10 cents and we will send them each a set of the 10 gold post cards, and enter them for COMFORT three months. And then for your trouble, we will send you a set of the African Jungle post cards as described above.

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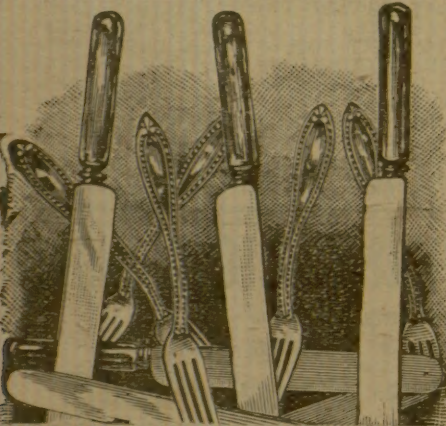
Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Seven New Names.

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Tableware in Fine Silver Plate

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EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

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Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candle sticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with trumpet, the turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

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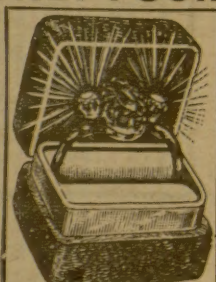
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than this. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, simply because they cannot. This watch keeps near perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing; we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holders for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pinners to handle type and a metal case everlasting ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grown folks make use of sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or three trial ten-cent subscriptions we will send post-paid one of these Outfits all complete.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby's First Ring

The Little Darling Surely Wants One Now

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the patronage. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Pappas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time. **Club Offer.** For 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

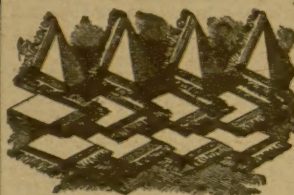
Gold Band Wedding Ring.

A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today.

Club Offer. We send one in a plush-lined box free of all expense for a club of five yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

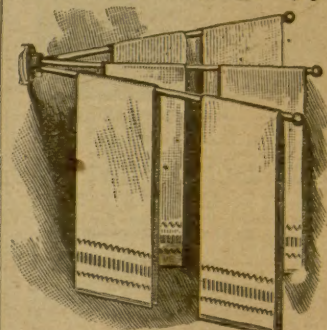
TABLE NAPKINS SIX TOWELS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve him a meal temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you are saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

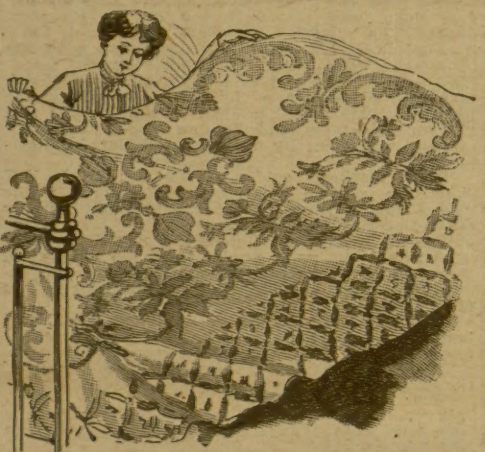
Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We have selected as a gift for our agents a set of six huckabuck towels of good size, 15x20, made of high grade material. Such towels as we offer are usually sold at retail in most stores at high prices are a good value. By arranging to use a quantity, thus buying of the makers in whole cases, we can present six for a small number of subscribers.

Club Offer. We will send you at our expense a set of six towels for a club of only 6 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A White Bedspread For a Club of Eight

Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

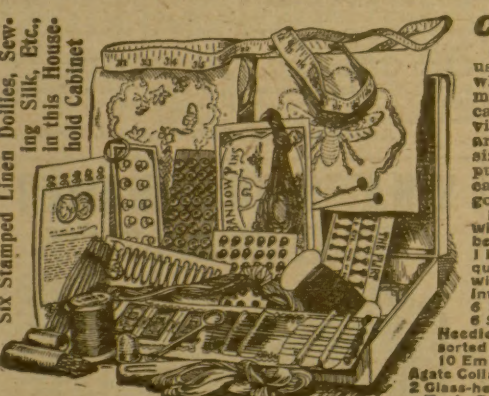
The Magic Fortune Teller

A Most Marvelous Invention. Answers Quickly.



Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handsomely nickel-plated. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the greatest variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality ShooButtons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 50 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality Toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 5 doz. Pearl Lenticle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Card Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Club Offer. For a club of only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Dutch Collar Set

The designs stamped on either Butcher Linen or Linen Lawn, consist of three different Dutch Collar Novelties, one Bow-knot Tie, all on a piece of material 15x20 inches, with four skeins colored "D. M. C." embroidery cotton. Upon receipt of the Outfit, one or more Collars may be at once embroidered for personal use, and the remainder can also be done and sold, or the patterns may be sold without being embroidered. This is a splendid new outfit, and as Dutch Collars are now worn exclusively with shirt-waists, you of course are anxious for some for yourself.

Special Offer. For a club of only two five-months' 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send you a complete Dutch Collar Outfit.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FUN BOOKS. Every Line a Laugh.

Better than medicine or a Health Resort, the Jokes, Riddles, Epitaphs, Proverbs and Short Stories contained in these little volumes. From this list of titles one may select a variety of books and accumulate a storehouse of material to entertain a big audience of people, or a few social friends. The assortment comprises five books as follows:



A New Book of BEST RIDDLES
from all sources, the Riddles that have made many Minstrel Men famous and that will make everyone work their "thinkers" hard to guess the answers. A good riddle at the right time will make many laughs, and this little volume is a perfect storehouse of them, many are very short and easily memorized. Here are several clever ones: "Why is not your nose 12 inches long?" Ans.: "It would then be a foot." "What is the difference between a comedian and a fool?" Ans.: "The comedian is laughing at himself, the fool is laughing at others." And there are many more even better and brighter than those selected at random.

A Good Joke makes good fun.

This Premier Joke Book is brim full of hearty laughs, it is a screamer from start to finish. Collected from the wits of the stage and the press. There are Funny Short Stories, Monologues, Anecdotes, Comedians, Riddles, etc. contained in this volume. Here are two illustrations of the bright things: "For Sale—A dog; eats most anything; very fond of children." Another, "I hear Levi has got religion. Yes; he has in his wife's name." Get one of these Joke books and memorize a lot of the best and entertain your friends with your wit.



Cracker-Jack Short Stories
Gathered from every available source of wit and laughter, is perhaps the brightest of our fun books, as it contains many stories of extreme humor that are actually founded on facts. A good story well told is always most acceptable, and many who do not know it can develop into good story tellers and become fascinating entertainers with little close application to reading and memorizing some of the best of these stories in this unique collection are all new and from the best and most famous story tellers repertoire.

Proverbs, Old and New

Maxims and Phrases gathered from all periods and all nations into a complete volume of great interest and importance, because proverbs are important, if one is familiar with many and always has one at their tongue's end at the proper time. Proverbs are useful as expressive in few words of great thoughts or ideas making conversation sparkle with intelligence.



Epitaphs and Comic Poetry
This book is a bunch of laughs from start to finish. It will seem ridiculous to you that any such wit would be appropriated to such solemn purpose as a poem for a gravestone, for instance, "Here lies that happy maiden, who often said that no man is happy until he is dead" and many others gathered from all corners of the English speaking world. Comic poetry also is a big feature of the book, and many bright stanzas will be found to amuse. Although you may never have an opportunity to use any of this material in public, to own the book and read them at your pleasure or convenience, and particularly when you have a "blue day," will better prove to you their value than a "blue day" will. Each book is well printed and cleverly bound in novelty covers, very attractively illustrated with suitable sketches. **Club Offer.** Send only two five months' 10-cent book. Make your own selection. Order today. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dresser, Bureau and Table Scarf

45 INCHES LONG, 15 INCHES WIDE.
A Beautiful Lace Ornament for the Home.



This especially attractive new premium will at once interest our lady readers who seek the beautiful and ornamental for their home, and so very many uses will suggest themselves, we know you will want one or more just as soon as you see this illustration and read the description. Made of white thread in a beautiful Nottingham pattern, it will not only give splendid satisfaction as an ornament, but is extremely durable, as you well know from your experience with Nottingham Curtains. This pattern we have selected as most attractive, and the size is so much larger than you are usually offered, we know this special pattern will appeal to you. You can fix up several rooms with these Lace Pieces by using one as a centerpiece for Table, another as a Bureau Scarf, and another as a Lambrequin, being filled on to the center of rod between the two Curtains you now have hanging; this is a new idea and extremely stylish. We expect to quickly dispose of a quantity of these LACE PIECES.

Club Offer. Send only two yearly 25-cent trial subscription for COMFORT and receive one of these Lace Free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DOUBLE-DECK COOKER AND BAKER

For Gasoline, Kerosene, Coal, Oil or Gas
Cuts fuel expense in half, keeps right on saving fuel as long as you use it and you would not part with it once you give it a trial.

SAVES TIME AND LABOR
One half your time is also saved and you can begin cooking meal one hour before mealtime, instead of two hours, as each flame cooks two dishes at one time.

CONSERVES ALL THE HEAT
KEEPS KITCHEN COOL
Your kitchen, instead of being heated to suffocation, remains cool, as the Kooker-baker conserves all the heat for cooking or iron heating where it is needed, instead of letting gas escape and become wasted in the room and increase your fuel bills. For boarding houses or restaurants the Kooker-baker is ideal.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPERS
having one burner gas, gasoline or oil stoves can do all their cooking, baking and ironing with the Kooker-baker. Many women think the Kooker-baker and you will never resort to a coal or wood stove for ironing. While your iron is heating the old-fashioned way, more heat is being wasted than is being used. With the Kooker-baker your iron heat in half the time because they are covered up (see picture) and the heat goes up, around and over them, forcing its way upward through the holes in the top of Kooker-baker and is again used to cook a vegetable or pot roast at the same time it heats the iron.

IRONING DAY MADE EASY WITH GAS BILLS CUT IN TWO
Cook Your Luncheon with the Same Burner that Heats Your Irons

The smooth plate that holds the iron keeps them from direct contact with the blaze and becoming gummy and dirty. Use three irons at a time, as two are heating while you iron with the third. Many ladies say they would have our Kooker-baker even if it did nothing but keep the iron clean. They don't even need wax nor wiping off. All the cooking utensils you use will be bright and clean, as none of them ever come in direct contact with the blaze. Kooker-bakers are substantially made of heavy sheet steel with a bright finish. With each we include complete instructions how to use successfully as well as two extra Asbestos Heat Saving Pads and a steel wire mat or stand, all free.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only Eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a Kooker-baker by express prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE
Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread

The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.

The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, complete the picture and enraptures you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tall feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

CLUB OFFER
For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

For each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tinselling Post Cards

The New Profit-Paying Business that Can Be Started at Home. The Golden Way for Money-Making.

Equip yourself with one of our Tinselling Outfits for lettering Post Cards with gold, silver, velvet or variegated tinsel. Easy, profitable employment that pays a handsome reward for small effort and no cash outlay. With one of our outfits you can take orders for cards with greetings to be written on them, or you can get up cards with "Greetings from Salem," "Greetings to Mary," "Anna," "Edith," or whatever the name may be of the person, or of the town or city you live in. We send everything to work with and explain fully just how to do it. A person who can write can do this easily, neat and simple work, and children who can write can do it.

Look over our illustration and be sure you fully understand that we are to send you a suitable Pencil or Glue Pen, a supply of Tinsel in three different colors, a quantity of selected attractive floral and colored post cards with our complete and easy rules and suggestions for doing tinselling and how to make a big cash profit every day. Several hundred cards can be tinselled in a few hours; selling at a profit of \$3.00 a hundred. Do not let this great opportunity go unheeded. Send for an Outfit and be convinced that we really show you a golden way to money-making.

OUTFIT NO. 1 consists of a Liquid Pencil, a quantity of Variegated Tinsel Powder or Crystal Sparkles, One Dozen Pretty Post Cards suitable for the work, also one dozen transparent mailing envelopes, with instructions in full how to proceed, and is given for a club of only 2 yearly 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

OUTFIT NO. 2 consists of a Liquid Pencil, a Tube of Glue, a quantity of Silver and Variegated Tinsel, Crystals, Two Dozen Floral Post Cards, selected can do it—and here is such a demand for these Personal Post Cards bearing the person's own name that you will immediately have all the business you can attend to, with the orders that you will solicit, and those who will come to you for special cards just as soon as it is known you can supply them.

Look over our illustration and be sure you fully understand that we are to send you a suitable Pencil or Glue Pen, a supply of Tinsel in three different colors, a quantity of selected attractive floral and colored post cards with our complete and easy rules and suggestions for doing tinselling and how to make a big cash profit every day. Several hundred cards can be tinselled in a few hours; selling at a profit of \$3.00 a hundred. Do not let this great opportunity go unheeded. Send for an Outfit and be convinced that we really show you a golden way to money-making.

CLUB OFFER. Send only two five months' 10-cent book. Make your own selection. Order today. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

If You Are Not a Subscriber

and receive this copy of COMFORT, it is because you are one of a favored few to whom it is PRESENTED FREE with the compliments of the Publisher, this month, as a sample copy this month only. To show you what an excellent family magazine it is, and to give you a chance to subscribe for it. But this is the last you will see of it if you do not subscribe.

The Best Serial Stories by Well-Known Popular Authors constitute one of the strong and attractive features of COMFORT, and besides those which we are now running, another exceptionally interesting love story by that great novelist, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, will begin in October COMFORT and continue through the fall and winter months under title of "Maddy's Temptation," or "A Heroic Sacrifice," and another by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth will begin in November.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, at once, so as to get the October number and not miss the next installments of these continued stories. You will miss it if you delay, because we cannot supply back numbers.

COMFORT, each month, contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information, covering a wide range of interesting topics.

COMFORT IS BRIGHT, CHEERY, UP-TO-DATE. Its tone is moral, PATRIOTIC, and CHRISTIAN. An ELEVATING influence IN THE HOME, it PROTECTS the children from the TEMPTATION of reading demoralizing literature.

COMFORT is the Best All-Round Family Monthly. But don't take our word for it, and don't judge COMFORT by its subscription price, which is low enough to be within everybody's means; read this paper and judge for yourself.

Fill out the subscription blank below and send with it 25 CENTS for one year, or 10 CENTS for FIVE MONTHS' trial subscription. If you subscribe for a year you will receive, a little later, our beautiful colored art CALENDAR for 1910, FREE, with our GREAT CASH PRIZE OFFER.

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 25 cents for 12 months subscription to COMFORT.
10 cents for 5 months

Name _____ Post-office _____
County _____ State _____

If you send a quarter cross out the words "10 cents." If you send 10 cents cross out the words "25 cents," so that the coupon will show correctly the amount of your subscription.

SEA TALES

In great number have been written but none that will compare with these select Sea Stories by that remarkable writer Captain Marryat. Although written some years ago we have gotten an entirely new edition of the famous yarns of the ocean which have always been a favorite with each reader and will continue to thrill the rising generation with their clear exciting adventures. They are printed on good paper from new plates, and the six following books ought to be read by all that the old-time sea tales may be handed down to the future generation. The Captain Marryat series comprise the following: *Jacob Faithful*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *Masterman Ready*, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, *Rattlin, the Reef*.

We will send any one of these elegant cloth bound books, which are 7½ x 11 in., in embossed colored covers for a club of three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A BOOK of FUN

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

If you want a real jolly laugh, no matter whether you are man or woman, boy or girl, you can get it out of this famous book, for its reputation is famous as having delighted thousands of readers, and it is just as ready to entertain you now. This masterpiece of the talented author Habberton will long continue in popularity, in fact the childish pranks of "Hodge" and "Teddle," which have been so well described at the expense of a Bachelor Uncle will forever enliven the lives of all who read it. The book is so well illustrated that it greatly assists the reader to fully appreciate what the author so humorously pictures with his pen. The story is full of life and action from start to finish, and the human nature side of it will always appeal to all classes and kinds of people of all ages. You should certainly have a copy of "Helen's Babies" yourself, so you can read it and show it to others and get all the laughs out of it there are. Those kids just keep one busy the time following their funny and mischievous pranks. A handsome, cloth-bound book, 8½ x 11 in., printed in clear type on good paper with lots of pictures outside and in. We give it for a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Revolving Spool-holder and Pincushion

This convenient device will prove a blessing to any woman who sews. Various spools of thread of different size and color may be placed on the standards, each with a short end, you place the stand on your work table, sewing machine or on the window ledge, or any convenient flat surface. Always before you and always at your service are the various kinds, colors and sizes of thread your work demands.

No more hunting around the house, looking on the floor or searching through a work basket or bag. Instead your thread is always in its proper place and ready instantly for your use. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is well expressed in the use of this spool-holder.

The round plush pincushion in center will accommodate pins and needles in quantity, all parts are made of metal, except the pincushion. Eight spools of thread can be put on the holder at one time, thus finishing a complete and very useful article. Splendid for presents.

Club Offer. For a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send one Metal Spool-holder and Pincushion free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the instantly patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any place and ready instantly. CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.
We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Carnation Pink Pattern.
The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.
This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

Wheat Pattern.
This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



Club Offer. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 4 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bodi-Tone

The Bodi-Tone Company

wants you and every reader of Comfort to try a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone at its risk and expense, so that you will get acquainted with this new scientific medicinal combination, which is going to become the foremost medicine used by the American People. We want you to send us the Bodi-Tone Coupon printed in this announcement, giving us your full name and address, and the one dollar box of Bodi-Tone will be sent to you by next post without a penny for you to pay unless it TONES ALL YOUR BODY.

Bodi-Tone

is just what its name means—A TONE FOR ALL THE BODY and we want you to try it and see what it will do for YOUR body. Bodi-Tone is a little round tablet that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, whichever the user prefers. Each one dollar box contains seventy-five Bodi-Tones, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it helps nature to tone every organ in the body.

Bodi-Tone

is a new remedy, but the ingredients which compose it are as old as the science of medicine itself. Its composition is not secret. Every one of the twelve valuable ingredients which go to make up Bodi-Tone are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine, each has its own well known work to do in the body and each is prescribed by physicians every day in the year. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, for the Blood, Phosphate, to help tone the Nerves, Lithia, for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. We claim no credit for these ingredients, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the Materia Medica of all the civilized world and are recommended by all modern medical writers and teachers—we simply claim credit for the manner in which they are combined, for the proportions used, for the remedy—Bodi-Tone, which they make and which we want to send you immediately, as soon as you write for it, so you can try it and learn how it acts.

Bodi-Tone

is no new-fangled, secret, mysterious, "discovered by accident," Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Shaker or Quaker remedy. It depends upon no superstition or romantic story to make people believe in its efficacy. It is the scientific prescription of well known and competent doctors and chemists, and is compounded in one of the largest and best known pharmaceutical laboratories in the United States. It was conceived with the purpose, which we announce to all the world, to give the people a pure and safe household and home medicine, one that has medical authority behind it, one that doctors could sanction and approve, one whose composition could be boldly proclaimed and being all this, it is destined to become the foremost proprietary medicine of the century, a genuine pure drug medicine.

Bodi-Tone

though a scientific medicinal combination, is prepared from such remedies which the common people as well as the doctors KNOW TO BE GOOD, which they can place confidence in, which they know they can safely use, and most of all, is composed of things which make it a GOOD REMEDY. It is right all through, from the first to the twelfth ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy, that all the family, young and old, can

use. It contains no poisonous drugs, it contains no harmful drugs, it contains nothing that we are ashamed to tell all the world, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on drugging the body. It does not kill pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body with the remedies which nature intended to tone the body, or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—TO HELP NATURE RESTORE TONE TO THE BODY, to help nature restore normal health, energy, vigor, strength and weight. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces general results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments.

Bodi-Tone

is especially urged for all chronic sufferers, who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give THIS SCIENTIFIC, MODERN COMBINATION of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

A Trial of Bodi-Tone

is yours for the asking. You need not send any money—do not send any stamps. The Bodi-Tone Company wants to spend every penny of the trial's cost, wants to send the medicine to you, wants you to give it a trial for a full period of twenty-five days before you pay a penny. Simply fill out the Bodi-Tone Coupon and let Bodi-Tone do its work for you. But do it immediately, as the quicker you begin, the quicker its good results should be evident in your body.

Bodi-Tone Coupon

Bodi-Tone Company, Chicago, Ills.

I have just read the Bodi-Tone Announcement in Comfort offering a \$1.00 box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days' trial. Please send me a box by return mail, postage prepaid. I promise to give it a good trial and to pay \$1.00 if I find I am benefited at the end of twenty-five days. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Send the box of Bodi-Tone to the following address:

Name _____

Town _____

St. or R. F. D. _____ State _____

Bodi-Tone Company, - - - Chicago, Ills.